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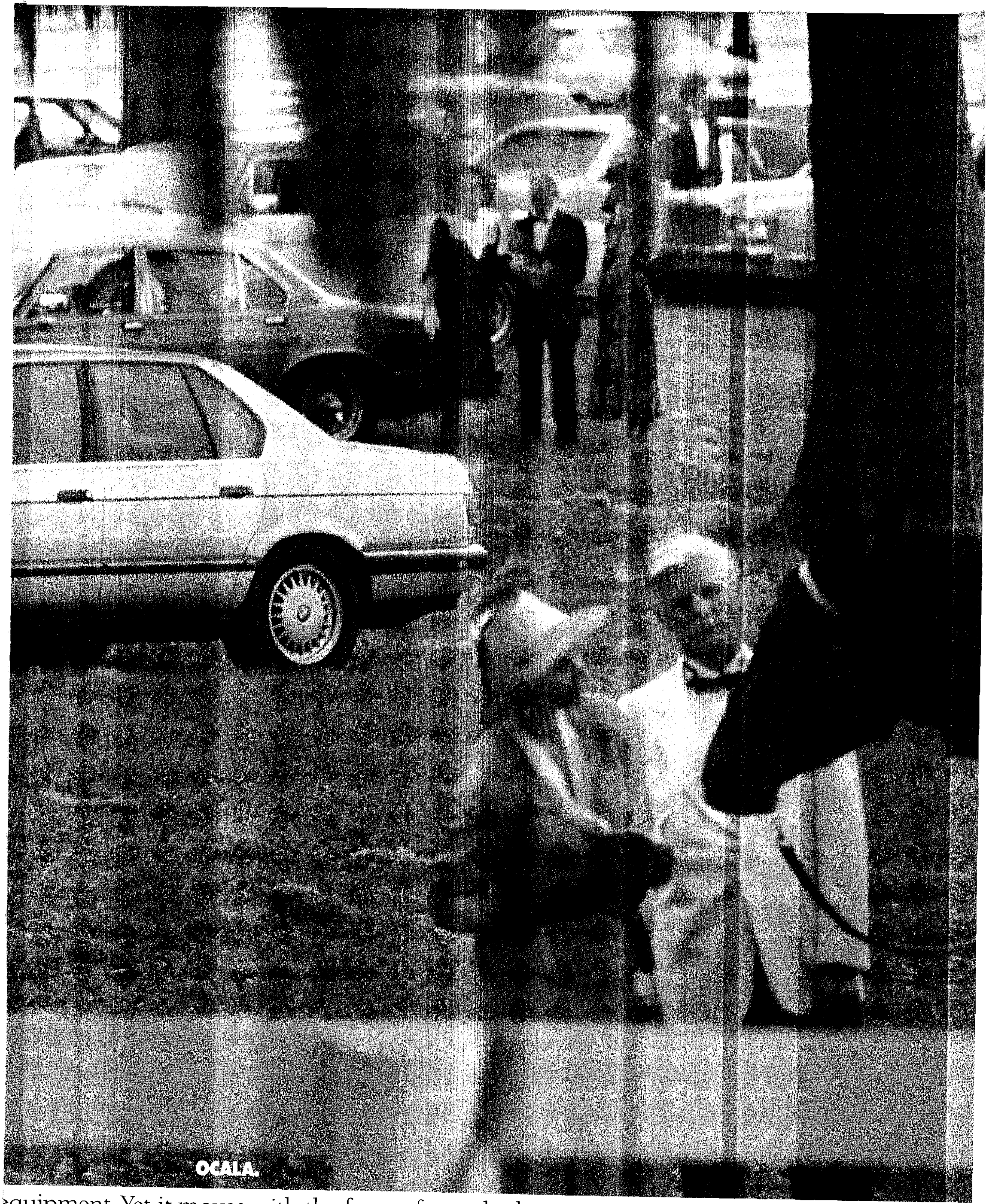

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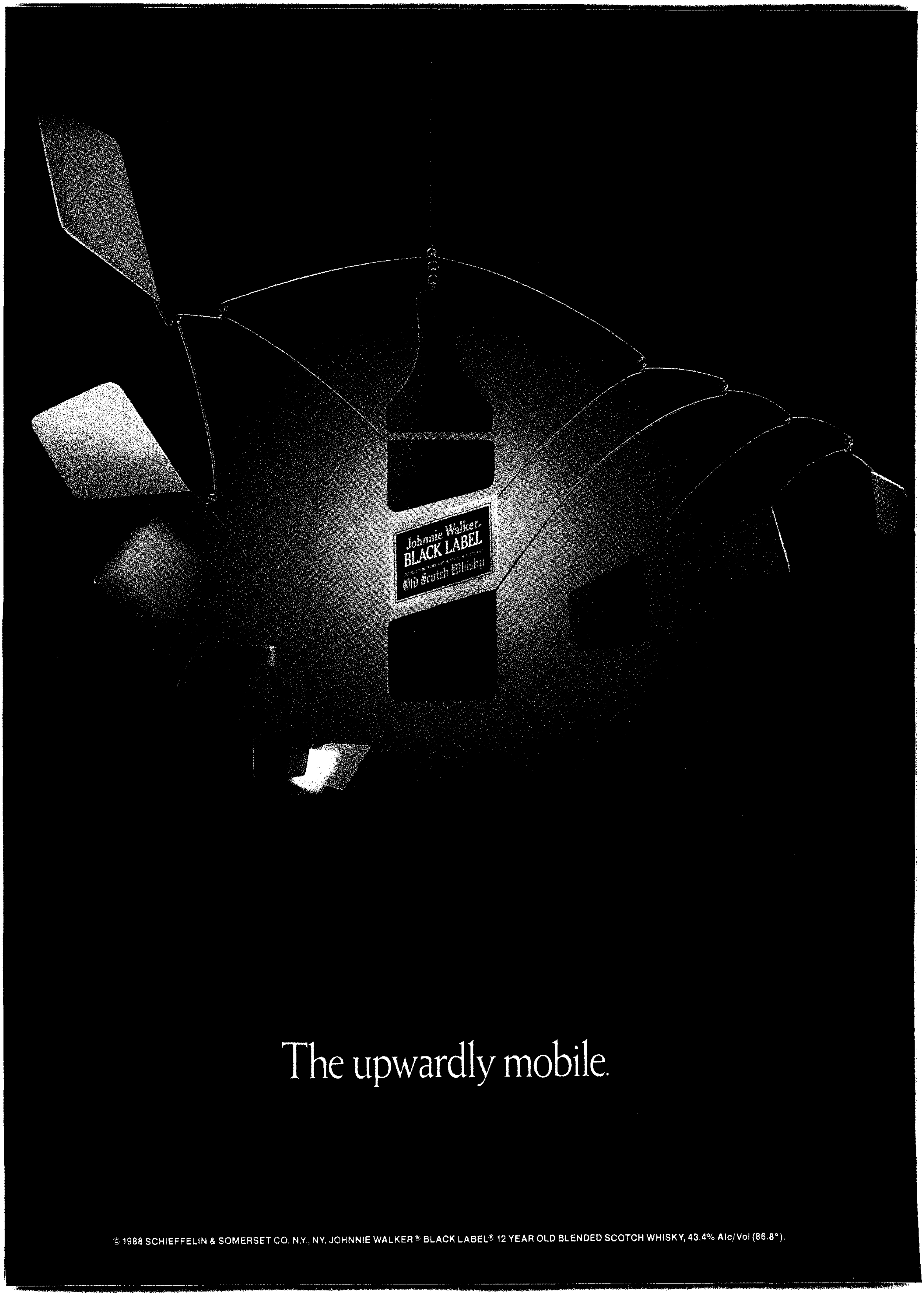
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THE NEW YORKER
25 WEST 43RD STREET, NEW YORK, N.Y. 10036
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THE NEW YORKER (ISSN 0028-792X), published weekly by The New Yorker Magazine, Inc., 25 W. 43rd St., N.Y., N.Y. 10036; Steven T. Florio, president and chief executive officer; Rebecca Wesson Darwin, vice-president and publisher; Sam R. Spoto, vice-president; Stuart H. Jason, vice-president and treasurer; Ruth A. Diem, vice-president and human resources director; Frank Mustacato, vice-president and circulation director; Virginia L. Jespersen, vice-president and business manager; Lynn Guthrie Heiler, advertising director. Branch advertising offices: 111 East Wacker Drive, Chicago, Ill. 60601; 41 Osgood Place, San Francisco, Calif. 94133; Suite 1460, 5900 Wilshire Blvd., Los Angeles, Calif. 90036; 67½ Chestnut St., Boston, Mass. 02108; 19 South Audley St., London, W1Y 5DN. Metropolitan Publishers Representatives: 3017 Piedmont Road, NE, Atlanta, Ga. 30305; 2500 So. Dixie Highway, Miami, Fla. 33133; 3016 Mason Place, Tampa, Fla. 33629; 3 Church St., Suite 503, Toronto, Canada. M5E 1M2. Vol. LXIV, No. 35, October 17, 1988. Second-class postage paid at New York, N.Y., and at additional mailing offices. Authorized as second-class mail by the Post Office Department, Ottawa, Canada, and for payment of postage in cash. © 1988 by The New Yorker Magazine, Inc., in the United States and Canada. All rights reserved. No part of this periodical may be reproduced without the consent of The New Yorker. The magazine's name, logo, and various titles and headings herein have been registered with the U.S. Patent and Trademark Office. Printed in U.S.A. Subscription rates: In U.S. and possessions, one year, $32.00; two years, $52.00. In Canada, one year, $50.00. Other foreign, one year, $56.00, payable in advance.
POSTMASTER: Send address changes to The New Yorker, Box 56447, Boulder, Colorado 80322.

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MORGAN STANLEY

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE THEATRE

PLAYS AND MUSICALS

Ain't Misbehavin'—A revival, after ten years, of this celebration of the music and the comic spirit of Fats Waller, in all its beauty and variety, as conceived and directed by Richard Maltby, Jr. The members of the original company are present, and just as dynamic as they were the first time around. They are Nell Carter, Andre De Shields, Armelia McQueen, Ken Page, and Charlaine Woodard. The invaluable (and protean) Luther Henderson, conductor and arranger, again presides at the piano. (Reviewed in our issue of 9/5/88.) (Ambassador, 215 W. 49th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 3.)

Blues in the Night—Carol Woods, Brenda Pressley, Leilani Jones, and Lawrence Hamilton appear as residents of a cheap hotel, presumably in Chicago, in this recital of blues and popular songs, many of them from the thirties. All the singers are good, Miss Woods especially so. (9/26/88) (Minetta Lane Theatre, 18 Minetta Lane, east of Sixth Ave., between W. 3rd and Bleecker Sts. 420-8000. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Checkmates—Ron Milner's "domestic comedy," about an older couple who lease the apartment above them to a recently married young couple, should be more entertaining than it is. There are some funny moments, though, and the performances are distinguished. The actors are Ruby Dee and Paul Winfield (downstairs) and Denzel Washington and Marsha Jackson (upstairs). Woodie King, Jr., directed. (46th Street Theatre, 226 W. 46th St. 246-0102. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Circle Repertory Company—**reckless**, a new play by Craig Lucas, about a woman whose husband has taken a contract out on her life, has slightly absurdist tendencies and pretensions but nothing to say, ultimately. Only sprightly performances, from a cast led by Robin Bartlett, keep it from being unwatchable. (10/10/88) (99 Seventh Ave. S. 924-7100. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.)

Equity Library Theatre—A revival of **the male animal**, a 1940 comedy by James Thurber and Elliott Nugent, is the first in this season's series of eight productions. (103rd St. and Riverside Dr. Nightly, except Monday, at 8. Matinées Saturday and Sunday at 2:30. For information about tickets, for which contributions are requested, call 663-2028. Closes Sunday, Oct. 16.)

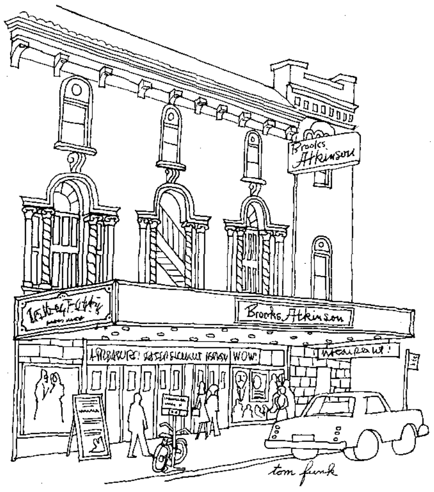
Forbidden Broadway 1988—The funniest show in town is a cluster of parodies of shows along the Great White Way, as conceived by Gerard Alessandrini, who directed it and wrote the witty, barbed lyrics. The performers are Toni DiBuono, Roxie Lucas, David B. McDonald, and Michael McGrath—inspired mimics all. (9/26/88) (Theatre East, 211 E. 60th St. 838-9090. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3:30.)

Godspell—A revival of the 1971 musical by Stephen Schwartz and John-Michael Tebelak. (Lambs, 130 W. 44th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

The Grandma Plays—Renée Taylor and Elzbieta Czyzewska in a comedy by Todd Graff. (Vineyard Theatre, 309 E. 26th St. 683-0696. Wednesday through Saturday at 8, and Sunday at 7:30. Matinées Saturday and Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, Oct. 16.)

Light Opera of Manhattan—Presenting Gilbert and Sullivan's **h.m.s. pinafore.** (Playhouse 91, at 316 E. 91st St. 831-2000. Wednesday through Saturday at 8. Matinées Wednesday at 2 and Saturday and Sunday at 3:30. Closes Sunday, Oct. 16.)

M. Butterfly—David Henry Hwang's funny, mysterious, and often beautiful play is based on an actual case. A French diplomat takes as his mistress a star of the Beijing Opera, and some twenty years later—when they are both charged with being spies—discovers that "she" is a he. David Dukes is the diplomat; B. D. Wong is exceptional as his lover. Lori Tan Chinn and George N. Martin give them sound support. (4/4/88) (Eugene O'Neill, 230 W. 49th St. 246-0220. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)



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Michael Feinstein in Concert: Isn't It Romantic—A program of popular songs of the twenties, thirties, and forties. Feinstein's knowledge of the genre is exhaustive: he knows all the old songs and their intros, so the show becomes a meeting place for the timeless and the charmingly dated. (5/9/88) (Booth, 222 W. 45th St. 239-6277. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

A Murder of Crows—Kim Hunter and Michael Higgins in a new play by Ed Graczyk. (South Street Theatre, 424 W. 42nd St. 564-8038. Wednesday through Sunday at 8. Matinées Saturday at 2 and Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, Oct. 16.)

Negro Ensemble Company—Presenting **from the mississippi delta**, an ingenious play by Endesha Ida Mae Holland that, in a kind of dramatic collage, traces the life of a young woman from the fifties to the eighties. Brenda Denmark, Saundra McClain, and Gwen Roberts-Frost, three mettlesome actresses, portray her and an assortment of other characters, male and female. (9/5/88) (Theatre Four, 424 W. 55th St. 246-8545. Wednesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 8:30; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays at 3 and Sundays at 2:30. Closes Sunday, Oct. 23.)

Romance/Romance—A pair of charming one-act musicals, with Barry Williams and Alison Fraser in the leading roles. Barry Harman wrote the clever books and lyrics, and Keith Herrmann wrote the engaging scores. Mr. Harman directed. (5/16/88) (Helen Hayes, 240 W. 44th St. 944-9450. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Saved from Obscurity—A play written by and starring Tom Mardirosian, which had a brief workshop production last June. Previews Tuesday and Wednesday, Oct. 11-12. Opens officially on Thursday, Oct. 13. (Playwrights Horizons, 416 W. 42nd St. 279-4200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

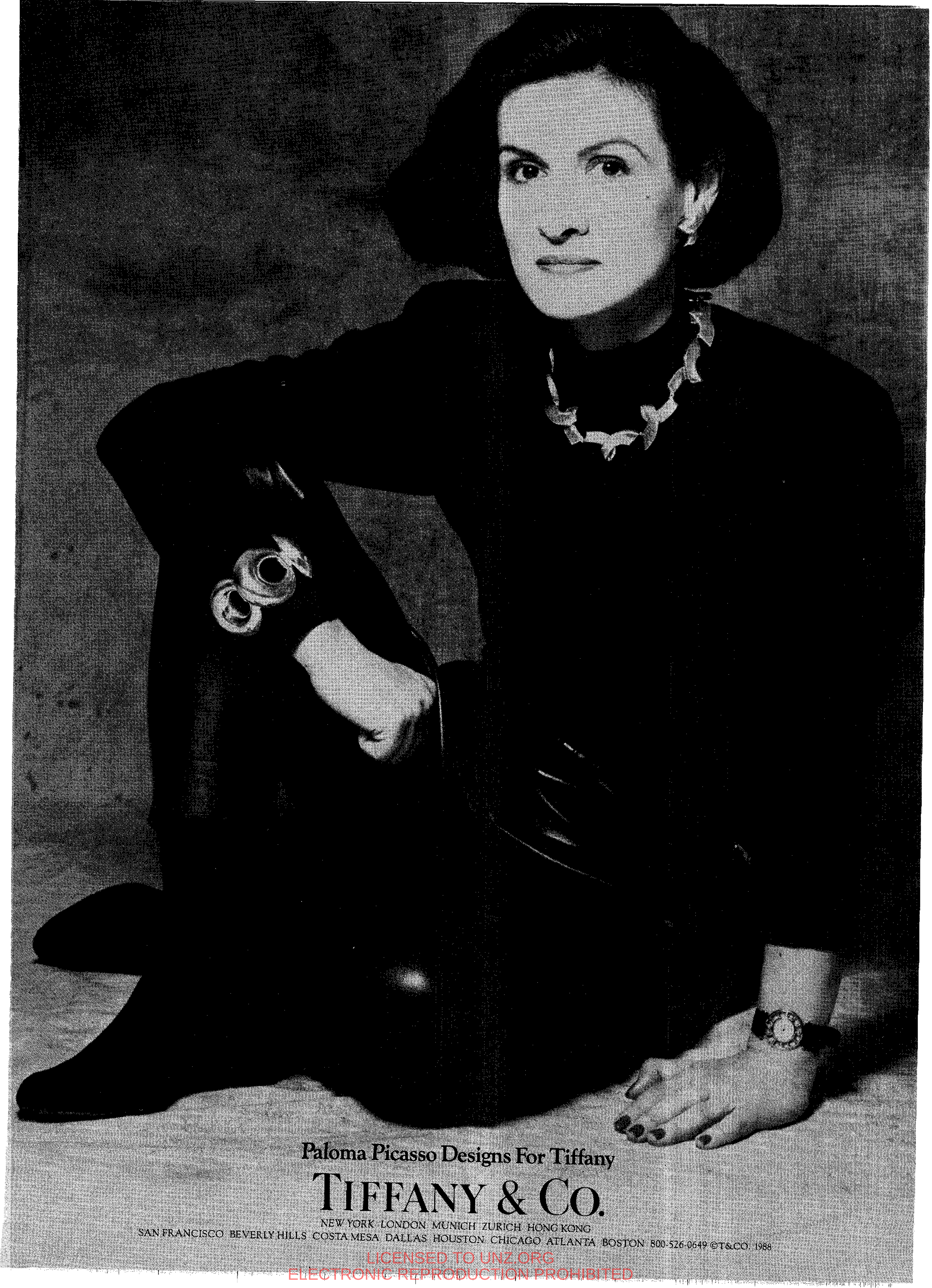
Speed-the-Plow—David Mamet's satire on Hollywood is just as scathing, just as acute as his "Glengarry Glen Ross," and even funnier, if that can be imagined. With David Rasche, Bob Balaban, and Felicity Huffman; directed by Gregory Mosher. (5/16/88) (Royale, 242 W. 45th St. 239-6277. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Suds—This uninspired musical, set in a laundromat, uses the pop music of the early sixties to cash in on the nostalgia boom. There's probably enough here to amuse a sophisticated ten-year-old, but kids savvy enough to enjoy the music might leave the show feeling they could have done better by the material themselves. (10/10/88) (Stage Left at Criterion Center, Broadway at 45th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.)

The Taffetas—A revue of songs from the early fifties. Four female singers reprise the hits of Rosemary Clooney, Jo Stafford, the Lennon Sisters, and others. (Cherry Lane, 38 Commerce St. 989-2020. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Ten Percent Revue—A musical revue by Tom Wilson Weinberg about gay life. (Actors Playhouse, 100 Seventh Ave. S. 691-6226. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 4.)

Long Runs—**anything goes:** This exuberant revival is primarily a tribute to Cole Porter himself. The company, which includes Bill McCutcheon, Howard McGillin, Patti LuPone, and Kathleen Mahony-Bennett, does more than justice to the words and score. (Vivian Beaumont, Lincoln Center. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **burn this:** A play by Lanford Wilson, with Scott Glenn as a foul-mouthed restaurant manager who woos and wins his dead brother's dancing partner. (Plymouth, 236 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **cats:** A musical version of T. S. Eliot's "Old Possum's Book of Practical Cats." Score by Andrew Lloyd Webber, choreography by Gillian Lynne, and direction (and some lyrics) by Trevor Nunn. A superb spectacle, which may run for many more years and give cats the right to vote and hold office. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **a chorus line:** A group of young dancers audition for a handful of chorus jobs in a show not yet in rehearsal, and by the time the evening is over we know everything about all of them. (Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **driving miss daisy:** Frances Sternhagen and Earle Hyman star in Alfred Uhry's play, which tells of the growing attachment of a cranky old woman in Atlanta to her black chauffeur. Directed by Ron Lagomarsino. (John Houseman, 450 W. 42nd St. 564-8038. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **the fantasticks:** This longest of long runs recently celebrated its twenty-eighth birthday. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **42nd street:** Pleasantly old-fashioned choreography by the late Gower Champion and a few classic songs enliven an otherwise inert pastiche of the Warner Brothers movie that made Ruby Keeler a star. (St. James, 246 W. 44th St. 398-0280. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:15. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:15, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **frankie and johnny in the clair de lune:** Bonnie Franklin and Tony Musante in Terrence McNally's enchanting comedy about sex and the sudden onset of love in an apartment on Tenth Avenue. (Westside Arts, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Wednesdays at 2:30 and Sundays at 3.) . . . **into the woods:** This musical by Stephen Sondheim and James Lapine is an



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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THE THEATRE–Cont'd

attempt to show what lurks beneath the surface of conventional fairy tales. The songs are beautiful or funny—sometimes both. Directed by Mr. Lapine. (Martin Beck, 302 W. 45th St. 246-6363. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **JACKIE MASON'S "THE WORLD ACCORDING TO ME!":** The comedian's one-man show. (Brooks Atkinson, 256 W. 47th St. 719-4099. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.) Special performance Monday evening, Oct. 17.) . . . **ME AND MY GIRL:** A silly chestnut of a British musical, dating back to the thirties. With Jim Dale. (Marquis, Broadway at 45th St. 246-0102. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **LES MISÉRABLES:** Tim Shew and Norman Large star in the musical adaptation of the Victor Hugo novel, but the real standouts of the production are the settings, by John Napier, and the lighting, by David Hersey. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. 239-6200. *Nightly, except Sundays,* at 8. Matinées Saturdays at 2.) . . . **NUNSENSE:** A musical comedy by Dan Goggin. (Douglas Fairbanks, 432 W. 42nd St. 239-4321. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **OIL CITY SYMPHONY:** Mike Craver, Mark Hardwick, Michelle Horman, and Mary Murfitt, gifted and sophisticated singers and instrumentalists, appear as a quartet of dedicated hicks reuniting at their small-town high school in this very funny musical. (Circle in the Square Downtown, 159 Bleecker St. 254-6330. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. *Matinées Sundays* at 3.) . . . **THE PHANTOM OF THE OPERA:** The much ballyhooed Andrew Lloyd Webber musical is fun—if you're not bothered by theatre that cares not a whit for words and contains not one ghost of an idea. Except for the sets (by Maria Björnson), everything about the show is negligible. (Majestic, 245 W. 44th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **SARAFINA!:** This South African musical, an explosion of talent, was conceived, written, and directed by Mbongeni Ngema, who also, with Hugh Masekela, composed and arranged the score. The acting, dancing, and singing, to a local form *of popular music called* Mbaqanga, are a wonder. (Cort, 138 W. 48th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **A SHAYNA MAIDEL:** A well-wrought and deeply moving play by Barbara Lebow about a Polish-Jewish family torn apart by the events of the Hitler era. The production is beautifully directed by Mary B. Robinson. Bring lots of Kleenex to this one, but expect to leave uplifted. (Westside Arts, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **STARLIGHT EXPRESS:** A bore on roller skates. (Gershwin, 51st St. west of Broadway. 586-6510. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **STEEL MAGNOLIAS:** This first play by Robert Harling is set in a beauty shop in a small town in Louisiana, and consists mainly of the often amusing, wise-cracking chatter of the proprietress, her assistant, and four steady customers. (Lucille Lortel, 121 Christopher St. 924-8782. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 6 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

MISCELLANY

"The Best of Gilbert and Sullivan"—Former members of the D'Oyly Carte Opera Company in an evening of songs by the aforementioned gents. (Miller Theatre, Columbia University, Broadway at 116th St. Tuesday, Oct. 18, at 8. For information about tickets, call 280-2875.)

DANCE

Martha Graham Dance Company—Tuesday evening, Oct. 11: "Diversion of Angels," "Errand Into the Maze," "Cave of the Heart," and "Phaedra." . . . ¶ Wednesday evening, Oct. 12: "El Penitente," "Heretic," "Cave of the Heart," and "Letter to the World." . . . ¶ Thursday evening, Oct. 13: "Diversion of Angels," "Errand Into the Maze," "Night Chant" (première), and "Appalachian Spring." . . . ¶ Friday evening, Oct. 14: "Cave of the Heart," "Phaedra," and "Temptations of the Moon." . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, Oct. 15: "Seraphic Dialogue," "Phaedra's Dream," "Celebration," and "Diversion of Angels." . . . ¶ Saturday evening, Oct. 15: "Seraphic Dialogue," "Night Chant," and "Appalachian Spring." . . . ¶ Sunday matinée, Oct. 16: "El Penitente," "Celebration," "Errand Into the Maze," and "Temptations of the Moon." . . . ¶ Sunday evening, Oct. 16: "Diversion of Angels," Act I of "Clytemnestra," and "Temptations of the Moon." . . . ¶ Tuesday evening, Oct. 18: "Phaedra's Dream," "The Rite of Spring," and excerpts from the repertory. . . . ¶ Wednesday evening, Oct. 19: "Celebration," "Diversion of Angels," "Phaedra," and "Temptations of the Moon." (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 246-8989. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées at 2. Through Sunday, Oct. 23.)

Carlota Santana Spanish Dance Arts Company—Presenting "For Whom the Bell Tolls," "Siete Canciones Populares," "Jaleo de Cádiz," and "Flamenco Sevillano." With the Alborada Latina Chamber Ensemble. (Symphony Space, Broadway at 95th St. 864-5400. Thursday through Saturday, Oct. 13-15, at 8.)

National Dance Company of Senegal—Forty dancers, drummers, and singers. (Cathedral of St. John the Divine, Amsterdam Ave. at 112th St. 662-2133. Friday and Saturday, Oct. 14-15, at 8.)

Ritha Devi—A program of new and classical dances of India. (Lillie Blake School Theatre, 45 E. 81st St. Friday, Oct. 14, and Saturday, Oct. 22, at 7:30. For information about tickets, call 988-7697.)

Joyce Theatre—Performances by two companies. **NORTH CAROLINA DANCE THEATRE:** Tuesday, Oct. 11, at 7:30; Wednesday through Saturday, Oct. 12-15, at 8; and Sunday, Oct. 16, at 2 and 7:30. . . . **BALLET HISPANICO:** Tuesday, Oct. 18, at 7:30, and Wednesday, Oct. 19, at 8. Through Sunday, Oct. 30. (175 Eighth Ave., at 19th St. 242-0800.)

NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing, in which bold-face type is used to pick out a few of the more notable performers in town. . . . ¶ Musicians and night-club proprietors live complicated lives that are subject to last-minute change; it is therefore always advisable to call ahead.)

Ballroom, 253 W. 28th St. (244-3005)—A big, soigné cabaret on the edge of Chelsea, in the heart of the fur and fashion-student districts. **BLOSSOM DEARIE,** whose voice is no bigger than a dainty child's and is just the right instrument for singing "Peel Me a Grape" or "Moonlight Saving Time," *gives an early-bird show* Wednesdays through Saturdays at six-thirty. **BARBARA COOK,** a Broadway star with a star soprano, begins a two-week residence on Tuesday, Oct. 18, at nine.

Birdland, 2745 Broadway, at 105th St. (749-2228)—The long-gone midtown pleasure dome (1949-65) after which this airy two-tiered operation is named had a midget m.c. named Pee Wee Marquette, caged finches, and Bird himself; the new room has waiters and waitresses in bowling shirts, an avian logo (two long-billed, long-legged fowl taking it easy), and jazz people of various modern schools. The singing team of **MARION COWINGS** and **KIM SHAW** *performs* Friday and Saturday, Oct. 14-15. Music from nine Sundays through Thursdays and from nine-thirty Fridays and Saturdays. Dining.

Blue Note, 131 W. 3rd St., near Sixth Ave. (475-8592)—On the back wall of this jazz club, there's a neon version of the Manhattan skyline, with a crescent moon and two stars attendant upon it—one of the best examples of inert-gas folk art we know of. **SARAH VAUGHAN** still performs unusual and thrilling feats with her mighty voice, and it will cost you a wad to see her do it here. She'll be around Tuesday through Sunday, Oct. 11-16. **BILLY ECKSTINE,** an early champion of Vaughan and a balladeer with a heavy-duty vibrato, comes in on Tuesday, Oct. 18. Guitarist **EMILY REMLER** leads a group on Monday, Oct. 17. Music from nine. Dining.

Bottom Line, 15 W. 4th St., at Mercer St. (228-6300)—Music for many kinds of people, including unreconstructed folkies, rock-and-roll *fundamentalists,* Village bopcats, and followers of **DARLENE LOVE.** Love, who was one of Phil Spector's girl-group girls (she did "He's a Rebel" with the Crystals and "Zip-A-Dee-Doo-Dah" with Bob B. Soxx and the Blue Jeans) and is now a soul singer in search of a hit, performs on Friday, Oct. 14. Saturday, Oct. 15, belongs to **UNCLE BONSAI,** a Seattle-based vocal group (two sopranos, one countertenor) whose members (all Bennington grads) sing in harmony whether they are bashing cheerleaders ("Cheerleaders on Drugs") or razzing boys ("Boys Want Sex in the Morning"). Shows Sundays through Thursdays at eight and eleven, and Fridays and Saturdays at eight-thirty and eleven-thirty. Dining.

Bradley's, 70 University Pl., at 11th St. (228-6440)—A crowded, duskily lit neighborhood bar, where pianists, bassists, and, now and then, guitarists compete for your ear with professional conversationalists. Truth and beauty usually prevail. **JOANNE BRACKEEN,** a pianist for whom beauty is a many-noted thing, works with bassist **CECIL MC BEE** through Saturday, Oct. 15; guitarist **MUNDELL LOWE** and bassist **RON CARTER** move in on Monday, Oct. 17. Sunday, Oct. 16, is reserved for a trio headed by trumpeter **TED CURSON.** First set at nine-forty-five. Dining.

Carlos I, 432 Sixth Ave., at 10th St. (982-3260)—Everything about this club is nice: the long rows of tables covered with pink linen, the bijou bandstand, the view from the bar of the bandstand, and the view out the window of Vaux & Withers' gabled Victorian courthouse. **HARRY (SWEETS) EDISON,** a crackerjack trumpeter who spent thirteen years with Count Basie (1937-50) and then migrated to California and the studios, where he played obbligatos behind singers such as Frank Sinatra and Nat Cole, works with a trio led by pianist **JUNIOR MANCE** Tuesday through Sunday, Oct. 11-16. **JAY MC SHANN,** the veteran Kansas City pianist, moves in with a quintet on Tuesday, Oct. 18. Music from nine-thirty.

Cat Club, 76 E. 13th St. (505-0090)—This room, which caters to thrash-metal buffs and cooler heads on weeknights, opens its doors on Sundays to swing-music fans, most of whom come to Lindy. Feet fly, skirts twirl, and a nattily dressed gent gets a dreamy look on his face that says "Watch my next move, darlin'." The New York Swing Dance Society organizes these gatherings, and on Oct. 16 it brings in an eighteen-piece band led by **AL COBBS** (a trombonist who worked with Lunce-

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Coolidge Again
Happy Days Are Here Again
HOOVER CURTIS
ROOSEVELT
I AM FOR WILSON AND AN 8 HOUR DAY
TAFT
WILSON
CARTER MONDALE
BRYAN SEWALL
GEN. EISENHOWER
KENNEDY 60
I LIKE IKE
FOR PRESIDENT
McGovern

THEY ALL PINNED THEIR HOPES ON PEACE.

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They are working for peace. And for peace of mind.

GENERAL DYNAMICS

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NIGHT LIFE—Cont'd

ford and Armstrong in the forties) and **HOWARD JOHNSON** (the Boston-born saxophonist and pianist whose first big job was with Benny Carter, sixty years ago). First set at eight.

FAT TUESDAY'S, 190 Third Ave., at 17th St. (533-7902)—Through a heavy-duty steel door, through a green Plexiglas door, down a long, narrow, fun-house passageway (mirrors in which you can watch yourself multiply; corrugated-metal siding you can riffle), and down a flight of stairs, you'll find this velvet-and-mirror-walled *boîte*. **RON CARTER** is here with a nonet—his usual two-bass quintet (he plays a piccolo version of the bass in this line-up), plus four cellos—Tuesday through Sunday, Oct. 11-16. **ROY HAYNES,** the snazziest of modern drummers, arrives with a quartet on Tuesday, Oct. 18. Mondays are in the hands of guitarist **LES PAUL.** Music from eight. Dining.

FORTUNE GARDEN PAVILION, 209 E. 49th St. (753-0101)—Two things not known to be available in the next world—Chinese food and American jazz—can be found here, under a greenhouse roof giving onto a patch of midtown sky. **DICK HYMAN** and **RUBY BRAFF,** whose collaborations include a live recording on which Hyman plays a 1927 Wurlitzer pipe organ and makes it sound majestic, play piano-cornet duets on Mondays, Oct. 10 and 17. **RALPH SUTTON,** a solid two-fisted pianist, holds forth Tuesday through Sunday, Oct. 11-16. Music from nine-thirty Mondays through Saturdays, and from seven on Sundays.

J'S, 2581 Broadway, at 97th St. (666-3600)—A room where the tenth letter of the alphabet (uncapped and disguised as a quarter note) turns up often: on doors, window shades, matchbooks. It's also a room with a view (of Broadway) and with jazz (mostly of the mainstream type). The lineup: Tuesday, Oct. 11, singer-pianist Frank Underwood; Wednesday, Oct. 12, bassist-singer **JAY LEONHART'S** duo; Thursday, Oct. 13, guitarist-singer **JOHN PIZZARELLI'S** trio; and Friday, Oct. 14, the Metropolitan Bopera House. Music from eight Mondays through Thursdays, and from nine Fridays and Saturdays. Dining.

JAN WALLMAN'S, 49 W. 44th St. (764-8930)—A cozy room for singers and their followers, cheek by jowl with the Iroquois Hotel. **BARBARA LEA,** a pippin of a singer, performs on Friday, Oct. 14; Molly Scates sings on Monday, Oct. 17, with support from pianist Colin Romoff and trumpeter **JOE WILDER.** Shows at nine and eleven. Dining. Closed Sundays.

KNICKERBOCKER, 33 University Pl., at 9th St. (228-8490)—Turn-of-the-century New York Sunday *Herald* posters and Hirschfeld caricatures on the walls, and, next to the brass-railed partition between the bar and the dining room, a modern Steinway. **HARRY CONNICK, JR.,** a young New Orleans-born pianist and singer who likes to wear smart, bop-era suits and wide, splashy ties and to refashion old songs in the style of Monk, performs Sundays and Mondays. Pianist **RUSS KASSOFF** and bassist **GARY MAZZAROPPI** work together Tuesday through Saturday, Oct. 11-15. Music from about nine-thirty.

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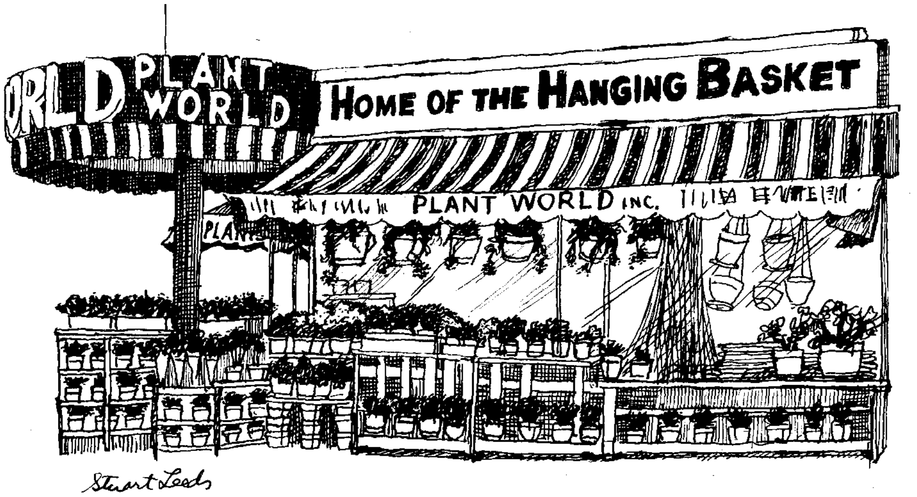
KNITTING FACTORY, 47 E. Houston St., near Mulberry St. (219-3055)—A second-floor retreat (attained by passing through a recently annexed downstairs restaurant) that features avant-garde jazz, advanced and unadvanced rock, and miscellaneous weird sounds. It has a slapped-together, homemade look, and, judging by the S.R.O. crowds, it is a thriving enterprise. **ALEX CHILTON,** whom oldsters may remember as the Box Tops' lead singer (he was sixteen when he sang "The Letter") and whom young folks know as a sloppy-cool garage-rock kind of guy with a taste for lounge schlock (he does "Volare"), will be around Friday and Saturday, Oct. 14-15. Sets at ten and twelve.

LONE STAR CAFÉ, 61 Fifth Ave., at 13th St. (242-1664)—Texas-like in significant respects, though not in the open-spaces-and-clear-sight-lines department, in which it is New York-like. Ex-Byrd **GENE CLARK** holds forth on Thursday, Oct. 13; **COMMANDER CODY,** who flourished in the early seventies as the leader of a hippie bar band called the Lost Planet Airmen, has the floor on Friday, Oct. 14; rockabilly devotee **ROBERT GORDON** is here on Saturday, Oct. 15. Music after nine. Dining.

LONE STAR CAFÉ ROADHOUSE, 240 W. 52nd St. (245-2950)—The midtown branch of the aforementioned honky-tonk. It has more space than the parent joint; it also has more mirrors, more Miller-beer banners, more fireplaces (two, on the second floor), more carpeting, more Gibson electric guitars serving as wall ornaments, more letters of commendation (posted in the entryway) from Texas dignitaries (Agriculture Commissioner Jim Hightower, ex-Governor Mark White), and at least as many souvenir T-shirts and ball caps. Louisiana accordionist and singer Jo-El Sonnier leads a band on Friday, Oct. 14; country-rock man **LEVON HELM** brings in a group on Saturday, Oct. 15; and R. & B. belter **RUTH BROWN** performs on Wednesday, Oct. 19. Music after nine. Dining.

MICHAEL'S PUB, 211 E. 55th St. (758-2272)—Unicorns and lions on the walls, well-heeled cats on the banquettes, and Hollywood popmeister Paul Williams on the bandstand. Williams, who played Swan, the mastermind of Death Records, in Brian De Palma's "Phantom of the Paradise" and wrote the score for it and several other films (including "The Muppet Movie"), sings at nine and eleven Tuesday through Saturday, Oct. 11-15. **MAUREEN MC GOVERN,** a pop-jazz singer who has a swell set of pipes and technique to burn, begins a four-week visit on Wednesday, Oct. 19. Dining. Closed Sundays.



MIKELL'S, 760 Columbus Ave., at 97th St. (864-8832)—A spiffy uptown bar and restaurant, with signed photographs of some swinging non-musicians on the walls (Reggie Jackson smiling shyly, Dave Winfield tuning up in the cage) and some heavy hitters on the bandstand. **HILTON RUIZ,** a locally trained pianist who mixes styles (Latin, hard bop, gospel) with abandon, leads a combo on Friday and Saturday, Oct. 14-15. Music from about ten until two. Dining.

RITZ, 119 E. 11th St. (254-2800)—Up-to-the-minute rock in a half-century-old ballroom. It's a place for people who don't mind taking their rock standing up; the few seats that exist—in the balcony—are reserved for the usual suspects. The **RADIATORS,** a New Orleans bar band often likened to Little Feat, performs on Friday and Saturday, Oct. 14-15. **MITCH EASTER,** whose Drive-In studio (built in the garage of his parent's home in Winston-Salem, N.C.) became the place for eccentric Southern pop bands to record in the eighties, will be here on Wednesday, Oct. 19, with his own band, **LET'S ACTIVE,** and with **VELVET ELVIS,** a Kentucky quartet he produces. Shows Sundays through Thursdays at nine, and Fridays and Saturdays at eleven.

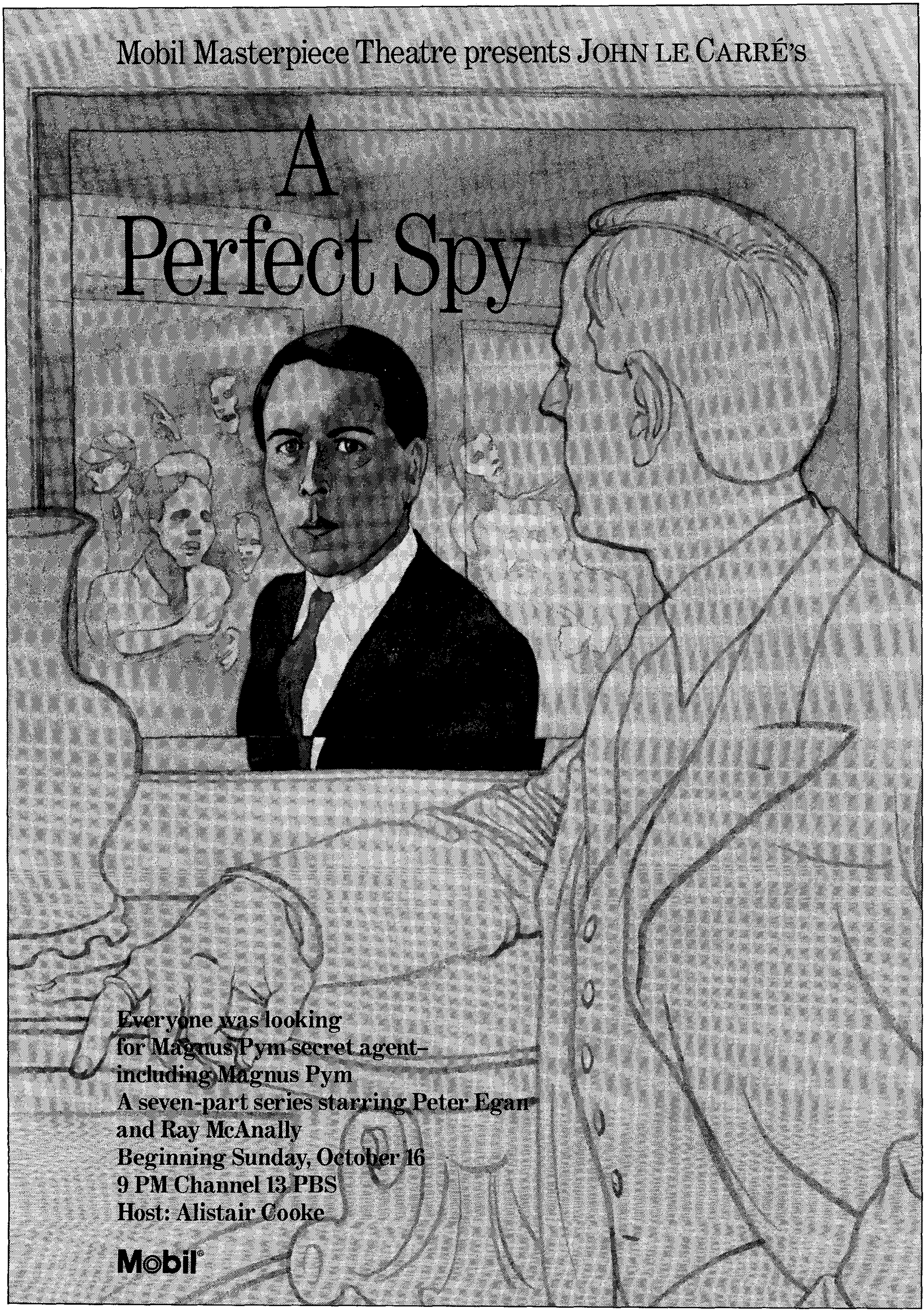
SOUNDS OF BRAZIL, 204 Varick St., at W. Houston St. (243-4940)—A musical melting pot: samba bands, African pop bands, reggae people, calypso bands, and salsa ensembles all pass through this former luncheonette. The lineup: Wednesday and Thursday, Oct. 12-13, Latin-jazz men **EDDIE PALMIERI** and **MARIO RIVERA;** Friday, Oct. 14, the Haitian dance band **TABOU COMBO;** Saturday, Oct. 15, **LOREMIL MACHADO & SARAVA;** and Tuesday through Thursday, Oct. 18-20, Brazilian singer **ASTRUD GILBERTO.** Music from nine Tuesdays through Thursdays, and from ten Fridays and Saturdays. Dining. Closed Mondays.

SPEAKEASY, 107 Macdougal St. (598-9670)—Outside, on the boulevards of Greenwich Village, heedless local youths and tourists from New Jersey make mad music; inside, dulcimers are hammered, fiddles are fiddled, folk songs are sung, and Professor Irwin Corey sometimes pops his head in to explain what a light bulb is (a thing that sucks up darkness until it goes out). **PAULA LOCKHEART,** a blues-minded chanteuse from Long Island, performs on Friday, Oct. 14; Gregory Fleeman & the Fleewomen have the floor on Saturday, Oct. 15. Music from eight-thirty. Dining.

SWEET BASIL, 88 Seventh Ave. S., at Bleecker St. (242-1785)—A convivial and crowded jazz club—but not so crowded, as Yogi Berra said of another night spot, that nobody comes here anymore. **ART FARMER** sings gently on his flugelhorn, attended by a foursome that includes tenor saxophonist **CLIFFORD JORDAN,** Tuesday through Sunday, Oct. 11-16; pianist **KENNY BARRON** brings in a quintet on Tuesday, Oct. 18. The big band that the late Gil Evans led here for several years is now under the direction of his son, trumpeter Miles Evans, and can be seen here on Mondays. Shows from ten. Dining.

VILLAGE GATE, 160 Bleecker St. (475-5120)—Downstairs, in the gym-size room where hep-cat d.j. Symphony Sid used to spend his Monday evenings hosting Latin-jazz shows, Latin music is still the rule on Mondays after nine. **HELEN MERRILL,** whose soft, whispery voice suggests that each phrase she sings contains a secret, will be here, with a trio, Thursday through Saturday, Oct. 13-15. . . . ¶ One flight up, in the Terrace Bar, where business and conversation are often at boom level, **BOB DOROUGH** is at the piano, singing in his own twangy, homespun fashion such things as "Your Feet's Too Big," Randy Newman's "Simon Smith and the Amazing Dancing Bear," Henry Nemo's " 'Tis Autumn" (which he likes to embellish with whistling-wind sounds), and his own "Up Jumped a Bird" (an ode to Charlie Parker, which he says he wrote in Rome, while dodging traffic). He and his bassist, **BILL TAKAS,** are here Tuesdays through Sundays. Music from ten.

VILLAGE VANGUARD, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (255-4037)—One of the few places below the surface of New York that deserve landmark status. It's also one of the few places



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NIGHT LIFE–Cont'd

anywhere that have a notable (if that's the right word) light fixture—one that Charles Mingus K.O.'d while trying to reason with the proprietor, and that the proprietor, a preservationist as well as a businessman, decided to leave in Mingus-ized condition. **DOROTHY DONEGAN** will be in the house Tuesday through Sunday, Oct. 11-16. A Donegan performance usually features a whirligig display of Tatum-style piano and a fair amount of mugging and foot-stomping fooling around. She accompanies her playing with humming and low, satisfied "aw"s; she hobnobs with the customers; she plays standing up and one-handed; she frowns at a photograph of a straight-faced jazz man on the wall and says "So serious;" she hitches up her skirt in a getting-down-to-business gesture, cocks an eyebrow, and heads into some boogie-woogie. **TONY WILLIAMS**, a teen-age phenom when he first played here, in the early sixties, with Miles Davis, brings in a young, neo-hard-boppish quintet on Tuesday, Oct. 18. Mondays remain the property of the **MEL LEWIS** big band. Music after ten.

WEST END, 2911 Broadway, at 113th St. (666-8750)—Those who can resist the temptations of the large barroom here—pinball, video games, a dialogue with a budding semiotician from Columbia U.—will find another, smaller room, where jazz musicians hold sway. A combo run by the brother team of **ALVIN** and **EDWARD PAZANT**—both are Lionel Hampton alumni—holds forth Thursday through Sunday, Oct. 13-16. Music from nine. Dining.

ZINNO, 126 W. 13th St. (924-5182)—Pasta and jazz. The latter emanates from a passageway between a front-room bar and a back room reserved for trenchermen. **JOHN CAMPBELL**, Mel Tormé's light-fingered accompanist, works with bassist Jay Anderson through Saturday, Oct. 15. Sundays are in the graceful hands of guitarist **GENE BERTONCINI** and bassist **MICHAEL MOORE**. Music weeknights from eight and Sundays from seven.

JAZZ / ROCK / PERSONAL APPEARANCES / PERFORMANCE ART, ETC.

VAN HALEN—With Private Life. (Madison Square Garden. 563-8300. Tuesday, Oct. 11, at 7:30.)

LITTLE FEAT—With John Kilzer. (Beacon Theatre, Broadway at 74th St. 496-7070. Wednesday and Thursday, Oct. 12-13, at 8.)

JOHN DENVER—Radio City Music Hall, Sixth Ave. at 50th St. 757-3100. Wednesday and Thursday, Oct. 12-13, at 8.

"CABARET COMES TO CARNEGIE"—Wednesday, Oct. 12: Adelaide Hall. . . . ¶ Thursday, Oct. 13: Karen Mason. . . . ¶ Friday, Oct. 14: Steve Ross. . . . ¶ Saturday, Oct. 15: Andrea Marcovicci. (Weill Recital Hall, at Carnegie Hall. 247-7800. Evenings at 8.)

UB40—Madison Square Garden. Thursday, Oct. 13, at 8.

CATLIN COBB—Dance Theatre Workshop, 219 W. 19th St. 924-0077. Thursday through Saturday, Oct. 13-15, at 8, and Sunday, Oct. 16, at 3.

JOHN KELLY—La Mama, 74A E. 4th St. 475-7710. Thursdays through Sundays at 8.

MERCEDES SOSA—Carnegie Hall. 247-7800. Friday, Oct. 14, at 8.

ROYAL NEW YORK DOO-WOPP SHOW—Radio City Music Hall. Saturday, Oct. 15, at 8.

MILLIE JACKSON AND BETTY WRIGHT—Beacon Theatre. Saturday, Oct. 15, at 8 and midnight.

HEAVENLY JAZZ CONCERT SERIES—The first in a series of six concerts, this one performed by Peter Appleyard, Bucky Pizzarelli, Phil Bodner, Roger Kellaway, Oliver Jackson, and John Goldsby. (Church of the Heavenly Rest, Fifth Ave. at 90th St. Sunday, Oct. 16, at 5. For information about tickets, call 369-8040.)

BOB DYLAN—With Toni Childs. (Radio City Music Hall. Sunday through Wednesday, Oct. 16-19, at 8.)

SUSSAN DEIHIM AND RICHARD HOROWITZ—Town Hall, 123 W. 43rd St. 840-2824. Monday, Oct. 17, at 8.

ELTON JOHN—With Wet Wet Wet. (Madison Square Garden. Monday and Tuesday, Oct. 17-18, and Thursday and Friday, Oct. 20-21, at 8.)

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ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Tuesdays through Saturdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES—UPTOWN

HANNELORE BARON (1926-87)—Collages and boxes with bird imagery. Through Oct. 29. (Schlesinger, 822 Madison Ave., at 69th St.)

ROBERT BIRMELIN—Large-scale paintings and drawings steadfastly confronting urban anomie. Through Nov. 10. (Bernard, 33 E. 74th St.)

HENRY BOTKIN (1896-1983)—Representational and abstract paintings. Through Nov. 5. (Childs, 956 Madison Ave., at 75th St.)

ALEXANDER CALDER (1898-1976)—Drawings, stabiles, and mobiles. Through Oct. 22. (Mathes, 851 Madison Ave., at 70th St.) . . . ¶ Gouaches. Through Saturday, Oct. 15. (Haime, 41 E. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

CARMEN CICERO—Two shows. Oil paintings at Graham, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St.; and watercolors at Kelly, 591 Broadway. (Both through Oct. 29.)

STEPHEN DE STAEBLER—New bronzes by an artist whose sculptures of vaguely human limbs have the fragmentary look of fossils. Through Nov. 12. (CDS Gallery, 13 E. 75th St. Open Mondays.)

EDGAR FRANCESCHI—New works in a variety of mediums. Through Dec. 4. (Museo del Barrio, Fifth Ave. at 104th St. Wednesdays through Sundays, 11 to 5.)

EDWARD HOPPER (1882-1967)—At the heart of this show is a group of drawings of Gloucester and Cape Cod, many of them, such as "Cape Cod Morning," studies for major paintings. The gallery owns the drawings; related paintings have been borrowed from public and private collections. Through Nov. 12. (Hirschl & Adler, 21 E. 70th St.)

KAZUKO INOUE—Recent abstract paintings. Through Oct. 29. (Stone, 48 E. 86th St.)

ANNA AND WOLFGANG KUBACH-WILMSEN—Stone sculptures representing books, letters, and newspapers. Through Oct. 22. (Staempfli, 47 E. 77th St.)

MOSES SOYER (1899-1974) **AND RAPHAEL SOYER** (1899-1987)—Seventy-five paintings, including scenes of Paris in 1926 by Moses and early landscapes by Raphael. Through Oct. 21. (Radann, 16 E. 79th St. Opens at noon.)

JOSEPH STELLA (1877-1946)—Tropical paintings and drawings. Through Oct. 29. (York, 21 E. 65th St.)

GARY STEPHAN—New abstract paintings. Through Oct. 29. (Hirschl & Adler Modern, 851 Madison Ave., at 70th St. Open Mondays.)

MICHAEL TETHEROW—Abstract paintings. Through Oct. 29. (McCoy, 19 E. 71st St.)

GALLERIES—57TH STREET AREA

AVIGDOR ARIKHA—Still-lifes, portraits, nudes, and interiors in a show of paintings and drawings. Through Oct. 29. (Marlborough, 40 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

WILL BARNET / JOHN MARIN (1870-1953)—A dozen abstract paintings spanning the years 1940 to 1960. Through Saturday, Oct. 15. / Autumn landscapes, some reduced to abstraction. Through Oct. 29. (Kennedy, 40 W. 57th St.)

WILLIAM BECKMAN—Two double portraits of the artist and his wife, and the studies for them. Through Wednesday, Oct. 19. (Frumkin-Adams, 50 W. 57th St.)

TROY BRAUNTUCH—Drawings and paintings based on photographs the artist culled from magazines and newspapers. Through Nov. 5. (Kent, 41 E. 57th St.)

JOHN BUCK—Headless bare-wood figures balancing icons on their shoulders: a globe, an obelisk, a blossoming tree. Many of the works are accompanied by paintings with related imagery. Through Nov. 5. (Lamagna, 50 W. 57th St.)

CHUCK CLOSE—Three exhibits. New portrait paintings (of Cindy Sherman, Francesco Clemente, and others) at Pace, 32 E. 57th St., second floor; on the third floor, recent prints and monumental-scale Polaroids, including flower subjects. . . . ¶ Pace-MacGill, 11 E. 57th St., has photographs from the past twenty years. All through Oct. 22.

ALAN COTE—Abstract paintings. Through Oct. 29. (Washburn, 41 E. 57th St.)

BRUCE DORFMAN—Color-field paintings. Through Oct. 29. (Arras, 24 W. 57th St.)

WILLIAM L. HANEY / STEPHEN TANIS—Paintings and works on paper chronicling the history of a couple who meet on Wall Street, get married, party it up in night clubs with Mick and Tina, and then have a daughter who does the same. / Fantasy landscapes and still-lifes. Through Oct. 29. (French, 41 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

TSUGIO HATTORI—Abstract paintings. Through Oct. 29. (Reece, 24 W. 57th St.)

REBECCA HORN—Kinetic sculptures powered by small motors which describe arcs, flap back and forth, and splatter paint around, all in a coldly humorous manner. Through Saturday, Oct. 15. (Marian Goodman, 24 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

ROBERT JESSUP—New paintings and drawings of, respectively, musicians and puppeteers. Through Nov. 2. (Ruth Siegel, 24 W. 57th St.)

MICHAEL KESSLER—Thickly painted abstractions. Through Oct. 29. (Tilton, 24 W. 57th St.)

MILAN KUNC / BRUCE WEBER—Paintings. / New photographs of figures. Through Oct. 29. (Robert Miller, 41 E. 57th St.)

ELSIE MANVILLE—Still-lifes. Through Wednesday, Oct. 19. (Kraushaar, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

G. DANIEL MASSAD—Allegorical still-lifes in pastels. For instance, "Quince and Canteen" is intended to evoke the pathos of war. Through Oct. 29. (Tatistcheff, 50 W. 57th St.)

ANN MCCOY—Recent drawings and sculptures paying tribute to Roman, Greek, and Egyptian goddesses. Through Oct. 22. (ACA, 41 E. 57th St.)

GEORGES NOËL—Abstract canvases whose surfaces are pocked and scratched. Through Oct. 29. (Herstand, 24 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

KATHERINE PORTER—Expressionist paintings with clusters of geometric forms either outlined or filled in. Through Oct. 29. (Emmerich, 41 E. 57th St.)

HARVEY QUAYTMAN—Eleven new paintings with

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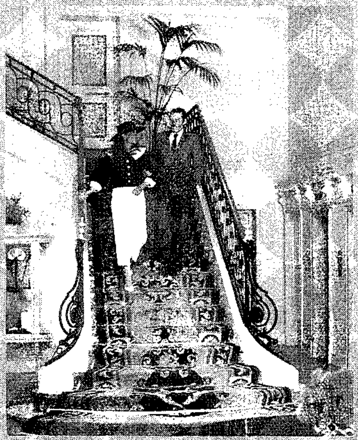

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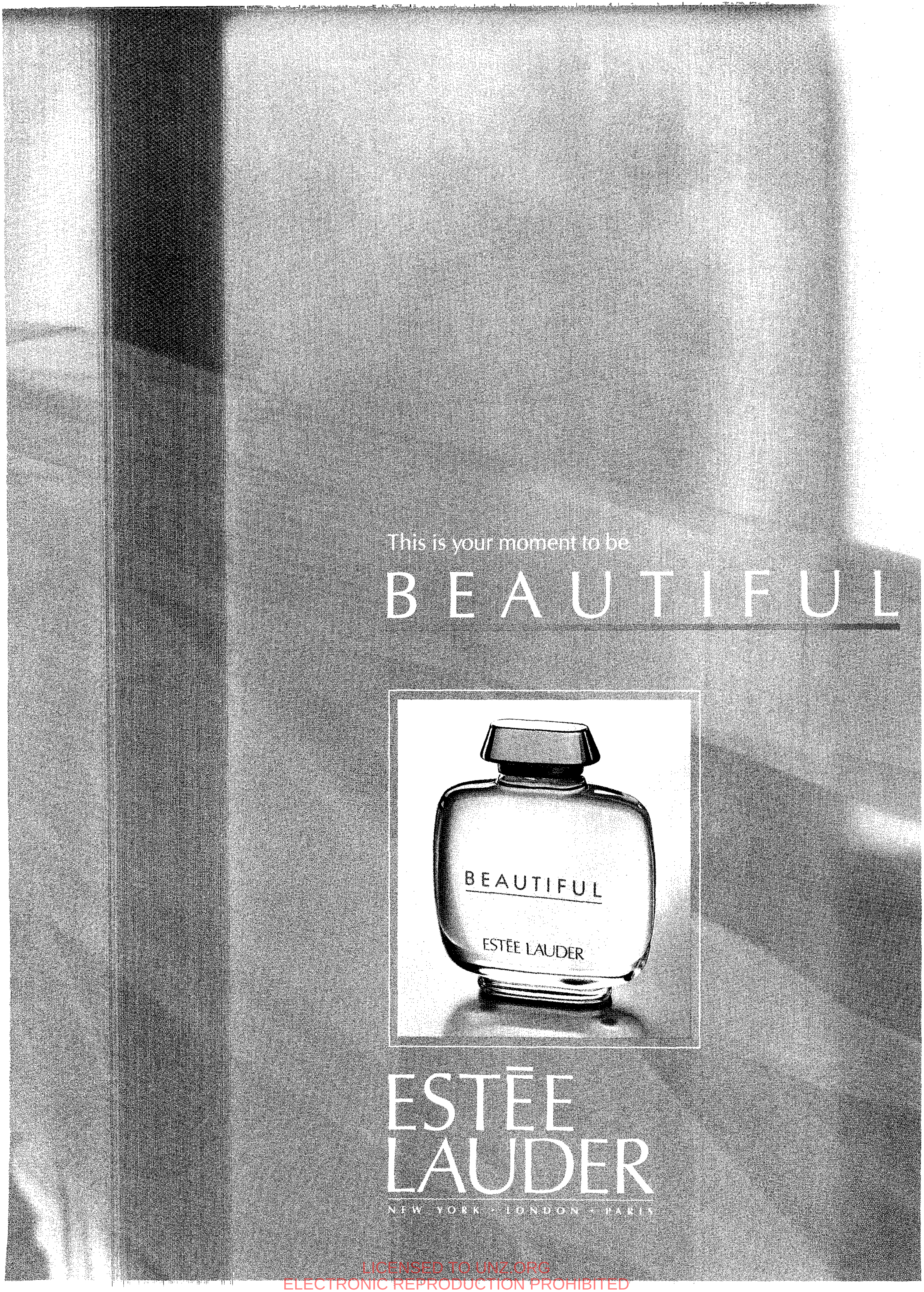
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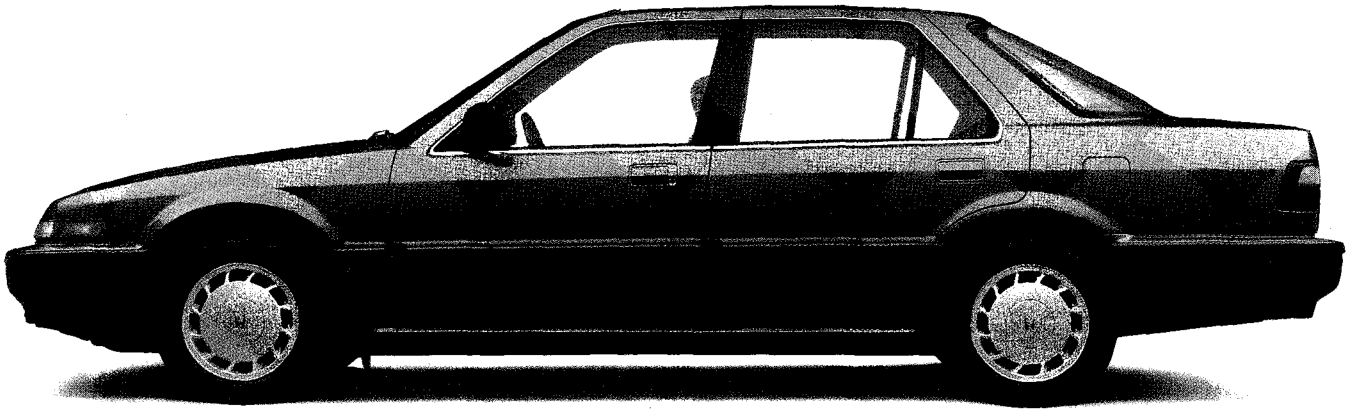
1983 Car and Driver Ten Best List.
1984 Car and Driver Ten Best List.
1985 Car and Driver Ten Best List.
1986 Car and Driver Ten Best List.
1987 Car and Driver Ten Best List.
1988 Car and Driver Ten Best List.

There's a pattern here somewhere.



The 1989 Accord LXi.

HONDA

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

ART–Cont'd

cruciform motifs. Through Oct. 26. (McKee, 41 E. 57th St.)

Susan Shatter—Panoramic landscapes. Through Nov. 2. (Fischbach, 24 W. 57th St.)

Richard Tuttle / Michael Young—Constructions made with painted wood and dyed cloth. / Paintings of crosses and polka dots hung on a similarly designed wall. Through Oct. 29. (Blum Helman, 20 W. 57th St.)

Group Show—Nudes drawn, painted, printed, and sculpted by Milton Avery, Isabel Bishop, Isamu Noguchi, and many others. Through Oct. 29. (Midtown, 11 E. 57th St.)

GALLERIES—SoHo

Peter Agostini—Bronze and ceramic sculptures by an artist who depicts Venus and Apollo as they might look after sixty long hard years. Through Nov. 2. (Steinbaum, 132 Greene St.)

Bill Barrell—Expressionist paintings, deliberately childlike in execution. Through Nov. 5. (Ingber, 415 West Broadway.)

Joseph Beuys (1921-86)—An installation entitled "Half Time," documenting the artist's 1982 planting of seven thousand oak trees in West Germany. Through Saturday, Oct. 15. (Gallery Moos, 133 Greene St.) . . . ¶ Sculptures, drawings, and prints. Through Oct. 29. (Nolan, 560 Broadway.)

Deborah Butterfield—Six large-scale horses welded from found painted metal. Through Oct. 29. (Thorp, 103 Prince St.)

Loren D. Calaway—A survey of objects that seem to be functional but aren't. Through Oct. 29. (Viafora, 568 Broadway.)

Joseph DiGiorgio—Large-scale American landscapes. Through Oct. 29. (Walls, 137 Greene St.)

Constance Dodge—Figurative paintings juxtaposed with tape recordings of Mark Nepo's poetry. Through Oct. 20. (Eno, 164 Mercer St.)

Elizabeth Dworkin—Abstract paintings. Through Nov. 5. (Munroe, 415 West Broadway.)

Karen Erla—Large sheets of Japanese paper painted in high-key colors. Through Oct. 29. (Stark, 568 Broadway. Opens at noon.)

Nobu Fukui—Collage paintings. Through Oct. 22. (112 Greene Street Gallery.)

Marco Gastini / Sol LeWitt—Paintings and sculptures by an Arte Povera artist. / Photographs of a cube lit five hundred and eleven different ways, done in collaboration with Carol Huebner. Through Oct. 29. (Weber, 142 Greene St.)

Robert Grosvenor—Two new sculptures. Through Oct. 29. (Cooper, 155 Wooster St.)

Budd Hopkins / Ellen Weiner—Paintings and large-scale wood sculptures. / Abstract works on paper. Through Thursday, Oct. 13. (Pearl, 420 West Broadway.)

Eve Ingalls—Abstractions. Through Oct. 29. (Allen, 560 Broadway.)

Steven Katz / Michael Harnett—Realistic paintings and drawings of New York. / Still-lifes applied to narrow, vertical canvases. Through Nov. 3. (Perlow, 560 Broadway.)

Joseph Kosuth—Freud writ large again. Through Saturday, Oct. 15. (Castelli, 578 Broadway, a new venue for the peripatetic dealer.)

Jannis Kounellis—A phalanx of wall sculptures that look like railroad tracks. Through Saturday, Oct. 15. (Boone, 417 West Broadway.)

Barry Le Va—New sculptures and works on paper. Through Oct. 29. (Sonnabend, 420 West Broadway.)

Margaret Leveson—Landscapes in pastels. Through Wednesday, Oct. 19. (Blue Mountain, 121 Wooster St. Opens daily, except Mondays, at noon.)

Robert Longo—Large-scale wall sculptures in mixed mediums, including one that incorporates twenty spinning gold-leafed drums. Through Nov. 5. (Metro Pictures, 150 Greene St.)

Keith Milow—Large-scale wall sculptures, many with architectural references, that are constructed in wood, then covered with lead. Through Oct. 29. (Davis, 568 Broadway.)

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Jim Nutt—Portraits of figures with cockeyed features. Through Tuesday, Oct. 18. (Kind, 136 Greene St.)

Garnett Puett—New works by an artist who builds sculptures out of steel, wood, and glass, then invites bees to add the finishing touch: honeycombs. During the show, SoHo bees will take part in a work in progress. Through Oct. 29. (Marcus, 578 Broadway.)

Judy Rifka—"History of Sculpture," a new series of grisaille paintings comprising syncopated repetitions of classical heads, profiles of winged Nike, and Parthenon columns. Through Nov. 5. (Alexander, 59 Wooster St.)

Ludwig Sander (1906-75)—A retrospective of geometric color-field paintings. Through Saturday, Oct. 15. (Esman, 70 Greene St.)

Kenny Scharf—New paintings with titles such as "Obglob" and "Ing," many of which seem to pulsate with amoebas or arteries. Through Oct. 22. (Shafrazi, 163 Mercer St.)

Andrew Spence—New abstract paintings. Through Oct. 29. (Toll, 146 Greene St.)

Mike and Doug Starn—The Starn twins showing new photographic collages. At Castelli, 420 West Broadway (through Saturday, Oct. 15); and Stux, 155 Spring St. (through Oct. 29).

Anton van Dalen—A retrospective of paintings, sculptures, drawings, and objects such as wooden toys and dioramas. Through Oct. 29. (Exit Art, 578 Broadway.)

Stephen Westfall—New abstract paintings. Through Nov. 12. (Newburg, 580 Broadway.)

Group Shows—At the **castelli**, 142 Greene St.: Works by Ellsworth Kelly, Roy Lichtenstein, Richard Serra, and Frank Stella in the last show at this location. Through Oct. 22. . . . **shainman**, 560 Broadway: A sculpture each by Alice Aycock, Magdalena Jetelová, and Susana Solano in what the gallery calls a "Dialogue with Space." Through Saturday, Oct. 15.

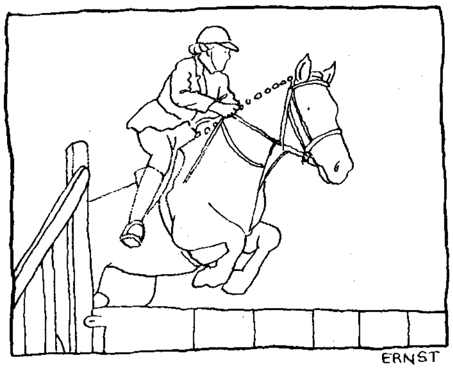
OTHER GALLERIES

Francesco Clemente / Robert Ryman—"Funerary Paintings," all about six feet tall and sixteen feet long. / Primarily white paintings exhibited in rooms the artist designed for the show. Through June 18. (Dia Art Foundation, 548 W. 22nd St. Opens at noon Thursdays through Sundays.)

Carol Kreeger Davidson—Recent abstract sculptures. Through Nov. 13. (Humphrey, at both 242 E. 5th St. and 37 E. 7th St. Opens at noon Wednesdays through Sundays.)

Michelangelo Pistoletto—Mirror-based works predominate in a show covering three decades of this Arte Povera artist's output. Through Nov. 27. (P.S. 1, 46-01 21st St., Long Island City. Opens at noon Wednesdays through Sundays.)

Ramm-Ell-Zee—Ephemera such as computer printouts and pages from telephone books are frozen in a resin gel along with objects like billiard balls and a tiny violin. The whole assemblage is painted in Day-Glo colors. Through Oct. 29. (Braathen, 33 Bleecker St., at Lafayette St.)



Cy Twombly—Works on paper from 1969 to 1985. Through Oct. 22. (Baghoomian, 611 Broadway.)

Artists' Illustrated Letters—A hundred letters written by Alberti, Gauguin, Sargent, Picasso, di Suvero, Bearden, and other artists more accustomed to making points with pictures. Through Nov. 5. (Grey Art Gallery, New York University, 33 Washington Pl. Tuesdays and Thursdays, 10 to 6:30; Wednesdays, 10 to 8:30; Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 1 to 5.)

PHOTOGRAPHY

Jerzy Kosinski—Photographs of Poland and Russia in the fifties. Through Saturday, Oct. 15. (Zarre, 379 West Broadway.)

Robert Mapplethorpe—The Whitney Museum has mounted a show of his photographs. See below, under "Museums," for dates and times.

Nicholas Nixon—Portraits of people with AIDS. Through Oct. 22. (Zabriskie, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St. Open Mondays. A complementary show is at the Museum of Modern Art.)

Richard Ross—Diptychs and triptychs that contain photographs of sections of Old Master paintings. Through Nov. 3. (Lieberman & Saul, 155 Spring St. Opens at noon on Saturdays.)

Louis Stettner—Photographs of street scenes in the United States, Mexico, and Europe, taken between 1947 and 1972. Through Oct. 22. (Photofind, 138 Spring St.)

James Welling—Photographs of draperies and diaries and of buildings designed by H. H. Richardson. Through Saturday, Oct. 15. (Gorney, 100 Greene St.)

National Geographic Society Photographs—In celebration of its centennial, the Society has mined its archives for these two hundred and sixty-five photographs of panoramic landscapes, outer-space and underwater scenes, and people who leave home without the American Express card. Fewer than half of the works have appeared in *National Geographic*. Through Oct. 30. (International Center of Photography, 1130 Fifth Ave., at 94th St. Tuesdays, noon to 8, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Fridays, noon to 5; Saturdays and Sundays, 11 to 6.)

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—The exhaustive Degas exhibit has been mounted in spacious new galleries, *comme il faut*. Through Jan. 8. . . . ¶ A retrospective of works by Umberto Boccioni, an Italian Futurist painter and the only sculptor in that movement. Through Jan. 8. . . . ¶ A selection of watercolors and drawings by Paul Cézanne from the last thirty years of his life. Through Nov. 6. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Sundays, 9:30 to 5:15, and Tuesday evenings until 8:45.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—A comprehensive show of the drawings of Philip Guston. Through Nov. 1. . . . **photography:** About a hundred prints by Nicholas Nixon. Through Nov. 13. The artist also has an exhibit at the Zabriskie Gallery, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St. (Open daily, except Wednesdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9.)

Guggenheim Museum, Fifth Ave. at 89th St.—Silk screens and drawings from Andy Warhol's Mercedes-Benz series, a project he was working on at the time of his death. . . . ¶ A show of works from the fifties and sixties by Americans and Europeans—Beuys, Cornell, Hesse, Oldenburg, Nevelson, and others—who went against the tide of Abstract Expressionism by using images from pop culture and unconventional materials. Both shows through Nov. 27. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 11 to 7:45, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Sundays, 11 to 4:45.)

Whitney Museum of American Art, Madison Ave. at 75th St.—Fifteen years' worth of Robert Mapplethorpe's prints are assembled in a

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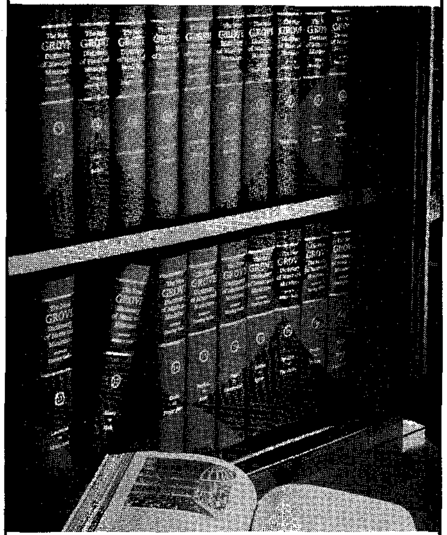

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

ART–Cont'd

show of nudes, portraits, and still-lifes. Through Oct. 23. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 1 to 8, with no admission charge after 6; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 5; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—Cleopatra and other rulers of ancient Egypt's Ptolemaic dynasty (305-30 B.C.) are seen in a show of stone statuary and portrait heads. The period is also represented by reliefs, gold jewelry, silver vessels, and other objects. Through Jan. 2. (Open daily, except Tuesdays, 10 to 5.)

American Museum of Natural History, Central Park W. at 79th St.—An exhibition re-creating the events of a four-year (1838-42) American naval expedition to the South Seas and Antarctica and displaying a wealth of materials brought back from that voyage, including charts and maps and flora and fauna. Through Jan. 1. ... ¶ An exhibition of fish illustrations (1838-1980) made with the aid of scientists' field sketches and photographs. Through Dec. 11. (Open daily. Hours: Mondays, Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Sundays, 10 to 5:45; Wednesdays, 10 to 9; Fridays and Saturdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge after 5.)

Cooper-Hewitt Museum, Fifth Ave. at 91st St.—In the seventeenth century, the cupboards and drawers of Burghley House, in Devonshire, were filled with Renaissance jewelry, pitchers with diamonds and rubies embedded in them, and gold and silver tableware. Sixty of these objets de vertu, preserved as heirlooms, have been brought here for display. Through Nov. 27. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.)

Morgan Library, 29 E. 36th St.—An exhibit of roughly a hundred music scores by, among others, Bach, Mahler, Arthur Sullivan, and Mozart (several by the last; the work on view that he composed at age five is in his father's hand). Through Nov. 6. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10:30 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

National Academy of Design, Fifth Ave. at 89th St.—Geoffrey Beene, in the business now for twenty-five years, is being treated to a retrospective that includes not only clothes with his label but accessories, videos of fashion shows, and photographs by Horst, Richard Avedon, and others. Through Oct. 29. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, noon to 8, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Sundays, noon to 5.)

The New Museum, 583 Broadway—Malcolm McLaren, the subject of what the museum describes as "an unconventional art exhibition," has been called many things—most generously, rock producer, fashion designer, and cultural theorist. This collection of clothes, posters, album covers, cassettes, and videotapes follows McLaren's career as it bounced from the Sex Pistols to Adam and the Ants to a British fashion/bondage shop called Let It Rock. Through Nov. 20. (Open daily except Mondays and Tuesdays. Hours: Wednesdays, Thursdays, and Sundays, noon to 6; Fridays and Saturdays, noon to 8.)

New York Public Library, Fifth Ave. at 42nd St.—A historical survey of Hebrew books and manuscripts: Bibles, a seventeenth-century parchment scroll of the Book of Esther, the *Tripartite Mahzor,* and volumes on science, law, and literature. Starts Saturday, Oct. 15. (Gottesman Exhibition Hall. Open daily except Sundays, 10 to 6, and Tuesday evenings until 8:45.)

New York Public Library at Lincoln Center—A fortieth-anniversary salute to the New York City Ballet in which the works of set and costume designers get all the applause. On exhibit, for instance, are sets and costumes by Isamu Noguchi for Balanchine's "Orpheus" (1947) and, from the 1964 "Nutcracker," a model by Rouben Ter-Arutunian and a drawing by Karinska incorporating swatches of fabric. Through Jan. 6. (Open daily except Sundays. Hours: Mondays and Thursdays, 10 to 8; Tuesdays, 10 to 7; Wednesdays and Fridays, noon to 6; Saturdays, 10 to 6.)

Studio Museum in Harlem, 144 W. 125th St.—Collage paintings by Benny Andrews dating from the fifties through the seventies. (Open daily except Mondays and Tuesdays. Hours: Wednesdays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays and Sundays, 1 to 6.)

MUSIC

(The box-office number for the Metropolitan Opera is 362-6000; for Alice Tully Hall 362-1911; for Avery Fisher Hall 874-2424; for Carnegie Hall 247-7800; and for Merkin Concert Hall, 129 W. 67th St., 362-8719. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

Metropolitan Opera—Monday, Oct. 10, at 7:30: "Giulio Cesare," with Kathleen Battle, Tatiana Troyanos, Martine Dupuy, Sarah Walker, and Jeffrey Gall; conducted by Trevor Pinnock. ... ¶ Tuesday, Oct. 11, at 8: "Il Trovatore," with Eva Marton, Dolora Zajick, Luciano Pavarotti, and Sherrill Milnes; James Levine. ... ¶ Wednesday, Oct. 12, at 8: "Das Rheingold," with Eva Zseller, Hanna Schwarz, Gweneth Bean, Siegfried Jerusalem, and Hans Sotin; James Levine. ... ¶ Thursday, Oct. 13, at 8: "Lucia di Lammermoor," with Edita Gruberova, Francisco Araiza, and Brian Schexnayder; Edoardo Müller. ... ¶ Friday, Oct. 14, at 7:30: "Giulio Cesare," with Kathleen Battle, Tatiana Troyanos, Martine Dupuy, Brenda Boozer, and Jeffrey Gall; Trevor Pinnock. ... ¶ Saturday, Oct. 15, at 1:30: "Il Trovatore," with Eva Marton, Dolora Zajick, Luciano Pavarotti, and Sherrill Milnes; James Levine. ... ¶ Saturday, Oct. 15, at 8:30: "Das Rheingold," with Eva Zseller, Hanna Schwarz, Birgitta Svendén, Siegfried Jerusalem, and Hans Sotin; Max Epstein. ... ¶ Monday, Oct. 17, at 8: "Lucia di Lammermoor," with Edita Gruberova, Francisco Araiza, and Brian Schexnayder; Edoardo Müller. ... ¶ Tuesday, Oct. 18, at 8: "Il Trovatore," with Eva Marton, Fiorenza Cossotto, Giorgio Lamberti, and Juan Pons; Arthur Fagen. ... ¶ Wednesday, Oct. 19, at 7:30: "Giulio Cesare," with Barbara Kilduff, Tatiana Troyanos, Martine Dupuy, Sarah Walker, and Jeffrey Gall; Trevor Pinnock.

New York City Opera—Tuesday evening, Oct. 11: "Rasputin," with Margaret Cusack, John Cheek, Jon Garrison, and Henry Price; conducted by Christopher Keene. ... ¶ Wednesday evening, Oct. 12: "The Ballad of Baby Doe," with Faith Esham, Joyce Castle, and William Parcher; Hal France. ... ¶ Friday evening, Oct. 14: "Carmen," with Susanne Marsee, Maureen O'Flynn, John Absalom, and Kenneth Shaw; Michael Morgan. ... ¶ Saturday matinée, Oct. 15: "Mefistofele," with Marianna Christos, Margaret Cusack, Harry Dworchak, and Michael Sylvester; Sergiu Comissiona. ... ¶ Saturday evening, Oct. 15: "La Bohème," with Ruth Golden, Michele McBride, Jon Garrison, and Scott Reeve; Scott Bergeson. ... ¶ Sunday matinée, Oct. 16: "Il Barbiere di Siviglia," with Sheryl Woods, Robert Orth, Paul Austin Kelly, and Joseph McKee; Sergiu Comissiona. ... ¶ Sunday evening, Oct. 16: "Rigoletto," with Christine Donahue, Rodger Hugh Wangerin, and Paul Hartfield; Elio Boncompagni. ... ¶ Tuesday evening, Oct. 18: "The Ballad of Baby Doe," with Faith Esham, Joyce Castle, and Brian Steele; Hal France. ... ¶ Wednesday evening, Oct. 19: "Mefistofele," with Marianna Christos, Margaret Cusack, Harry Dworchak, and Michael Sylvester; Sergiu Comissiona. (New York State Theatre. 870-5570. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 1. Through Sunday, Nov. 20.)

Mannes Camerata—Presenting a staged version of the medieval poem "Romance of the Rose." (Mannes College of Music, 150 W. 85th St. Friday and Saturday, Oct. 14-15, at 8, and Sunday, Oct. 16, at 4. For information about tickets, call 595-1747.)

Il Piccolo Teatro dell'Opera—Frederick Renz conducting the Grande Bande in "Platée," Jean-Philippe Rameau's 1745 comic opera. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 1-718 636-4100. Wednesday, Oct. 12, at 11 A.M., and Thursday, Oct. 13, at 7.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

New York Philharmonic—Andrew Davis conducting music by Shostakovich and Bernstein, with Dmitry Sitkovetsky, violin, and Stanley Drucker, clarinet. (Avery Fisher Hall. Wednesday through Saturday, Oct. 12-15, at 8, and Tuesday, Oct. 18, at 7:30.)

Boston Symphony—Seiji Ozawa conducting. Tuesday evening, Oct. 11: With Leon Fleisher, piano. . . . ¶ Wednesday and Thursday evenings, Oct. 12-13: Mahler's Ninth Symphony. (Carnegie Hall. Evenings at 8.)

Academy of St. Martin-in-the-Fields—Iona Brown conducting and playing the violin. (Avery Fisher Hall. Sunday, Oct. 16, at 3.)

Philadelphia Orchestra—Yuri Temirkanov conducting, with Gidon Kremer, violin. (Carnegie Hall. Tuesday, Oct. 18, at 8.)

Prague Symphony—Jiri Belohlavek conducting an all-Czech program, with Steven Mayer, piano. (Carnegie Hall. Wednesday, Oct. 19, at 8.)

Stuttgart Radio Orchestra—Neville Marriner conducting compositions by Haydn, Beethoven, and Elgar. (Avery Fisher Hall. Wednesday, Oct. 19, at 8.)

Lausanne Chamber Orchestra—Lawrence Foster conducting, with Pepe Romero, classical guitarist. (Carnegie Hall. Sunday, Oct. 16, at 3.)

Musica Antiqua Köln—With Rheinische Kantorei, a twenty-voice choir, in a program of music by five members of the famous Bach family. Reinhard Goebel and Hermann Max will direct the ensembles. (Alice Tully Hall. Sunday, Oct. 16, at 8.)

RECITALS

Aston Magna—Playing the music of Bach and his contemporaries on original instruments. (Merkin Concert Hall. Tuesday, Oct. 11, at 8.)

American String Quartet—Chamber music. (Town Hall, 123 W. 43rd St. 840-2824. Tuesday, Oct. 11, at 8.)

Manhattan Vocal Ensemble—Nelly Vuksic directing music by the baroque composer Domenico Zipoli. (Americas Society, Park Ave. at 68th St. Wednesday, Oct. 12, at 6. Tickets at the door on the night of the concert.)

Bethany Beardslee—Soprano, with Robert Helps, piano. (Town Hall, 123 W. 43rd St. 840-2824. Wednesday, Oct. 12, at 8.)

Chamber Music Society of Lincoln Center—Wednesday, Oct. 12, at 8: A benefit concert. . . . ¶ Sunday, Oct. 16, at 5, and Tuesday, Oct. 18, at 7:30: New works by Ned Rorem and Leon Kirchner. (Alice Tully Hall.)

On Original Instruments—A cello, violin, and fortepiano group playing Schubert and Beethoven. (Merkin Concert Hall. Wednesday, Oct. 12, at 8.)

Thouvenel String Quartet—Playing music by Mozart, Elliott Carter, and Ravel. (Merkin Concert Hall. Thursday, Oct. 13, at 8.)

Parnassus—Anthony Korf conducting a program of contemporary chamber music. With Lynne Webber, soprano. (Miller Theatre, Columbia University, Broadway at 116th St. Thursday, Oct. 13, at 8. For information about tickets, call 643-0793.)

Beethoven Society—In the season's first concert, five pianists—including Lilian Kallir, Jerome Lowenthal, and Ilana Vered—play five Beethoven sonatas. (Alice Tully Hall. Saturday, Oct. 15, at 3.)

Emerson String Quartet—Playing six Bartók quartets. (Carnegie Hall. Saturday, Oct. 15, at 7.)

Guarneri Quartet—Performing quartets by Haydn, Shostakovich, and Grieg. (Washington Irving High School, Irving Pl. at 16th St. Saturday, Oct. 15, at 8. For information about tickets, call 586-4680.)

Tokyo String Quartet—Chamber music. (92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-4410. Saturday, Oct. 15, at 8.)

Yale Chamber Music Series—Presenting an all-Schubert program, with, among others, Syoko Aki, violin; Boris Berman, piano; Jesse Levine, viola; Thomas Nyfenger, flute; and Shauna Rolston, cello. (Merkin Concert Hall. Saturday, Oct. 15, at 8.)

Kathleen Bride—Harp. (Hubbard Recital Hall, Manhattan School of Music, Broadway at 122nd St. Sunday, Oct. 16, at 3. No tickets necessary.)

Alaria Chamber Ensemble—Playing works by Frescobaldi, Handel, Bach, and Mozart. (House of the Redeemer, 7 E. 95th St. Sunday, Oct. 16, at 4. Admission by contribution.)

Kyoko Takezawa—Violin, in her début recital. (Carnegie Hall. Monday, Oct. 17, at 8.)

Music Today—Gerard Schwarz conducting three premières. With Daniel Fradkin, viola, and Alan Feinberg, piano. (Merkin Concert Hall. Tuesday, Oct. 18, at 8.)

Chamber Music at the Y—The season opener features Ned Rorem's "Santa Fe Songs," with Ben Holt, baritone, and Mr. Rorem, piano. (92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-4410. Tuesday and Wednesday, Oct. 18-19, at 8.)

Barbara Nissman—Piano, in the first of her three-concert series of the nine Prokofiev piano sonatas. (Alice Tully Hall. Wednesday, Oct. 19, at 8.)

Walter Hilse—Organ. (Park Avenue Christian Church, Park Ave. at 85th St. Wednesday, Oct. 19, at 8. Admission by contribution.)

SPORTS

(The ticket-information number for Madison Square Garden is 563-8300, for the Meadowlands 1-201 935-3900, and for Nassau Coliseum 1-516 587-9222.)

Baseball—The World Series starts Saturday, Oct. 15, in the home park of the National League Champion.

Basketball—Exhibition games—At **byrne meadowlands arena:** Nets vs. Knicks, Tuesday, Oct. 11, at 7:30. . . . **madison square garden:** Knicks vs. Cleveland Cavaliers, Friday, Oct. 14, at 8:30.

Football—At Giants Stadium, the Meadowlands—Giants vs. Detroit Lions, Sunday, Oct. 16, at 1. . . . ¶ Jets vs. Buffalo Bills, Monday, Oct. 17, at 9.

Hockey—Home-season openers—At **madison square garden:** Rangers vs. Devils, Monday, Oct. 10. . . . ¶ Rangers vs. Hartford Whalers, Wednesday, Oct. 12. . . . ¶ Rangers vs. Vancouver Canucks, Sunday, Oct. 16. . . . ¶ Rangers vs. Washington Capitals, Wednesday, Oct. 19. (Games begin at 7:30.) . . . **byrne meadowlands arena:** Devils vs. Montreal Canadiens, Friday, Oct. 14, at 7:45. . . . ¶ Devils vs. Vancouver Canucks, Wednesday, Oct. 19, at 7:45. . . . **nassau coliseum:** Islanders vs. Montreal Canadiens, Saturday, Oct. 15, at 5:05. . . . ¶ Islanders vs. Vancouver Canucks, Tuesday, Oct. 18, at 8:05.

Racing—At **belmont:** Daily, except Tuesday, at 12:30; through Monday, Oct. 17. The Champagne and the Frizette, Saturday, Oct. 15; the Beldame, Sunday, Oct. 16. . . . **meadowlands:** Weeknights at 7:30. . . . **aqueduct:** Daily, except Tuesdays, at 12:30; starting Wednesday, Oct. 19.

Running—The Mercedes Mile, on Fifth Avenue, starting at 82nd Street and finishing at 62nd Street, will begin at 2 on Saturday, Oct. 15.

Trotting—At Yonkers Raceway: Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8.

ET ALIA

Edward Koren—Telling stories, showing slides, and answering questions. (New-York Historical Society, 170 Central Park W., at 77th St. 873-3400. Wednesday, Oct. 12, at 6:30.)

Poetry and Prose Readings—Harold Brodkey reading from his own short stories. (Endicott Booksellers, 450 Columbus Ave., at 81st St. Tuesday, Oct. 11, at 8. No tickets necessary.) . . . ¶ Michael Burkard and Denis Johnson reading from their own poetry. (West Side Y, 5 W. 63rd St. 787-6557. Friday, Oct. 14, at 8.) . . . ¶ Joseph Brodsky reading from his own poetry. (92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-4410. Monday, Oct. 17, at 8.) . . . ¶ "Remembering Howard Moss," an evening in which the poet's last volume of work will be read by Vickie Karp, Alastair Reid, Richard Wilbur, and many others. (Guggenheim Museum Auditorium, Fifth Ave. at 89th St. Wednesday, Oct. 19, at 8. No tickets necessary, but seating is limited.)

Walking Tour—A guided tour of lower Manhattan, sponsored by the New-York Historical Society, will be given on Sunday, Oct. 16 (rain or shine), starting at the Woolworth Building, Broadway and Park Pl., at 2. Tickets can be purchased at the time of the tour.

Election Registration—The registration dates for the Nov. 8 elections will be Thursday, Oct. 13, and Saturday, Oct. 15.

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE MOVIE HOUSES

EAST SIDE

Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. (598-7171; theatre opens in the late afternoon and is closed Mondays.)
Through Oct. 13: (Separate admissions) "The Man with Three Coffins" (1987; directed by Lee Chang-Ho; in Korean); "A Promise" (1987; Yoshishige Yoshida; in Japanese); and "Commissar" (1967; Alexander Askoldov; in Russian).
From Oct. 14: (Separate admissions) "The Last Emperor" (1985; Li Han Hsiang; in Mandarin, with Chinese and English subtitles); and "A Promise."

Movieland 8th Street Triplex, 36 E. 8th. (477-6600)
Theatre 1: Through Oct. 13: "Sweet Hearts Dance" (Robert Greenwald), with Don Johnson, Susan Sarandon, Jeff Daniels, and Elizabeth Perkins. From Oct. 14: "The Kiss" (Pen Densham), with Joanna Pacula.
Theatre 2: "Imagine: John Lennon" (Andrew Solt), a documentary.
Theatre 3: "Alien Nation" (Graham Baker), with James Caan and Mandy Patinkin.

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (475-1660)
"Dead Ringers" (†).

Bay Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 32nd. (679-0160)
"Gorillas in the Mist" (†).

Loews 34th Street Showplace, 238 E. 34th. (532-5544)
Theatre 1: "Married to the Mob" (†).
Theatre 2: "A Fish Called Wanda" (†).
Theatre 3: Through Oct. 13: "Memories of Me" (Henry Winkler), with Billy Crystal, Alan King, and JoBeth Williams. From Oct. 14 (tentative): "The Accused" (Jonathan Kaplan), with Kelly McGillis and Jodie Foster.

34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
"Punchline" (David Seltzer), with Sally Field and Tom Hanks.

Eastside Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 55th. (755-3020)
Through Oct. 13: "Midnight Run" (†).
From Oct. 14: "The Kiss" (Pen Densham), with Joanna Pacula.

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (759-1411)
"Bull Durham" (†).

Gotham Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (759-2262)
"Dead Ringers" (†).

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (355-3320)
"Bird" (†).

Manhattan Twin, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (935-6420)
Theatre 1: "Alien Nation" (Graham Baker), with James Caan and Mandy Patinkin.
Theatre 2: "Clara's Heart" (Robert Mulligan), with Whoopi Goldberg.

D. W. Griffith, 235 E. 59th. (759-4630)
(Matinées only) "Who Framed Roger Rabbit" (†); and (evenings only) "Heartbreak Hotel" (Chris Columbus), with David Keith, Tuesday Weld, and Charlie Schlatter.

Baronet and Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
Theatre 1: Through Oct. 13: "Running on Empty" (†). From Oct. 14: "Madame Sousatzka" (John Schlesinger), with Shirley MacLaine.
Theatre 2: "Punchline" (David Seltzer), with Sally Field and Tom Hanks.

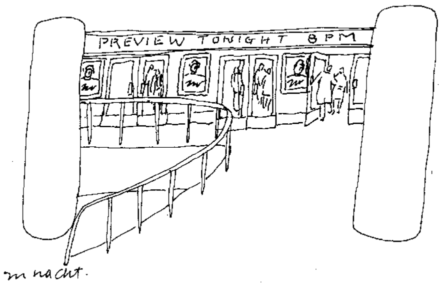
Gemini 1 and 2, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)
Theatre 1: "Imagine: John Lennon" (Andrew Solt), a documentary.
Theatre 2: "Sweet Hearts Dance" (Robert Greenwald), with Don Johnson, Susan Sarandon, Jeff Daniels, and Elizabeth Perkins.

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (737-2622)
"Gorillas in the Mist" (†).

Loews New York Twin, 2nd Ave. at 67th. (744-7339)
Theatre 1: "Memories of Me" (Henry Winkler), with Billy Crystal, Alan King, and JoBeth Williams.
Theatre 2: "A Fish Called Wanda" (†).

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (734-0302)
"Crossing Delancey" (Joan Micklin Silver), with Amy Irving and Peter Riegert.

Loews Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (879-1313)
Through Oct. 13: "Married to the Mob" (†).
From Oct. 14: "The Accused" (Jonathan Kaplan), with Kelly McGillis and Jodie Foster.



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FILMS ACCOMPANIED BY A DAGGER ARE DESCRIBED IN THE "IN BRIEF" SECTION, STARTING ON PAGE 22.

U. A. East, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)
"Punchline" (David Seltzer), with Sally Field and Tom Hanks.

Loews Orpheum 1 and 2, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (289-4607)
Theatre 1: Through Oct. 13: "Elvira: Mistress of the Dark" (James Signorelli), with Elvira. From Oct. 14 (tentative): "The Kiss" (Pen Densham), with Joanna Pacula.
Theatre 2: "Die Hard" (†).

86th Street East Twin, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
Theatre 1: (Matinées only) "Who Framed Roger Rabbit" (†); and (evenings only) "Heartbreak Hotel" (Chris Columbus), with David Keith, Tuesday Weld, and Charlie Schlatter.
Theatre 2: "Alien Nation" (Graham Baker), with James Caan and Mandy Patinkin.

WEST SIDE

Film Forum 1 and 2, 57 Watts St. (431-1590; Mondays through Fridays, theatres open in the late afternoon.)
Theatre 1: Through Oct. 11: "Nanou" (1987; directed by Conny Templeman), with Imogen Stubbs, Jean-Philippe Ecoffey, and Daniel Day-Lewis. From Oct. 12: "The Boxer and Death" (1962; Peter Solan; in German and Czech).
Theatre 2: See listings under "Revival Houses."

Bleecker St. Cinema 1 and 2, 144 Bleecker St. (674-2560)
Theatre 1: "Big Time" (Chris Blum), with Tom Waits.
Theatre 2: Through Oct. 13 (tentative): "Boyfriends and Girlfriends" ("L'Ami de Mon Amie") (†). From Oct. 14 (tentative): "Wings of Desire" ("Der Himmel über Berlin") (†).

Waverly 1 and 2, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (929-8037)
Theatre 1: "Crossing Delancey" (Joan Micklin Silver), with Amy Irving and Peter Riegert.
Theatre 2: "Bird" (†).

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (674-6515; Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
"Running on Empty" (†).

Art Greenwich Twin, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
Theatre 1: "Punchline" (David Seltzer), with Sally Field and Tom Hanks.
Theatre 2: "Gorillas in the Mist" (†).

Quad Cinema, 34 W. 13th. (255-8800)
Theatre 1: "Babette's Feast" (†).
Theatre 2: "Track 29" (Nicolas Roeg), with Theresa Russell and Gary Oldman.
Theatre 3: Through Oct. 11: "Patty Hearst" (†). From Oct. 12: "A Winter Tan" (Jackie Burroughs, Louise Clark, John Frizzell, John Walker, and Aerlyn Weissman).
Theatre 4: "Matador" (†).

23rd St. West Triplex, 333 W. 23rd. (989-0060)
Theatre 1: "Crossing Delancey" (Joan Micklin Silver), with Amy Irving and Peter Riegert.
Theatre 2: "Clara's Heart" (Robert Mulligan), with Whoopi Goldberg.
Theatre 3: Through Oct. 13: (Separate admissions) "Heartbreak Hotel" (Chris Columbus), with David Keith, Tuesday Weld, and Charlie Schlatter; "Daffy Duck's Quackbusters," an animated film; and "Elvira: Mistress of the Dark" (James Signorelli), with Elvira. From Oct. 14: To be announced.

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (757-2406)
"Debajo del Mundo" ("Under the World;" Beda Docampo Feijoo and Juan Bautista Stagnora; an Argentine film, in Spanish).

Ziegfeld, 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)
"The Last Temptation of Christ" (†).

Festival, 6 W. 57th. (307-7856)
Through Oct. 13: "Big" (†).
From Oct. 14: The 21st International Tournee of Animation.

57th St. Playhouse, 110 W. 57th. (581-7360)
"Tucker: The Man and His Dream" (†).

Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. between 56th and 57th. (265-2520)
"Imagine: John Lennon" (Andrew Solt), a documentary.

Carnegie Screening Room, 7th Ave. between 56th and 57th. (757-2131)
Through Oct. 13 (tentative): "Wings of Desire" ("Der Himmel über Berlin") (†).
From Oct. 14 (tentative): "Boyfriends and Girlfriends" ("L'Ami de Mon Amie") (†).

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)
Through Oct. 13: "Miles from Home" (Gary Sinise), with Richard Gere and Kevin Anderson.
From Oct. 14: "Another Woman" (Woody Allen).

Cinema 3, 2 W. 59th. (752-5959)
"Crossing Delancey" (Joan Micklin Silver), with Amy Irving and Peter Riegert.

Loews Paramount, B'way at 61st. (247-5070)
Through Oct. 13: "Eight Men Out" (John Sayles).
From Oct. 14: "The Accused" (Jonathan Kaplan), with Kelly McGillis and Jodie Foster.

Lincoln Plaza 1, 2, and 3, B'way at 63rd. (757-2280)
Theatre 1: "The Thin Blue Line" (†).
Theatre 2: "Salaam Bombay!" (Mira Nair; in Hindi).
Theatre 3: "Red Sorghum" (Zhang Yimou; in Mandarin).

Cinema Studio 1 and 2, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)
Theatre 1: "Hotel Terminus: The Life and Times of Klaus Barbie" (Marcel Ophuls; in English, French, German, and Spanish), a four-hour-and-twenty-seven-minute documentary.
Theatre 2: "Hotel Terminus: The Life and Times of Klaus Barbie."

Regency, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)
"Gorillas in the Mist" (†).

Loews 84th Street Sixplex, B'way at 84th. (877-3600)
Theatre 1: Through Oct. 13: "Memories of Me" (Henry Winkler), with Billy Crystal, Alan King, and JoBeth Williams. From Oct. 14 (tentative): "The Kiss" (Pen Densham), with Joanna Pacula.
Theatre 2: "A Fish Called Wanda" (†).
Theatre 3: "Crossing Delancey" (Joan Micklin Silver), with Amy Irving and Peter Riegert.
Theatre 4: "Imagine: John Lennon" (Andrew Solt), a documentary.
Theatre 5: "Sweet Hearts Dance" (Robert Greenwald), with Don Johnson, Susan Sarandon, Jeff Daniels, and Elizabeth Perkins.
Theatre 6: "Married to the Mob" (†).

Metro Cinema 1 and 2, B'way at 99th. (222-1200)
Theatre 1: Through Oct. 13: "Dead Ringers" (†). From Oct. 14: To be announced.
Theatre 2: "Punchline" (David Seltzer), with Sally Field and Tom Hanks.

Olympia I and II, B'way at 107th. (865-8128)
Theatre 1: "Alien Nation" (Graham Baker), with James Caan and Mandy Patinkin.
Theatre 2: "Clara's Heart" (Robert Mulligan), with Whoopi Goldberg.

TIMES SQUARE AREA

Criterion Center, B'way at 44th. (354-0900)
Theatre 1: "Coming to America" (directed by John Landis), with Eddie Murphy.
Theatre 2: "Messenger of Death" (J. Lee Thompson), with Charles Bronson.
Theatre 3: "A Nightmare on Elm Street 4: The Dream Master" (Renny Harlin), with Robert Englund.
Theatre 4: "Alien Nation" (Graham Baker), with James Caan and Mandy Patinkin.
Theatre 5: "Die Hard" (†).
Theatre 6: Through Oct. 13: "Tougher than Leather" (Rick Rubin), with Run-D.M.C. From Oct. 14: "The Kiss" (Pen Densham), with Joanna Pacula.

Embassy 1, B'way at 46th. (757-2408)
"Heartbreak Hotel" (Chris Columbus), with David Keith, Tuesday Weld, and Charlie Schlatter.

Embassy 2, 3, and 4, 7th Ave. at 47th. (730-7262)
Theatre 2: "Betrayed" (Costa-Gavras), with Debra Winger and Tom Berenger.
Theatre 3: "Who Framed Roger Rabbit" (†).
Theatre 4: "Married to the Mob" (†).

Loews Astor Plaza, 44th St. at B'way. (869-8340)
"Elvira: Mistress of the Dark" (James Signorelli), with Elvira.

Movieland, B'way at 47th. (757-8320)
"Gorillas in the Mist" (†).

National Twin, B'way at 44th. (869-0950)
Theatre 1: "Clara's Heart" (Robert Mulligan), with Whoopi Goldberg.
Theatre 2: "Dead Ringers" (†).

Warner, 7th Ave. between 42nd and 43rd. (764-6760)
"Punchline" (David Seltzer), with Sally Field and Tom Hanks.

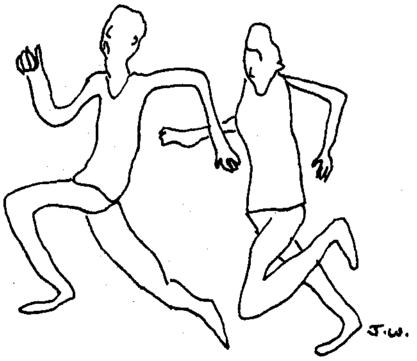
REVIVAL HOUSES

Biograph Cinema, 225 W. 57th. (582-4582)
Through Oct. 11: "Palm Beach Story" (1942; directed by Preston Sturges), with Claudette Colbert, Joel McCrea, Mary Astor, and Rudy Vallée; and "Midnight" (1939; Mitchell Leisen), with Claudette Colbert, Don Ameche, and John Barrymore.
Oct. 12-13: "Theodora Goes Wild" (1936; Richard Boleslavsky), with Irene Dunne and Melvyn Douglas; and "Together Again" (1944; Charles Vidor), with Irene Dunne and Charles Boyer.
Oct. 14-15: "A Letter to Three Wives" (1949; Joseph L. Mankiewicz), with Linda Darnell, Jeanne Crain, Ann Sothern, Kirk Douglas, and Paul Douglas; and "Unfaithfully Yours" (1948; Preston Sturges), with Rex Harrison and Linda Darnell.
Oct. 16-17: "Indiscreet" (1958 †); and "My Favorite Wife" (1940; Garson Kanin), with Irene Dunne, Cary Grant, Gail Patrick, and Randolph Scott.
Oct. 18-19: "Tovarich" (1937 †); and "A Royal Scandal" (1945; Otto Preminger), with Tallulah Bankhead, Charles Coburn, and William Eythe.

Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)
Through Oct. 11: "Lolita" (1962; Stanley Kubrick), with Sue Lyon, James Mason, Peter Sellers, and Shelley Winters; and "The Loved One" (1965; Tony Richardson), with Robert Morse.
Oct. 12-13: "A Night at the Opera" (1935) and "A Day at the Races" (1937), both directed by Sam Wood, with the Marx Brothers.
Oct. 14-15: "True Stories" (1986; David *Byrne), with John Goodman, Swoosie* Kurtz, and Spalding Gray; and "Vibes" (1988; Ken Kwapis), with Cyndi Lauper and Jeff Goldblum.
Oct. 16: "Paths of Glory" (1957; Stanley Kubrick), with Kirk Douglas; and "La Grande Illusion" (1937; Jean Renoir; in French), with Erich von Stroheim, Jean Gabin, Pierre Fresnay, and Marcel Dalio.
Oct. 17-18: "The Naked Kiss" (1965; Samuel Fuller), with Constance Towers; and "Shock Corridor" (1963; Samuel Fuller), with Constance Towers, Peter Breck, and James Best.
From Oct. 19: "The Apartment" (1960; Billy Wilder), with Jack Lemmon, Shirley MacLaine, and Fred MacMurray; and "Some Like It Hot" (1959; Billy Wilder), with Marilyn Monroe, Tony Curtis, and Jack Lemmon.

Film Forum 2, 57 Watts St. (431-1590; Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
Oct. 10: "Love 'em and Leave 'em" (1926; Frank Tuttle; a silent film), with Evelyn Brent, Louise Brooks, and Osgood Perkins; "Running Wild" (1927; Gregory La Cava; a silent film), with W. C. Fields and Mary Brian; and "Orchids and Ermine" (1927; Alfred Santell; a silent film), with Colleen Moore.
Oct. 11: "Manslaughter" (1922; Cecil B. De Mille; a silent film), with Leatrice Joy; "A Fool There Was" (1914; Frank Powell; a silent film), with Theda Bara; and "Free to Love" (1925; Frank O'Connor; a silent film), with Clara Bow, Donald Keith, and Raymond McKee.
Oct. 12: "The Last Flight" (1931; William Dieterle), with Richard Barthelmess and Johnny Mack Brown; and "The Miracle Woman" (1931; Frank Capra), with Barbara Stanwyck, Sam Hardy, and David Manners.
Oct. 13: "Sunny Side Up" (1929; David Butler), with Janet Gaynor and Charles Farrell; and "Sunny" (1930; William A. Seiter), with Marilyn Miller.
Oct. 14: "Thunderbolt" (†); "Underworld" (1927; Josef von Sternberg), with George Bancroft; and "The Docks of New York" (1928; Josef von Sternberg), with George Bancroft.
Oct. 15: "Madame Satan" (1930; Cecil B. De Mille), with Lillian Roth and Roland Young; and "So This Is Paris" (1926; Ernst Lubitsch; a silent film), with Monte Blue, Lilyan Tashman, and Patsy Ruth Miller.
Oct. 16: "A Woman of Affairs" (1928; Clarence Brown), with Greta Garbo, John Gilbert, Lewis Stone, and Johnny Mack Brown; and "Flesh and the Devil" (1927; Clarence Brown; a silent film), with Greta Garbo, John Gilbert, and Lars Hanson.
Oct. 17: "Sunrise" (1927; F. W. Murnau; a silent film), with Janet Gaynor and George O'Brien; and "City Girl" (1929; F. W. Murnau), with Charles Farrell and Mary Brian.
Oct. 18: "Girls About Town" (1931; George Cukor), with Kay Francis, Joel McCrea, and Lilyan Tashman; and "Dangerous Curves" (1929; Lothar Mendes), with Clara Bow, Richard Arlen, and Kay Francis.
Oct. 19: "Broadway Melody" (†); and "Show Girl in Hollywood" (1930; Mervyn LeRoy).

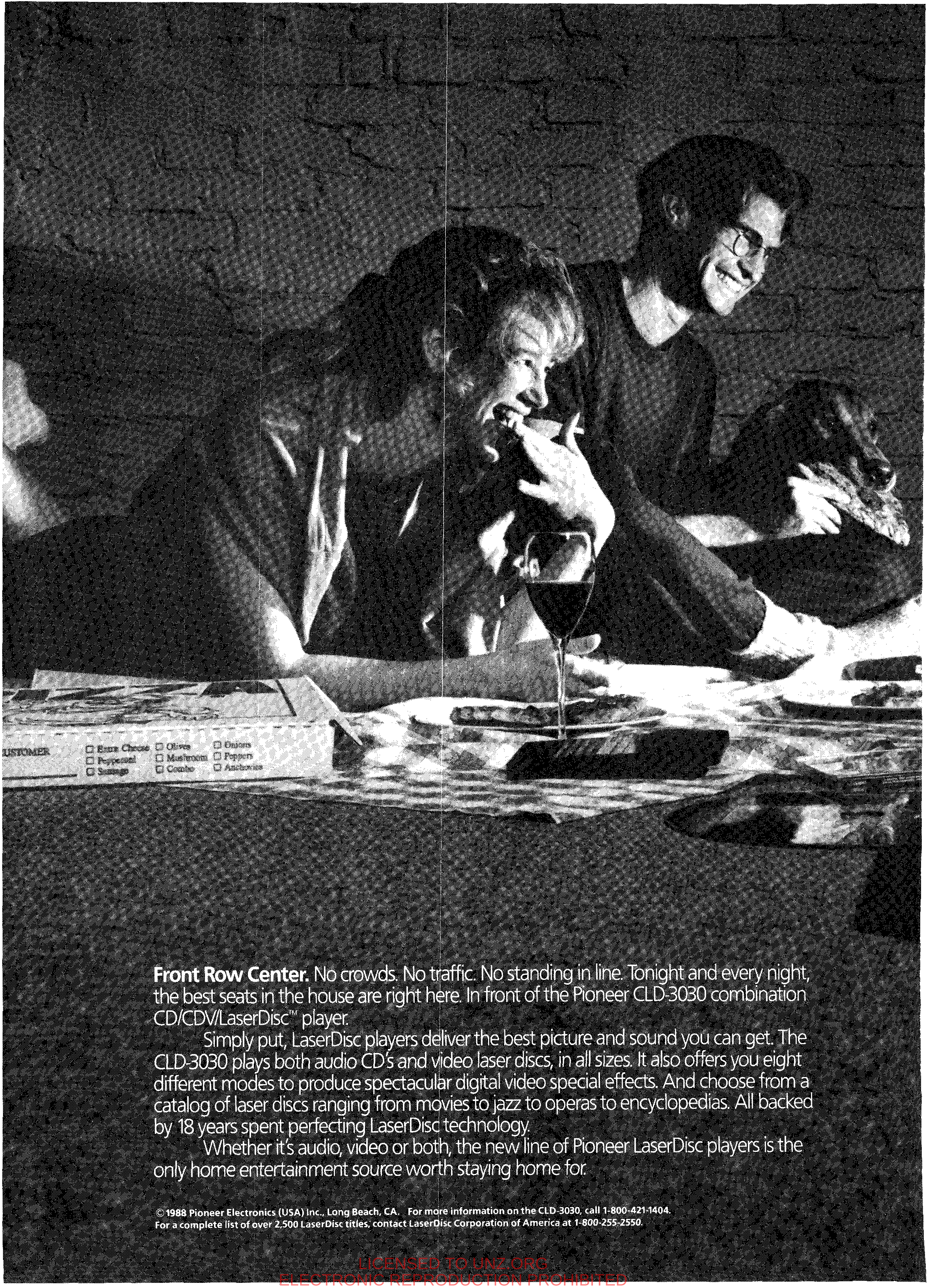
Thalia SoHo, 15 Vandam St. (675-0498)
Oct. 10: "Mean Streets" (1973; Martin Scorsese), with Robert De Niro and Harvey Keitel; and "Alice Doesn't Live Here Anymore" (1975; Martin Scorsese), with Ellen Burstyn, Kris Kristofferson, and Alfred Lutter.
Oct. 11: "The Rules of the Game" (1939; Jean Renoir; in French), with Marcel Dalio and Nora Gregor; and "La Chienne" (1931; Jean Renoir; in French), with Michel Simon.
Oct. 12: "Cruising" (1980; William Friedkin), with Al Pacino and Paul Sorvino; "Un Chant d'Amour" (1950); and "The Outlaw" (1947; Howard Hughes), with Jane Russell, Jack Buetel, Walter Huston, and Thomas Mitchell.
Oct. 13: "Last Tango in Paris" (1972; Bernardo Bertolucci; in French and English), with Marlon Brando and Maria Schneider; and "Carnal Knowledge" (1971; Mike Nichols), with Jack Nicholson, Arthur Garfunkel, Candice Bergen, and Ann-Margret.
Oct. 14-15: "It's a Mad, Mad, Mad, Mad World" (1963; Stanley Kramer), with Spencer Tracy.
Oct. 16: "Diary of a Country Priest" (1950; Robert Bresson; in French), with Claude Laydu and Nicole Maurey; and "Monsieur Vincent" (1947; Maurice Cloche; in French), with Pierre Fresnay.
Oct. 17: "New York, New York" (1977; Martin Scorsese), with Liza Minnelli and Robert De Niro; and "Taxi Driver" (1976; Martin Scorsese), with Robert De Niro, Harvey Keitel, Cybill Shepherd, and Jodie Foster.
Oct. 18: "Gilda" (1946; Charles Vidor), with Rita Hayworth and Glenn Ford; and "The Lady from Shanghai" (1948; Orson Welles), with Rita Hayworth, Everett Sloane, and Welles.
Oct. 19: "I Am a Fugitive from a Chain Gang" (†); and "Scarlet Street" (1946; Fritz Lang), with Joan Bennett, Edward G. Robinson, and Dan Duryea.



Theatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St. Marks Pl. (254-7400)
Oct. 10: "Rancho Notorious" (1952; Fritz Lang), with Marlene Dietrich, Arthur Kennedy, and Mel Ferrer; and "Destry Rides Again" (1939; George Marshall), with Marlene Dietrich and James Stewart.
Oct. 11: "The Exterminating Angel" (1962; Luis Buñuel; in Spanish), with Silvia Pinal; and "That Obscure Object of Desire" (1977; Luis Buñuel; in French), with Fernando Rey, Carole Bouquet, and Angela Molina.
Oct. 12: "La Traviata" (1983; Franco Zeffirelli; in Italian), with Teresa Stratas and Placido Domingo; and "Otello" (1986; Franco Zeffirelli; in Italian), with Placido Domingo.
Oct. 13: "A Slight Case of Murder" (1938; Lloyd Bacon), with Edward G. Robinson, Allen Jenkins, and Jane Bryan; and "Arsenic and Old Lace" (1944; Frank Capra), with Cary Grant, Priscilla Lane, Raymond Massey, Peter Lorre, Josephine Hull, and Jean Adair.
Oct. 14-15: "Roman Holiday" (1953; William Wyler), with Audrey Hepburn, Gregory Peck, and Eddie Albert; and "Breakfast at Tiffany's" (1961; Blake Edwards), with Audrey Hepburn, George Peppard, Patricia Neal, Martin Balsam, and Mickey Rooney.
Oct. 16: "La Dolce Vita" (1960; Federico Fellini; in Italian), with Marcello Mastroianni and Anita Ekberg.
Oct. 17: "Kagemusha" ("The Shadow Warrior;" 1980; Akira Kurosawa; in Japanese), with Tatsuya Nakadai; and "Yojimbo" (1961; Akira Kurosawa; in Japanese), with Toshiro Mifune.
Oct. 18: "Scarface" (1932; Howard Hawks), with Paul Muni and George Raft; and "Hell's Angels" (1930; Howard Hughes and James Whale), with Jean Harlow and Ben Lyon.
Oct. 19: "Forsaking All Others" (†) and "Mannequin" (1938 †).

FILM LIBRARIES, ETC.

Museum of Modern Art, Roy and Niuta Titus Theatres, 11 W. 53rd St. (708-9490)
Theatre 1: Oct. 10 at 2:30: "Our Mother's House" (1967; directed by Jack Clayton), with Dirk Bogarde, Margaret Brooks, and Pamela Franklin. . . . ¶ Oct. 10 at 5: "Jigsaw" (1962; Val Guest), with Jack Warner and Ronald Lewis. . . . ¶ Oct. 11 at 2:30: "Women of Twilight" (1952; Gordon Parry), with Freda Jackson, Rene Ray, and Laurence Harvey. . . . ¶ Oct. 11 at 6: "Girl on Approval" (1962; Charles Frend), with Rachel Roberts, James Maxwell, and Annette Whiteley. . . . ¶ Oct. 13 at 2:30: "Jigsaw." . . . ¶ Oct. 13 at 6: "Kes" (1969; Ken Loach), with David Bradley and Colin Welland. . . . ¶ Oct. 14 at 2:30: "Saturday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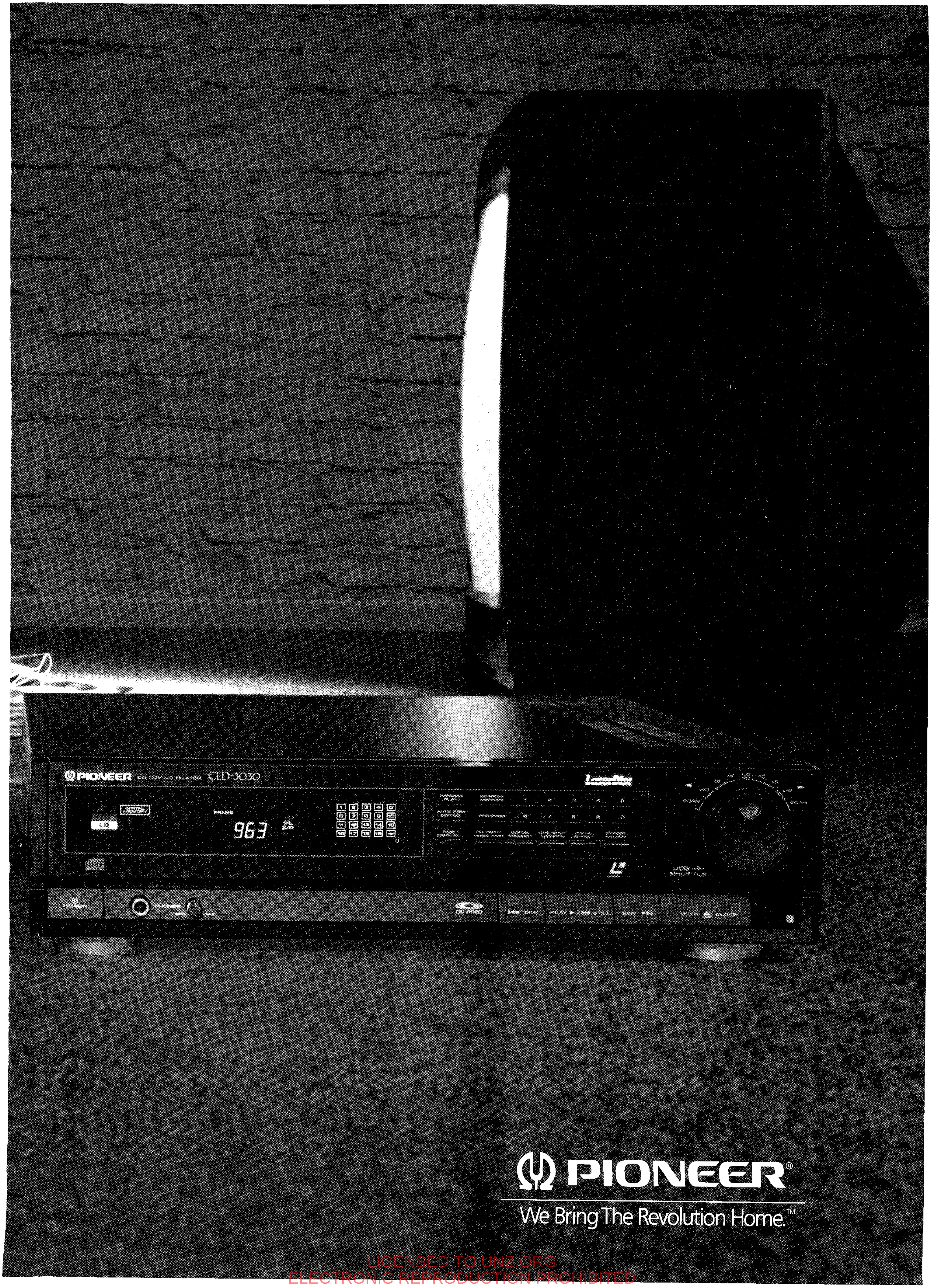
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MOVIE HOUSES—Cont'd

Night and Sunday Morning" (1960; Karel Reisz), with Albert Finney, Shirley Anne Field, and Rachel Roberts. . . . ¶ Oct. 14 at 6: "Our Mother's House." . . . ¶ Oct. 15 at 1: "A Private Enterprise" (1975; Peter K. Smith), with Salmaan Peer, Marc Zuber, and Ramon Sinha. . . . ¶ Oct. 15 at 3: "Bronco Bullfrog" (1969; Barney Platts-Mills), with Del Walker, Anne Gooding, and Sam Shepherd. . . . ¶ Oct. 15 at 5: "Children" (1976), "Madonna and Child" (1980), and "Death and Transfiguration" (1983), all directed by Terence Davies, with Wilfred Brambell and Terry O'Sullivan. . . . ¶ Oct. 16 at 1: "Four in the Morning" (1965; Anthony Simmons), with Judi Dench, Brian Phelan, and Ann Lynn. . . . ¶ Oct. 16 at 3: "The Leather Boys" (1963; Sidney J. Furie), with Rita Tushingham and Colin Campbell. . . . ¶ Oct. 16 at 5: "Nighthawks" (1978; Ron Peck), with Ken Robertson, Tony Westrope, and Rachel Nicholas James. . . . ¶ Oct. 17 at 2:30: "The Angry Silence" (1960; Guy Green), with Richard Attenborough, Pier Angeli, and Michael Craig. . . . ¶ Oct. 17 at 6: "A Kind of Loving" (1962; John Schlesinger), with Alan Bates, June Ritchie, and Thora Hird. . . . ¶ Oct. 18 at 2:30: "Nighthawks." . . . ¶ Oct. 18 at 6: "The Leather Boys."

THEATRE 2: Oct. 10 at 3: "Miss Lulu Bett" (1921; William deMille; a silent film), with Lois Wilson, Milton Sills, and Theodore Roberts. . . . ¶ Oct. 10 at 6:30: "Oklahoma!" (1955; Fred Zinnemann), with Gordon MacRae, Gloria Grahame, and Shirley Jones. . . . ¶ Oct. 11 at 3: "Wings" (1916; Mauritz Stiller; a silent film), with Lars Hanson, Egil Eide, and Lili Bech; and "Stiller, Garbo, and I" (1987; Claes Olsson and Alvaro Pardo; in Finnish, with English subtitles), a documentary. . . . ¶ Oct. 13 at 3 and 6: "Land of Dreams" (1987; Jan Troell), with Rollo May. . . . ¶ Oct. 14 at 3 and 6: "Wings" and "Stiller, Garbo, and I." . . . ¶ Oct. 15 at 2:30 and 5:30: "David Holzman's Diary" (1968; Jim McBride), with L. M. Kit Carson. . . . ¶ Oct. 16 at 2:30 and 5:30: "The Firemen's Ball" (1967; Miloš Forman; in Czech, with English subtitles). . . . ¶ Oct. 17 at 6:30: A program of films by Sharon Couzin, who will be present. . . . ¶ Oct. 18 at 3 and 6: Two different programs of Bulgarian animated films.

AMERICAN MUSEUM OF THE MOVING IMAGE, 35th Ave. at 36th St., Astoria. (1-718 784-0077) **RIKLIS THEATRE:** Oct. 12 at 2:30: "Impostors" (1979; Mark Rappaport). . . . ¶ Oct. 13 at 2: "Sherman's March" (1986; Ross McElwee). . . . ¶ Oct. 14 at 8: A film, video, and performance program by Peter Rose. . . . ¶ Oct. 15 at 1:30: A program by *seven independent* American filmmakers. . . . ¶ Oct. 15 at 5: A program of films by Nina Menkes and others. Miss Menkes will be present. . . . ¶ Oct. 15 at 8: A program of films by Joe Gibbons, who will be present. . . . ¶ Oct. 16 at 1: A program of films by Saul Levine, who will be present. . . . ¶ Oct. 16 at 3:30: A program of films by Dan Eisenberg, who will be present. . . . ¶ Oct. 19 at 3: "Ornette: Made in America" (1985; Shirley Clarke).

WARNER COMMUNICATIONS SCREENING ROOM: Oct. 12 at 1:30: "Superstar" (1987; Todd Haynes). . . . ¶ Oct. 13 at 1:30: "Impostors" (1979; Mark Rappaport). . . . ¶ Oct. 14 at 2: "Joe's Bed-Stuy Barbershop: We Cut Heads" (1983; Spike Lee). . . . ¶ Oct. 14 at 3:30: "Soldier Girls" (1981; Joan Churchill and Nicholas Broomfield). . . . ¶ Oct. 14 at 6: "Other Reckless Things" (1984; Janis Crystal Lipzin), "Daughters of Chaos" (1980; Marjorie Keller), and "You Are Not I" (1981; Sara Driver). . . . ¶ Oct. 15 at noon: "No No Nooky TV" (1987; Barbara Hammer), "Is/Land" (1982; David Goldberg and Michael Oblowitz), and "Rocketkitkongokit" (1986; Craig Baldwin). . . . ¶ Oct. 15 at 3: "Illusions" (1982; Julie Dash); and "Joe's Bed-Stuy Barbershop: We Cut Heads." . . . ¶ Oct. 16 at 1:30: "Soldier Girls." . . . ¶ Oct. 19 at 1:30: "Displaced Person" (1981; Dan Eisenberg) and "Cooperation of Parts" (1987; Dan Eisenberg).

ANTHOLOGY FILM ARCHIVES, 32-34 Second Ave., at Second St. (505-5181)—Films showing in *either the* **JONAS MEKAS THEATRE** *or the* **MAYA DEREN THEATRE.** Oct. 12 at 6: "Arnulf Reiner" (1958-60; Peter Kubelka); and a program of films by Auguste and Louis Lumière. . . . ¶ Oct. 12 at 7: "A Study in Choreography for Camera" (1945; Maya Deren) and "The Act of Vision" (1965; Stan Brakhage). . . . ¶ Oct. 12 at 8:30: "Seven Women—Seven Sins" (1986), seven stories directed by seven directors. . . . ¶ Oct. 13 at 6 and 8:30: A program of films by Auguste and Louis Lumière. . . . ¶ Oct. 13 at 8 and 10:15: "Seven Women—Seven Sins." . . . ¶ Oct. 13 at 10:30: A program of films by Kenneth Anger. . . . ¶ Oct. 14 at 7: A program of films by Auguste and Louis Lumière. . . . ¶ Oct. 14 at 8 and 10:15: "Seven Women—Seven Sins." . . . ¶ Oct. 14 at 10:30: Another program of films by Kenneth Anger. . . . ¶ Oct. 15 at 6 and 8:30: A program of films by Auguste and Louis Lumière. . . . ¶ Oct. 15 at 8 and 10:15: "Seven Women—Seven Sins." . . . ¶ Oct. 15 at 10:30: "In the Street" (1952; Hellen Levitt); *and two films by Bruce Baillie,* "Mass for the Dakota Sioux" (1963-4) and "Quixote" (1965). . . . ¶ Oct. 16 at 6: A program of films by Jordan Belson and Bruce Baillie. . . . ¶ Oct. 16 at 8: A program of films by Auguste and Louis Lumière. . . . ¶ Oct. 16 at 8 and 10:15: "Seven Women—Seven Sins." . . . ¶ Oct. 17 at 6: "Castro Street" (1966), "All My Life" (1966), "Valentin de las Sierras" (1968), and "Quick Billy" (1971), all directed by Bruce Baillie. . . . ¶ Oct. 17 at 8 and 10:15: "Seven Women—Seven Sins." . . . ¶ Oct. 18 at 6:30: "Yesterday Girl" (1966; Alexander Kluge; in German, with English subtitles). Limited seating available. . . . ¶ Oct. 19 at 6:30: A program of seven short films by Alexander Kluge, all in German, with English subtitles. . . . ¶ Oct. 19 at 8: "Seven Women—Seven Sins." . . . ¶ Oct. 19 at 8:30: "Yesterday Girl."

COLLECTIVE FOR LIVING CINEMA, 41 White St. (925-2111)—Oct. 10 at 7: "A Bronx Morning" (1931; Jay Leyda) and "The Naked City" (1948; Jules Dassin). . . . ¶ Oct. 11 at 7: "Gods of the Plague" (1969; Rainer Werner Fassbinder; in German, with English subtitles). . . . ¶ Oct. 12 at 7: "Love" (1970; Karoly Makk; in Hungarian, with English subtitles), with Lili Darvas. . . . ¶ Oct. 13 at 7: "Suspiria" (1977; Dario Argento), with Jessica Harper. . . . ¶ Oct. 14 at 8: A program of films by Heather McAdams, who will be present. . . . ¶ Oct. 15-16 at 8: A program of films and panel discussions on the subject "Cultural Politics Between the First and Third Worlds." . . . ¶ Oct. 17 at 7: "Skyscraper" (1959; Shirley Clarke) and "Force of Evil" (1948; Abraham Polonsky), with John Garfield. . . . ¶ Oct. 18 at 7: "In the Year of 13 Moons" (1979; Rainer Werner Fassbinder; in German, with English subtitles). . . . ¶ Oct. 19 at 7: "Flowers of Reverie" (1985; Laszlo Lugossy; in Hungarian, with English subtitles).

FRENCH INSTITUTE–ALLIANCE FRANÇAISE, 22 E. 60th St. (355-6100)—Oct. 12 at 2, 6, and 8:45: "The Eagle with Two Heads" (1947; Jean Cocteau; in French, with English subtitles), with Edwige Feuillère and Jean Marais. . . . ¶ Oct. 19 at 2, 6, and 8:45: "Bad Blood" (1986; Léos Carax; in French, with English subtitles), with Denis Lavant, Juliette Binoche, and Michel Piccoli.

JAPAN SOCIETY, 333 E. 47th St. (752-3015)—Oct. 14 at 6:30 and 8:40: "Yen Family" (1988; Yojiro Takita; in Japanese, with English subtitles).

IN BRIEF

SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS.
IF A MOVIE HAS BEEN REVIEWED IN "THE CURRENT CINEMA" DURING THE PAST TWO YEARS, THE DATE OF ITS REVIEW IS GIVEN.

(Unsigned notes are by Pauline Kael; others are by Terrence Rafferty.)

BABETTE'S FEAST—In a village on Denmark's gray, blustery Jutland peninsula, sometime in the eighteen-eighties, Babette (Stéphane Audran), the French servant of a pair of elderly unmarried sisters (Birgitte Federspiel and Bodil Kjer), prepares a special dinner for her employers and their guests—a lavish, one-time-only orgy of haute cuisine served to a group of devout Lutherans who are used to receiving the Lord's bounty in the form of grim little slabs of boiled fish. Adapting one of Isak Dinesen's "Anecdotes of Destiny," Gabriel Axel, the writer-director, tells this simple tale simply. He establishes a lulling, bedtime-story tone right from the start, perhaps too successfully: our eyelids begin to seem very heavy after twenty minutes or so. The whole thing turns out to be about the consolations of art, and the union of "righteousness and bliss." The film is more righteous than blissful: a more austere celebration of the pleasures of the senses would be difficult to imagine. In Danish and French. —T.R. (Quad Cinema.)

BIG—A formula fantasy film that has been directed very gently and tactfully by Penny Marshall; she sleepwalks you through the script (by Gary Ross and Anne Spielberg) about a twelve-year-old boy who wishes he were big and is magically given the body of a man in his thirties—Tom Hanks. There are neat, flaky moments, but everything has a tepid inevitability, and even as you smile you may be groaning inwardly, because "Big" is dedicated to awakening the child in all of us. Of course, the Hanks character isn't ready to function as an adult; he wants to go back. The movie wants to go back, too. It's nostalgic for childhood, for suburbia, for innocent fun. (It isn't about kids wanting to be big; it's about grownups feeling little.) In its wholesome way, "Big" is selling the slick wonders of immaturity. With the slyly sexy Elizabeth Perkins, and good comic work by Robert Loggia and Jared Rushton. Also with John Heard, David Moscow, Jon Lovitz, and Mercedes Ruehl. (Reviewed in our issue of 6/27/88.) (Festival; through Oct. 13.)

BIRD—With Forest Whitaker, directed by Clint Eastwood. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Plaza, and Waverly.)

BOYFRIENDS AND GIRLFRIENDS ("L'Ami de Mon Amie")—The sixth, and last, in Eric Rohmer's series of "Comedies and Proverbs" is a light romantic comedy set in Cergy-Pontoise, an overdesigned and self-contained modern suburb of Paris. In this bourgeois Forest of Arden, four completely unremarkable young people—two women, two men—reshuffle their affections so that each winds up with the "right" partner in the end. It's essentially the same leisurely comedy of self-knowledge that Rohmer has been making for nearly twenty years, but this time he treats his themes with a frivolous, casual air. He takes pleasure in the cleanness and brightness of this world, in the contented buzz of shoppers and office workers and Sunday picnickers, in the forthright way his characters pursue their comforts. "Boyfriends and Girlfriends" is fluff: it's artificial without being oppressive—a graceful, friendly abstraction. In French.—T.R. (7/25/88) (Bleecker St. Cinema; through Oct. 13, tentative. . . . ¶ Carnegie Screening Room; starting Oct. 14, tentative.)

BROADWAY MELODY (1929)—When talkies were new, this was the musical that everyone went to see. It's the one with "The Wedding of the Painted Doll" and "Broadway Melody," of course, and "You Were Meant for Me," by Arthur Freed and Nacio Herb Brown. It's the one with Anita Page and Bessie Love as the sisters from tank-town vaudeville whose hearts are broken in the big city. With Charles King, Jed Prouty, Kenneth Thomson, and Mary Doran. Directed by Harry Beaumont. (Film Forum 2; Oct. 19.)

BULL DURHAM—Written and directed by Ron Shelton, this sunny romantic comedy has the kind of dizzying off-center literacy that Preston Sturges' pictures had. It's a satirical celebration of our native jauntiness and wit; it takes us into a subculture that's like a bawdy adjunct of childhood—minor-league baseball. Kevin Costner plays the smart, hyperarticulate catcher Crash, and comes through with his first wide-awake, star performance; at his best, he's as berserkly ironic as Jack Nicholson is at some of his peaks. After playing for twelve years, Crash arrives in Durham, North Carolina, to join the Durham Bulls and learns that he's been brought in to train baby-faced Nuke (Tim Robbins), a wild young rookie pitcher who is destined to move up. Susan Sarandon plays the beautiful, passionate Annie Savoy, a baseball fanatic who has her own scorecard: "There's never been a ballplayer slept with me who didn't have the best year of his career." What you keep reacting to is the film's exuberant doodles. (6/27/88) (Sutton.)

Dead Ringers—David Cronenberg's psychological thriller tells a lurid story with chilling, clinical austerity. It's about identical twins, Beverly and Elliot Mantle (both played by Jeremy Irons), who have shared everything about their lives since childhood: they live together, practice gynecology together, and sleep with the same women. They look at the world and see only each other; they're dying of self-reflection. When the more sensitive of the twins, Bev, tries to break the pattern, to establish some real emotional link to the world outside, the attempt is doomed. He falls in love with an actress named Claire Niveau (Geneviève Bujold), but he can't handle the pressures and uncertainties of an adult relationship. He retreats into drug addiction and madness, and carries his brother with him. Irons' performance is daring: he turns himself into a nightmarish cartoon of decadence. As usual, Cronenberg's work gleams with intelligence, and goes as far as it can go. Yet there's something suspect about his imagination. In "Dead Ringers" the freakish material and the director's usual subtexts of sexual perversity and biological paranoia are deployed with an almost unnatural cunning. This movie about narcissism keeps turning further and further inward, and it makes us do the same. Cronenberg stirs up emotions that are so threatening, so overpowering, that we can respond only by withdrawing. The film affects us like a particularly upsetting visit to the doctor. The script, by the director and Norman Snider, is loosely based on the novel "Twins," by Bari Wood and Jack Geasland, which was itself inspired by the real-life story of the Marcus twins, New York gynecologists who were found dead together in an East Side apartment in 1975. Cinematography by Peter Suschitzky; the excellent score is by Howard Shore.—T.R. (10/3/88) (Gramercy, Gotham Cinema, and National Twin. . . . ¶ Metro Cinema; through Oct. 13.)

Die Hard—A formula action picture, but with the extra-potency formula. It has the sweatiest hero, the most sinister bad guys (with the thickest foreign accents), the silliest plot twists, the loudest explosions, the most gratuitous bursts of machine-gun fire. Bruce Willis plays John McClane, a New York cop battling a group of European terrorists who are holding his wife (Bonnie Bedelia) and her co-workers hostage on the thirtieth floor of a gleaming L.A. skyscraper (actually the Fox Plaza in Century City). The action is so grandiose and relentless that it's funny. The director, John McTiernan, has the right style for this sort of cheerfully stupid, super-kinetic comic-book violence. The problem with "Die Hard" isn't so much the physical overkill of the production as the emotional overkill of the script (by Jeb Stuart and Steven E. de Souza, from a novel by Roderick Thorp). By the end, there has been so much onscreen applause for McClane that the picture's "humanity" seems narcissistic and fake, like Oscar-night sentimentality. Also with Alan Rickman, who gives the character of the terrorists' leader a wonderful slimy elegance.—T.R. (8/8/88) (Loews Orpheum, and Criterion Center.)

A Fish Called Wanda—This caper comedy promises to embody the best of two different styles of British humor: its director, the seventy-seven-year-old Charles Crichton, made "The Lavender Hill Mob," one of the greatest of the Ealing comedies, and its writer, executive producer, and star, the towering John Cleese, was a member of the Monty Python group and the creator of the hilarious television series "Fawlty Towers." Its main characters are a very proper London barrister (Cleese) and three jewel thieves: a crafty, sexy American woman named Wanda (Jamie Lee Curtis); another American, Otto (Kevin Kline), who's violently Anglophobic and dumb as dirt; and Ken (the ex-Pythonite Michael Palin), a deranged stutterer who's perfectly happy to bump off old ladies but becomes inconsolable at the death of a small dog or a tropical fish. The movie has a fair number of laughs, but Crichton's direction is too drab and poky for the material. Every time "Wanda" threatens to take off into the realm of insane, head-splitting farce, as "Fawlty Towers" so often did, something seems to drag it down—some impulse toward stability and restraint, at odds with the script's spirit of manic invention.—T.R. (7/25/88) (Loews 34th Street Showplace, Loews New York Twin, and Loews 84th Street Sixplex.)

Forsaking All Others (1934)—Joan Crawford's thirties melodramas are such tinselled toys that they can be completely unconvincing and still be hypnotic. Here Crawford is deserted at the altar by Robert Montgomery, then meets Clark Gable and goes on to give Montgomery the same treatment he gave her. In manner, Crawford is somewhere between the lively flapper excitement that made her a star (she could still look sexed to the gills) and the agonized, toothachy concentration that became her style for dramatic acting in the forties. W. S. Van Dyke directed from Joseph L. Mankiewicz's adaptation of the play by E. B. Roberts and F. M. Cavett. With Rosalind Russell, Billie Burke, Charles Butterworth, Frances Drake, and Arthur Treacher. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Oct. 19.)

Gorillas in the Mist—With Sigourney Weaver, directed by Michael Apted. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Bay Cinema, Beekman, Art Greenwich Twin, Regency, and Movieland.)

I Am a Fugitive from a Chain Gang (1932)—One of the best of the social-protest films—naïve, heavy, artless, but a straightforward, unadorned story with moments that haunted a generation, such as the hungry hero (Paul Muni) trying to pawn his Congressional Medal of Honor. And there is one of the great closing scenes in the history of film: the hero is asked how he lives and he answers, "I steal." Those involved in making the movie hoped it might help to ameliorate the condition of convicts, but it did more to ameliorate financial conditions at Warners and was a factor in making it the "socially conscious" studio. With Glenda Farrell, Helen Vinson, and Preston Foster. Directed by Mervyn LeRoy, from an autobiographical story by Robert E. Burns. (Thalia SoHo; Oct. 19.)

Indiscreet (1958)—Rather tired. One of those would-be fluffy comedies written by Norman Krasna. Cary Grant, an American diplomat abroad, pretends to be married so that Ingrid Bergman, an actress with whom he's having an affair, won't get matrimonial ambitions. Of course he's found out, and the wheels grind on to a happy ending. Stanley Donen directed; Cecil Parker and Phyllis Calvert round out the cast of people who are a little overage for the childish pranks. (Biograph Cinema; Oct. 16-17.)

The Last Temptation of Christ—Martin Scorsese's film is based on an intense, rather ponderous novel by Nikos Kazantzakis that portrays Christ as a tormented prophet who has to choose between his human nature and his divine nature—who in order to fulfill his role as redeemer must reject the overpowering temptation to be merely a man. If we respond to anything in this movie it's to the idea of Scorsese wrestling with Kazantzakis's conception, thrashing manfully among the tangles of the novel's dense prose, trying to isolate some clear, intelligible meaning from this religious fever-dream. Scorsese hasn't managed to come up with a consistent visual style for the story, and the movie's intensity, over a span of two hours and forty minutes, is sputtering, fitful. The scenes meant to evoke the natural—the human—side of the story don't have much charge, and most of the actors look uncomfortable. (The drab modern idiom of Paul Schrader's dialogue is at least part of the problem.) This movie isn't a sacrilege; it's just an honorable mistake. With Willem Dafoe as Jesus, Harvey Keitel as Judas, Barbara Hershey as Mary Magdalene, and David Bowie as Pontius Pilate. Peter Gabriel composed the music.—T.R. (9/5/88) (Ziegfeld.)

Mannequin (1938)—A star vehicle in which the star—Joan Crawford—is a lyric talker and so solemnly noble that you want to strangle her. Poetic flights are her specialty as she rises from Hester Street to penthouses, suffering from emotional conflicts every step of the way. Alan Curtis, a corner loafer with a mean slant to his fedora, is the bad egg whom she marries and stays loyal to, even after she meets Spencer Tracy, a self-made shipping tycoon, who has been looking all his life for

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IN BRIEF—Cont'd

her kind of nobility. With Mary Philips, Leo Gorcey, Ralph Morgan, and Elisabeth Risdon. Directed by Frank Borzage. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Oct. 19.)

Married to the Mob—Angela (Michelle Pfeiffer), the heroine of Jonathan Demme's crazy comedy, is married to an up-and-coming suburban gangster known as Frank the Cucumber (Alec Baldwin), and she doesn't feel good about her life; she's avid for ordinariness. When Frank is murdered by his boss, Tony the Tiger (Dean Stockwell), Angela gives away virtually the entire contents of her Long Island house and moves herself and her reluctant son into a cramped Lower East Side apartment, hoping that the mob will forget about her. Unfortunately, Tony the Tiger has the hots for her, the F.B.I. is tailing her, and Tony's insanely jealous wife, Connie (Mercedes Ruehl), is on the warpath. Pfeiffer's extraordinary performance is the movie's major pleasure; she makes both Angela's toughness and her goodness believable, funny, and touching. As usual, Demme is great at providing incidental pleasures, including a terrific score (with original music by David Byrne) and a superbly eccentric cast that features Matthew Modine, Trey Wilson, Joan Cusack, Tracey Walter, and David Johansen (as a priest).—T.R. (8/22/88) (Loews 34th Street Showplace, Loews 84th Street Sixplex, and Embassy. . . . ¶ Loews Tower East; through Oct. 13.)

Matador—Hugely entertaining. Everything is eroticized in this lush, clownish comedy by Pedro Almodóvar. The characters act out their wildest fantasies—or, like the handsome, wealthy young virgin Ángel (Antonio Banderas), try to act them out—and embarrass themselves. Ángel is training to be a bullfighter, but he faints at the sight of blood. He's such a supreme fantasist that he hallucinates and sees what happened in a recent series of murders—unluckily, he's fantasist enough to think that he committed them. It's all sumptuously sick and funny. Assumpta Serna plays a culmination of the scarlet-woman tradition of Joan Crawford, Rita Hayworth, Ava Gardner, and Anouk Aimée—all those flaming man-killers with their too vibrant smiles. And Almodóvar himself appears as a mad-genius couturier who messes up his curly hair before he appears in public. In Spanish. (5/16/88) (Quad Cinema.)

Midnight Run—At first, Martin Brest's new film is content to be a pleasantly flaky buddy movie and to lean on the talents of its two stars, Robert De Niro and Charles Grodin. De Niro's Jack Walsh, an ex-cop who works for a weaselly L.A. bail bondsman (Joe Pantoliano), goes to New York to retrieve a white-collar crook named Jonathan Mardukas (Grodin), an accountant who upon learning that the corporation he worked for was an organized-crime front embezzled fifteen million dollars and gave almost all of it to charity. They travel across the country in a succession of vehicles, dodging federal agents, hit men, and a profoundly stupid rival bounty hunter (John Ashton). De Niro gets marvellous effects by seeming to be constantly suppressing anger and powerful physical energy. Grodin, a minimalist and a miniaturist, does all his acting with sneaky looks and minute variations in the tone of his flat, dull voice, and he creates a memorable comic character—a placid solid-citizen type who's much wilier and crazier than he appears to be. The two actors look as if they were genuinely enjoying each other. But as they get close to L.A. Brest starts pumping up his sweetly funny road movie with large-scale action scenes—it's as if he were afraid that a pair of superlative actors doing low-key character comedy wouldn't be enough entertainment for us.—T.R. (8/8/88) (Eastside Cinema; through Oct. 13.)

Patty Hearst—With Natasha Richardson, directed by Paul Schrader. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Quad Cinema; through Oct. 11.)

Running on Empty—Naomi Foner's screenplay is about the problems of a fugitive family: Mom and Dad (Christine Lahti and Judd Hirsch) have been on the run since 1971, when, as student activists, they helped blow up a campus building, not knowing that there was a man inside. They keep moving all over the country with their two sons (River Phoenix and Jonas Abry), changing their names and taking menial jobs so that they won't draw attention to themselves. The crisis comes when their older son (Phoenix), a musical prodigy, is noticed by a sympathetic teacher and encouraged to audition for Juilliard. The director, Sidney Lumet, buries everything that's original about the story, and leaves his hardworking performers bogged down in the mess, spinning their wheels. There's not a moment that feels authentic; instead of attending to detail, Lumet pumps the story full of gross, Oscar-worthy sentimentality. With Martha Plimpton, whose fresh, lively readings and expressions as the older son's girlfriend give some spark to most of her scenes.—T.R. (9/19/88) (8th St. Playhouse. . . . ¶ Baronet; through Oct. 13.)

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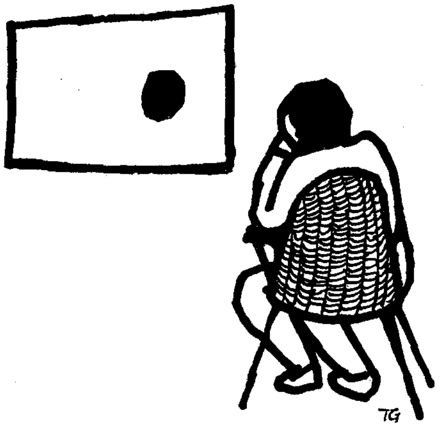
The Thin Blue Line—Errol Morris's trancelike, almost lyrical documentary tells the story of a 1976 cop-killing in Dallas and examines the process by which a man who is almost certainly innocent was convicted and sentenced to death for the crime. The movie's form is circular, spiralling, its obsessive, repetitive visual motifs echoed in Philip Glass's hauntingly monotonous score. In showing us the lies, the fears, the social pressures, the ulterior motives, the stubbornness, and the plain confusion that combined to produce the case against the unfortunate Randall Adams—whose fate is worthy of a Borges hero—Morris seems to be investigating not just this squalid murder but the very nature of untruth. His style is occasionally too fancy and elliptical for absolute clarity, but this is a powerful and thrillingly strange movie. Morris—who actually uncovered new evidence in the course of making the film—has turned Randall Adams' case into a kind of tabloid poetry, a meditation on uncertainty and the fascination of violence.—T.R. (9/5/88) (Lincoln Plaza.)

Thunderbolt (1929)—This Josef von Sternberg underworld melodrama (which he did just before he went to Germany and made "The Blue Angel") was filmed as a silent and released in that form in some places, but sound was added after the film was completed, and it was more generally released as a talkie. George Bancroft is the gang leader known as Thunderbolt; Fay Wray is his gun moll, Ritzy; Richard Arlen is the bank clerk who knew her before she took up with Thunderbolt, and wants to marry her. Bancroft was such a genial, large-spirited actor that he makes Thunderbolt likable even while he's framing the bank clerk for murder. The two men wind up facing each other in opposite cells on death row. Tully Marshall is very funny as the agitated, sly, vaguely philanthropic warden. The picture is an imitation of von Sternberg's 1927 hit "Underworld," also starring Bancroft, and it isn't in the same class, but the first half isn't bad. After that, the contrivances are threadbare. Written by Jules Furthman and Herman J. Mankiewicz. (Film Forum 2; Oct. 14.)

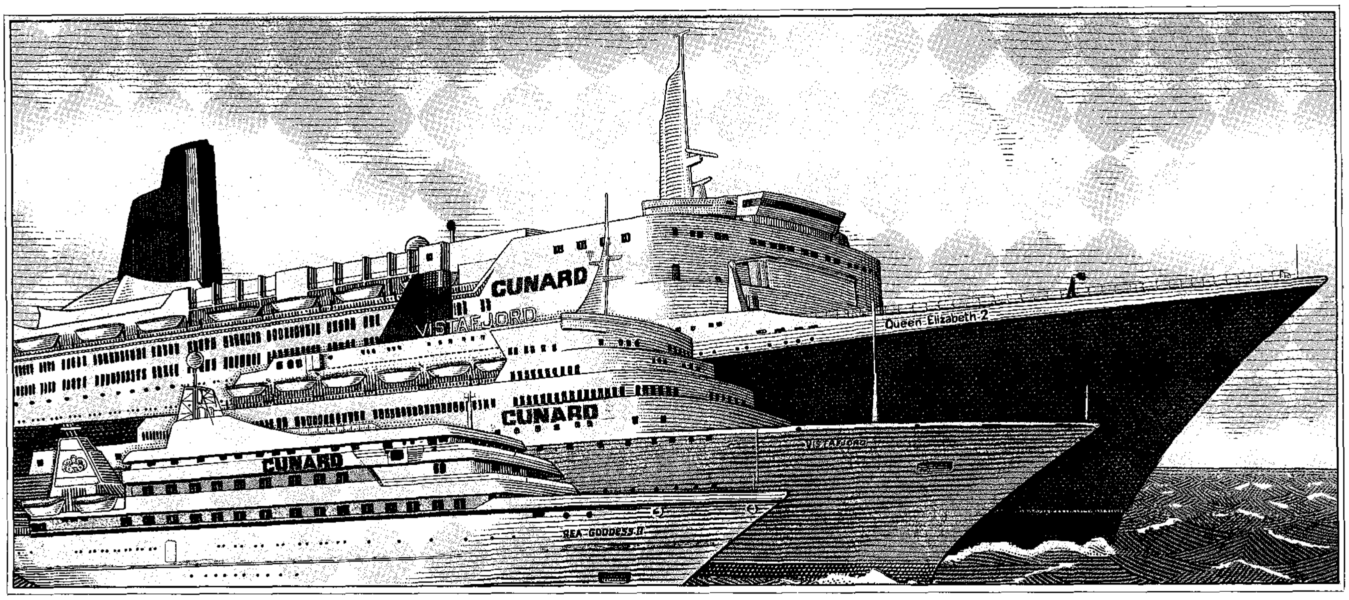
Tovarich (1937)—The thirties stage play about a penniless Russian prince and his grand-duchess wife who are happy to get jobs as servants in a Paris household. It's the sort of vehicle that comes to life in the theatre, because of the opportunities it affords dazzling technicians, but in the movie version, although Charles Boyer has a devilish cuckoo quality and Claudette Colbert is very charming, the whole thing seems rather attenuated. It's pleasant, but there's no energy in it, and the director, Anatole Litvak, seems paralyzed by the stagy material. With Basil Rathbone, Isabel Jeans, Anita Louise, Morris Carnovsky, Melville Cooper, Montagu Love, and Fritz Feld. From the play by Jacques Deval, adapted for the American stage by Robert E. Sherwood; the screenplay is by Casey Robinson. (Biograph Cinema; Oct. 18-19.)



Tucker: The Man and His Dream—There are marvellous moments throughout Francis Ford Coppola's biography of Preston Tucker (Jeff Bridges), a Midwestern inventor/entrepreneur who tried, and failed, to manufacture and market an innovative new automobile in the late forties. The style of "Tucker" is hyped-up forties Hollywood, and we believe, at first, that its intent is ironic, that Coppola is playing with America's optimistic, movie- and magazine-fuelled vision of itself in the postwar years. Bafflingly, this style doesn't change, or even modulate, when Tucker's bold enterprise starts to come apart, undermined by pressure from the government and the big three auto companies; the movie remains grandiose and artificial—all golden lighting and low, heroic angles. "Tucker" collapses in nostalgia, bad faith, and Capra-style populism.—T.R. (8/22/88) (57th St. Playhouse.)

Who Framed Roger Rabbit—This manic comedy, in which animated cartoon characters interact with live actors, is an amazing feat of entertainment engineering—like a Disneyland ride or a World's Fair movie. The setting is Los Angeles in 1947, and the screenplay, by Jeffrey Price and Peter Seaman, takes off from the fairly witty conceit that the cartoon characters, called Toons here, are ordinary contract players in the already skewed universe of the Hollywood studio system. These strange creatures become involved in a conventional forties mystery plot, featuring a seedy, hard-drinking private eye (Bob Hoskins). The director, Robert Zemeckis, and his small army of animators and special-effects artists mean to pay homage to the Hollywood animation of the thirties and forties, but the movie doesn't have the right spirit. Technology and plot mechanics labor mightily to evoke an aura of freedom and uninhibited joy—yet there's hardly a spontaneous moment in the film. Also with Christopher Lloyd, Joanna Cassidy, and Stubby Kaye. The funniest Toon, Roger's sireny wife, Jessica, speaks with Kathleen Turner's (uncredited) voice and sings with Amy Irving's. The director of animation was Richard Williams. Adapted, very loosely, from the novel "Who Censored Roger Rabbit?," by Gary K. Wolf.—T.R. (7/11/88) (Embassy. . . . ¶ D. W. Griffith, and 86th Street East Twin. Matinées only.)

Wings of Desire ("Der Himmel über Berlin")—The director, Wim Wenders, who wrote the script with the collaboration of Peter Handke, has a theme: in an approximation of Rilke's words, "Joy has gone astray." We're told that "when the child was a child" stories held together. Now all we have is fragmentation, entropy. Two angels—Damiel (Bruno Ganz) and Cassiel (Otto Sander)—hover over the bleak, divided city and move among the forlorn Berliners, listening to what's in their minds: listening to the questions about existence that these people ask themselves. Our overhearing what the angels hear—the thoughts chanted on the track, all in even, quiet tones, as grayed out as the sunless skies—works on us like a tranquillizer. Eventually, Damiel falls in love with a beautiful French aerialist (Solveig Dommartin), and gives up his wings. With Peter Falk, who brings some funky warmth to the role of an American movie star, and Curt Bois as a sad-faced old man called Homer. The cinematography (tinted black-and-white, and color) is by Henri Alekan. This Franco-German production is in English, French, and German. (5/30/88) (Carnegie Screening Room; through Oct. 13, tentative. . . . ¶ Bleecker St. Cinema; starting Oct. 14, tentative.)



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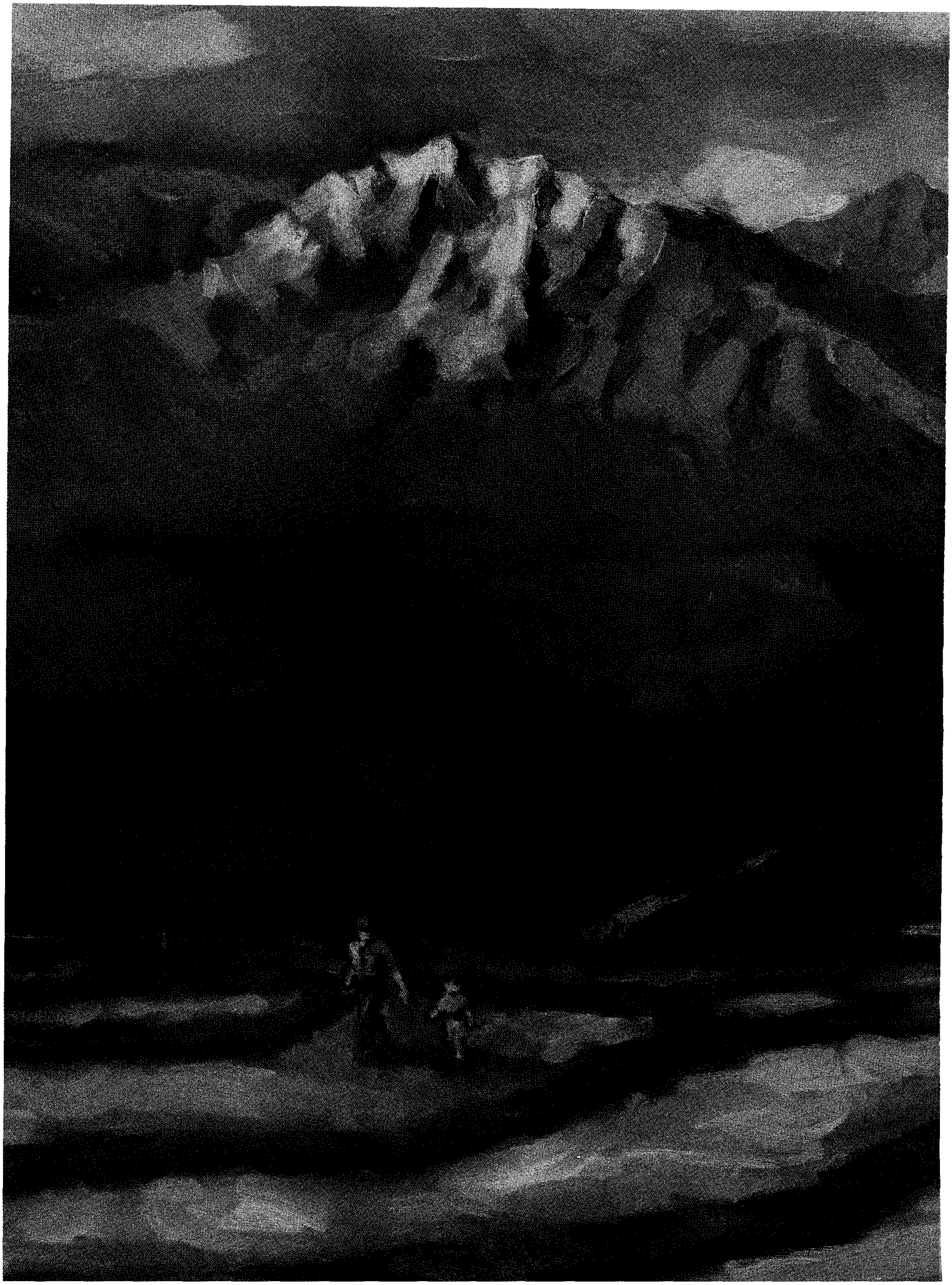

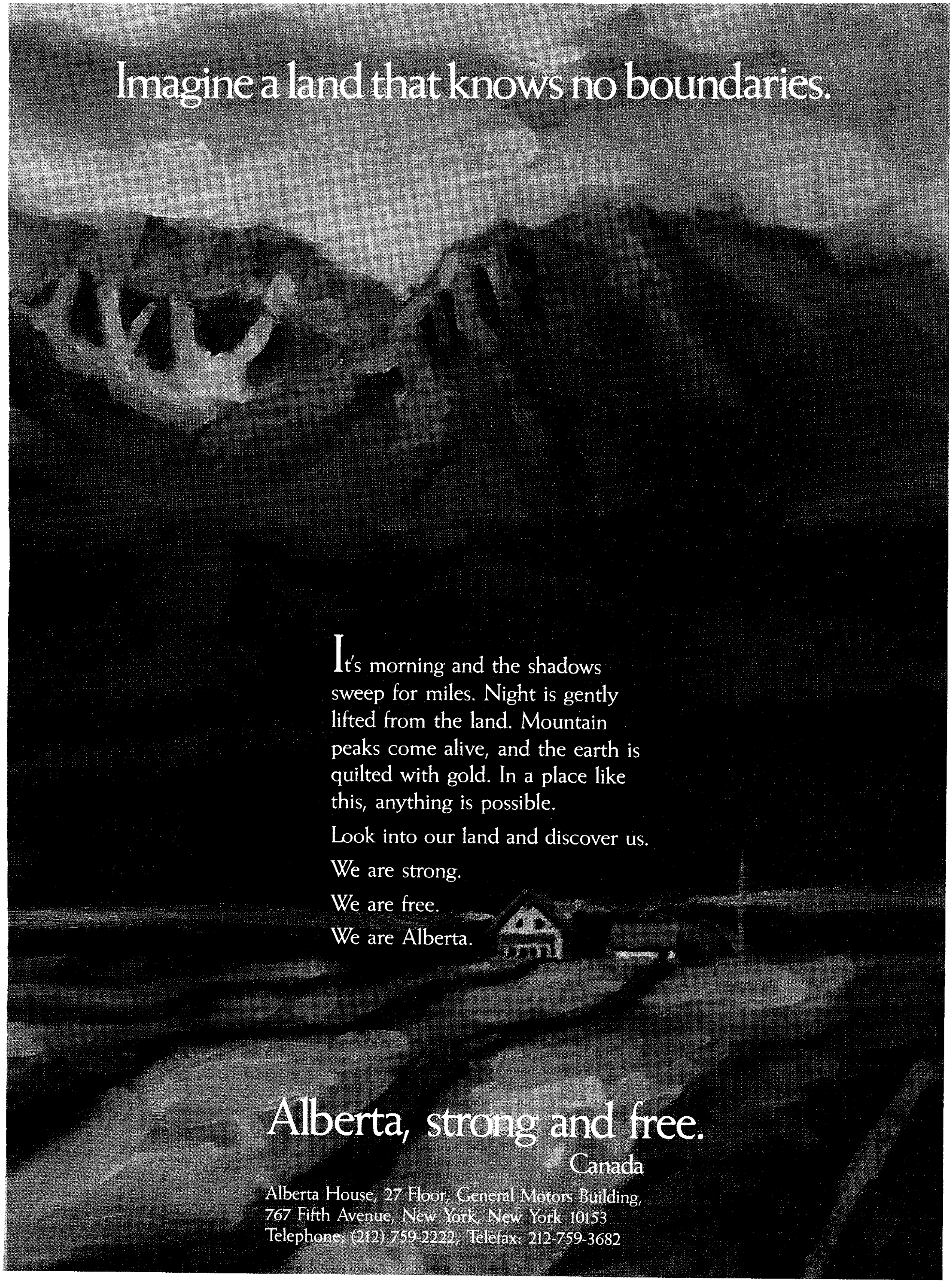
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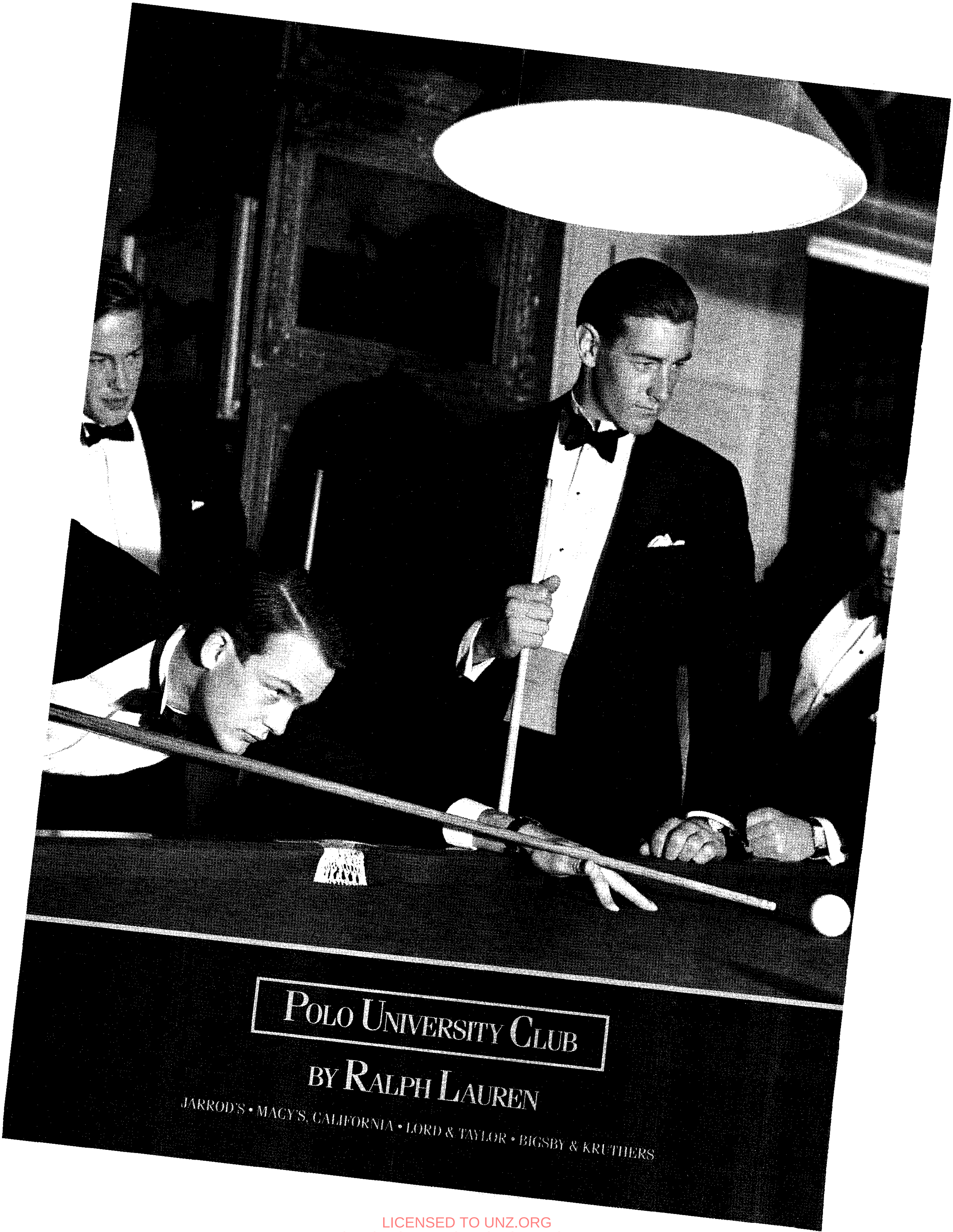

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THE
NEW YORKER

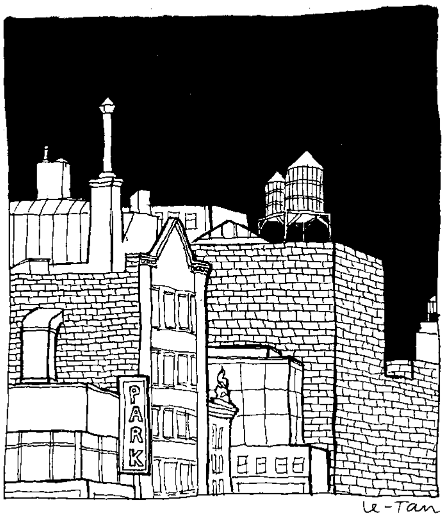
THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

THERE was a time, not so many elections ago, when campaign managers, pollsters, and media consultants rated hardly a mention in the press—when the coverage of a Presidential race consisted almost exclusively of stories about the candidates and what they had done or said. These days, it's a rare news story that reports a deed of George Bush's or Michael Dukakis's without highlighting the roles played by James Baker, John Sasso, Roger Ailes, and various other key advisers (whose reputations, it should be noted, rest primarily on strategic rather than substantive expertise; the campaigns have their substance people, too, but they are relative nonentities), and without letting us know how pleased or displeased they were with the performance of their candidates.

So accustomed have we become to these behind-the-scenes accounts that it was scarcely surprising to learn, from a recent article in the *Times*, of a "tug-of-war" within the Bush campaign over how much emphasis to place on Dukakis's membership in the American Civil Liberties Union. Nor was it a very big shock to be told that a prominent figure in the campaign had serious doubts about the issue, and especially about the Vice-President's apparent attempt to link his opponent—by virtue of his "card-carrying" membership in an organization that was against criminal penalties for the publication of pornographic materials—with child pornography. The surprising aspect of the story was the identity of this uneasy member of the Bush team: it was none other than George Bush himself. The Vice-President, the *Times* reported, was "torn over how far to take his criticism," and "did not want his campaign to become a referendum" on the A.C.L.U., for whose work on behalf of basic civil liberties he in fact had considerable respect, even if it "sometimes carries liberal advocacy too far."

Here, you might think, was a scoop. The Vice-President's mixed feelings on the subject of the A.C.L.U. had certainly not been expressed in any of his public appearances. Nor did they surface in a speech that he delivered on the very day his doubts were brought to the notice of the press. In St. Charles, Missouri, he intimated that Dukakis, if he should be elected President, would consult the A.C.L.U. (an organization "out in deep left field," Bush said) before making appointments to the Supreme Court. The day before, in Illinois, he had departed from his text to acknowledge the presence of a placard denouncing the A.C.L.U. and then to remark that "the left-wingers are getting after me now, but, frankly, I think it's a good thing we have 'under God' in the Pledge of Allegiance, and I am not going to let them take it away from us." Who, we wondered, had told the *Times* about this remarkable divergence between Bush's private and public views? Was it, perhaps, some disgruntled adviser, out to make trouble? There was no hint of that in the story, and, indeed, the Vice-President's press secretary, Sheila Tate, spoke on the record, without embarrassment, about his reservations. Nor did the *Times* itself make much of them: its disclosure was not even the main thrust of the fairly inconspicuous story in which it appeared.



Many a political analyst has observed that Ronald Reagan is George Bush's greatest asset. When a President keeps the country out of war, and keeps the unemployment and inflation rates low (lowers them, anyway, from what they were in the early years of his Administration), the candidate of the incumbent party, it is said, enjoys an enormous advantage. This is undoubtedly true, but as we were pondering George Bush's innermost thoughts on the A.C.L.U. question it occurred to us that Reagan has made another, and perhaps even more noteworthy, contribution to the campaign of his designated successor. For eight years, the American press and public have been getting used to the idea of a leader whose every appearance is carefully prepared and closely monitored by a stylistic Brain Trust. Now, it appears, the notion of the politician as figurehead has become so mundane as to be robbed of all newsworthiness.

When historians look back on this process, however, they may well want to give the Bush campaign credit for moving beyond the level of stage management achieved during the Reagan years. The President's appearances, as tightly controlled as they are, almost always feature certain passages—Hollywood anecdotes, tributes to heroic Americans, and so forth—that bear his unmistakable stamp, and in the affairs of the Reagan Administration there have been a number of occasions when the President's aides have been unable to bring him around to some pragmatic step that violated a conviction with deep roots in his political past, such as his great faith in the stimulative powers of lower tax rates. By contrast, the recent appearances of the Vice-President—the appearances that have caused the pundits to salute him for his unexpectedly assured campaign style—have been almost completely innocent of pronouncements with which George Bush was associated prior to the campaign. In the context of the Bush campaign, a long-standing position would be his dedication to improving the quality of American education—a position whose roots can be traced back to the beginning of the year—as opposed to his interest in the environment, which seems to have surfaced in the late spring.

And there have as yet been no stories about issues on which the Vice-President's advisers have found him too stubborn to listen. The A.C.L.U. issue, for one, was pressed on him by his strategists after they learned that mention of the A.C.L.U. had elicited a strong negative reaction in "focus groups" assembled by the campaign during the primaries. Whatever the candidate's reservations about the issue, they haven't kept him from using it to full advantage. George Bush has often said that as Vice-President he considered it appropriate to express whatever differences he had with the President in private while defending Administration policy, without fail, in public. He has now successfully adapted this approach to his campaign for the Presidency: he may not always agree with what his advisers tell him to do, but once they have made their decision he will back it all the way.

•

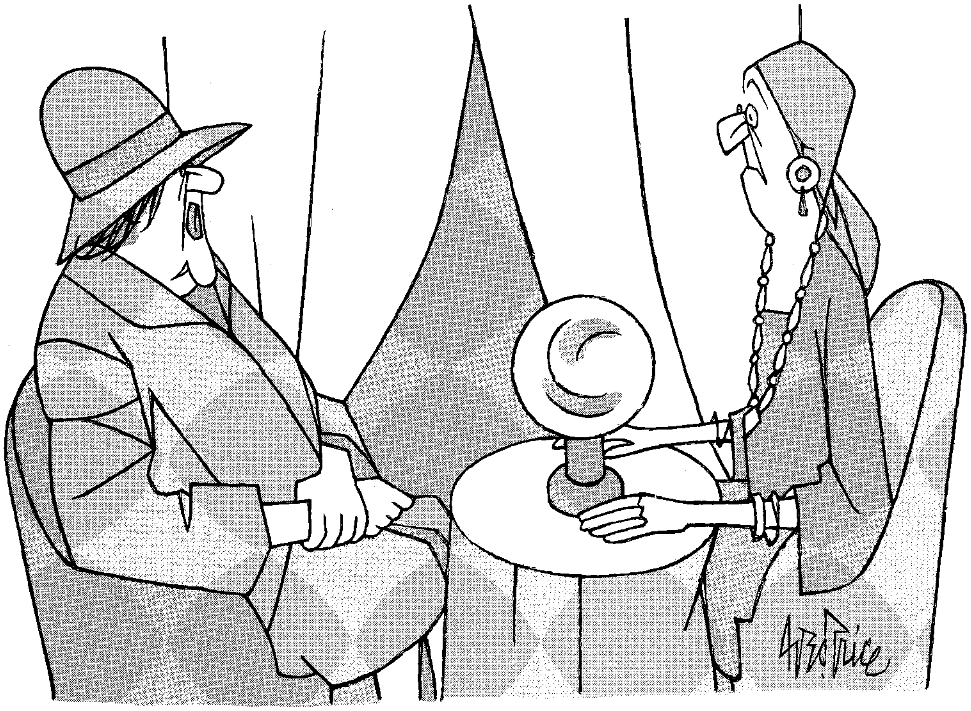
A FRIEND who has been traveling in Europe writes:

This trip got planned back before I knew how wrapped up in the election I'd get, and it was painful, like dropping out of school, to pull out and leave the *Times* and its daily spread of campaign news. People are dead wrong: this election is the most riveting in twenty years. I took a plane to Hamburg and read my last *Times* and slept the rest of the way; the flight felt like a short hop. Arrived at 8 A.M. under a dim impression that I was in Chicago. But then caught a snatch of the Olympics on TV. No commercials. You could actually watch the games.

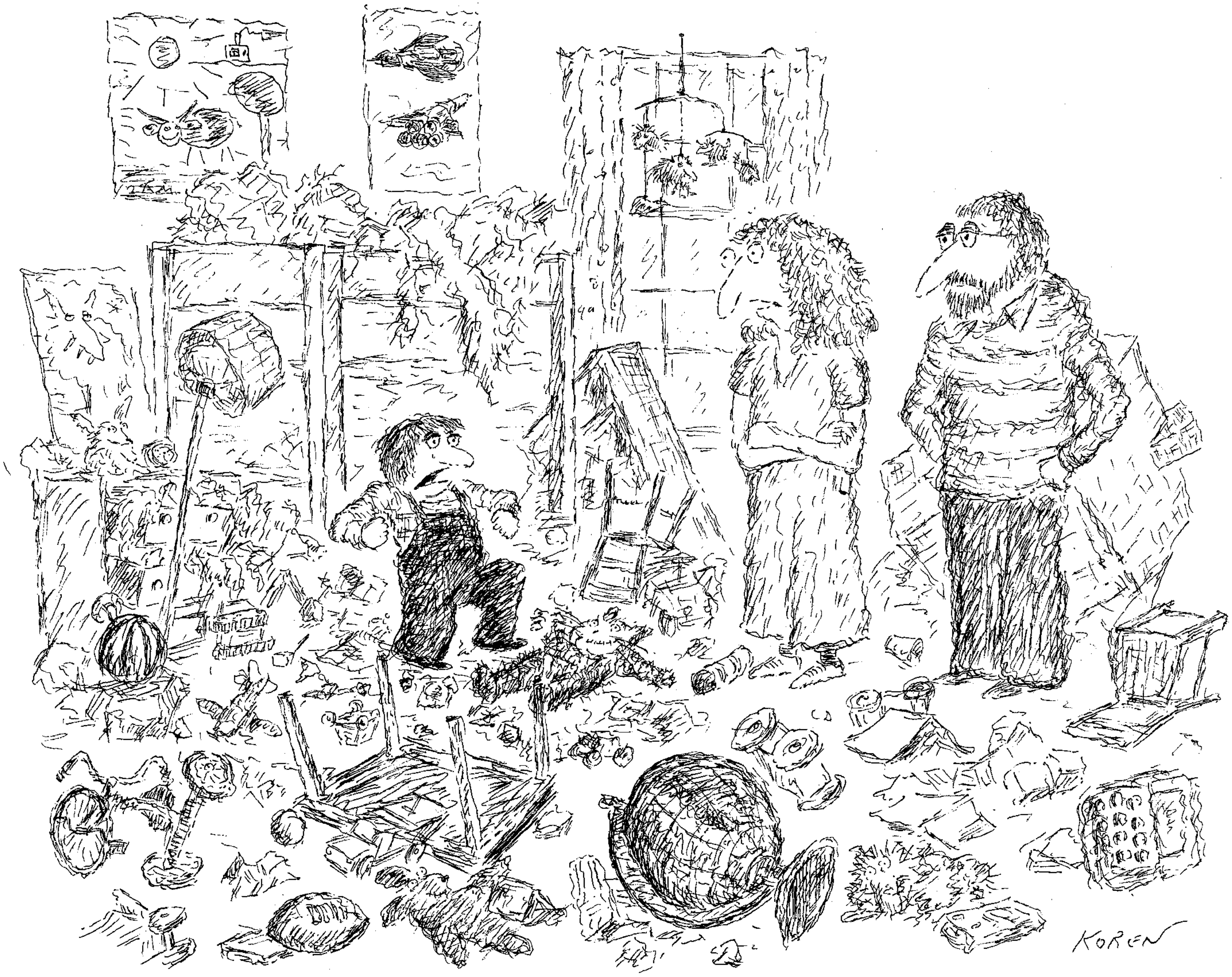
Took the overnight train to Rome. (A fast, smooth ride, by the way, on a classy train that glided into the station exactly two minutes early. And those were *democracies* it ran through on time.) Along the way, being *Times*less began to sink in. Somewhere, fresh polls were emerging, movement was being detected, new negatives were developing, stories were being spun, and the spinners were spinning each other, and I was out of the loop, un-*Times*ed. Switzerland swept by, the Alps above, the tidy villages below, and awakened in me a long-lost fondness for East Los Angeles. In the Basel rail station, *USA Today* was on sale, but I passed. Why eat popcorn when it's pork roast that you want? A newshead requires daily bulk of the sort the *Times* provides: whole paragraphs of direct quotes.

In Rome, more Olympics. The Italians won a gold medal in rowing, and the announcer doing the stroke-by-stroke was crazed with joy. Then divers, then fencers. No commercials. No announcers on camera, flaying us with expertise, no visual odes to the Stars and Stripes, just athletes winging around and Italian bubbling along underneath.

In the hotel lobby, saw a *Wall Street Journal* on a marble buffet and snatched it up. Not much about the election, but a disquieting list of the world's largest banks, showing that nine of the top ten are Japanese. Of the hundred largest public companies, fifty-three for them, thirty-four for us. This score lent some sharper poignancy to a walk that afternoon around the shell of the Colosseum and the ruins of the Forum. When foreign tourists arrive in Washington someday to see the shattered buildings of old America—the ruins of the Capitol, with its West Front fallen, and its domeless Rotunda, where dead Presidents once lay in state—will our descendants be able to make a decent living by selling them pop and candy and driving the tour buses? American candy and pop, cigarettes and movies are all over Europe, but not many American cars, and no *Times*.



"Just say Steamboat Bluffs Oktoberfest, 1953. He'll know who it is."



"Sam, neither your father nor I consider your response appropriate."

• •

To Athens. Some Dukakis bumper stickers outside the airport. Taxis on strike, so rode with a guy with a Dukakis sticker. Two thousand drachmas, about fifteen bucks. With the Acropolis visible out the hotel window, lay down and checked out the Olympics. Earl Bell, the pole vaulter, looked a lot like George Bush. Women's fencing, tennis. No beer on the screen, no pop, no cigarettes. Just sports. The unfairness struck me. Why should Americans have to sit for hours of brain-dead commercials, thereby subsidizing the games for Greeks, who get off scot-free? A *Times* editorial there, maybe a campaign issue? Without advertising, the games become a whole religious drama, with athletes waiting, pacing, tensing, getting psyched up, then the moment of repose before they burst off the mark. Why clutter this sacred ritual with Budweiser horses? On the other hand, I was thirsty. No room service, so hiked down to the Marriott's Polynesian restaurant. A long photo mural of Bora-Bora. Greek waiters in Hawaiian shirts serving mai tais and platters of pupu.

That night, watched the news, which looked a lot like anybody else's news. Not a sound bite could I understand, not one—there was only calm, scholarly incomprehensible Greek along with the pictures. A handsome black-haired man in a dark-blue suit read the stories off a script on his desk, glancing up on every other phrase, in front of a large screen that showed:

London. Prime Minister Papandreou in a blue suit, standing next to a fat man with a cleft chin.

A Greek Orthodox bishop arriving on a ferryboat to inspect two rows of troops.

A speaker at the U.N.

Melina Mercouri.

A parade of taxis in downtown Athens, people waving signs.

Gorbachev, posing in a row of blue suits that included a frail Andrei Gromyko, then inking a treaty.

A woman weeping behind a barred gate.

A map of Albania.

Scenes of Florida, a Florida license plate, men climbing out of a limo.

Weather report, in centigrade. Lows of 13-20. Highs, 28-31.

A Greek flag as the Greek national anthem was playing.

Sign-off at twelve-thirty, the last image an outline of Greece, white against blue, the country resembling a sea horse with islands scattered near its tail, including Patmos, where I am now, in a village of white houses bunched around a monastery on a mountain. The hills are brown, the sea is clear blue, and I hear chickens nearby, complaining. A train of four donkeys clops down our stone street, and a man calls his wares, fish and vegetables, on this street and, a moment later, on the next. The news here is all ancient: the friendliness of foreign people, the mysteries of the East. If I stood up and pegged this coffee cup due northeast, I could hit the rocks above the cave where John dreamed about the end of the world and wrote the Book of Revelation. Not that I would, of course.

• •

The Globe

WHENEVER we pass through the lobby of the News Building, we learn something new. The education process begins with the terrazzo floor, which is seamed with brass spokes, all pointing the way to distant places, and has brass inscriptions supplying destinations and distances. If, for instance, you were to go in the direction indicated by a brass line pointing to the right of the central revolving door and across Forty-second Street, you would come, 3,458 miles later, to Spitsbergen. A step to the right, another line shows the way to New Haven, 3,386 miles closer. Most of the inscriptions are collected in a large circular band around the center of the lobby, but some stray off into corners, and you pick up the trail to La Paz between the elevator banks.

At the center of the lobby, within a circular brass rail, stands the huge News Building globe, half sunken in a cavity whose walls consist of four tiers of glass panels. Six panels on the uppermost tier carry on the lobby's didactic mission, explaining, in chipped and spindly black letters, things like this:

If the SUN were the Size of This
GLOBE
and Placed Here Then Comparatively:
The EARTH would Be The Size of a
WALNUT and
Located at the Main Entrance to
Grand Central Terminal.

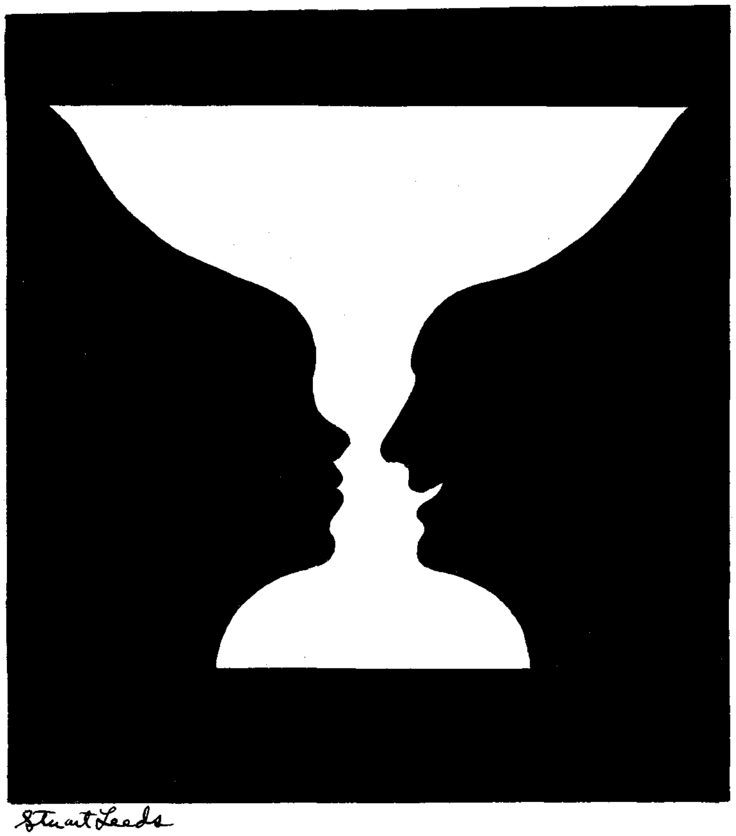
If you stay in the lobby long enough, you can watch little processions of bemused visitors circling the rail and reading the hypothetical proximity, on that shrunken scale, of the Moon (also at the main entrance to Grand Central), Alpha Centauri (sixty-eight thousand miles away), Arcturus (five hundred thousand miles away), Struve's Star, "the LARGEST known" (forty-six million miles away), and the Great Nebula in the constellation Andromeda (ten and a half billion miles away).

The lobby's focal point is the globe itself. It is twelve feet in diameter, is made of aluminum, and weighs two tons. The News Building's owners claim that it is the largest of its kind, whatever its kind is. (Did we read somewhere once, or have we just invented the memory, that the globe on the top of Perry White's Daily Planet Building was inspired by it?) The globe rotates, at a sedate pace, on a properly inclined axis, so that places like Australia and Argentina are continually sinking below floor level and reappearing. A mirror on the bottom of the cavity allows you to study Antarctica.

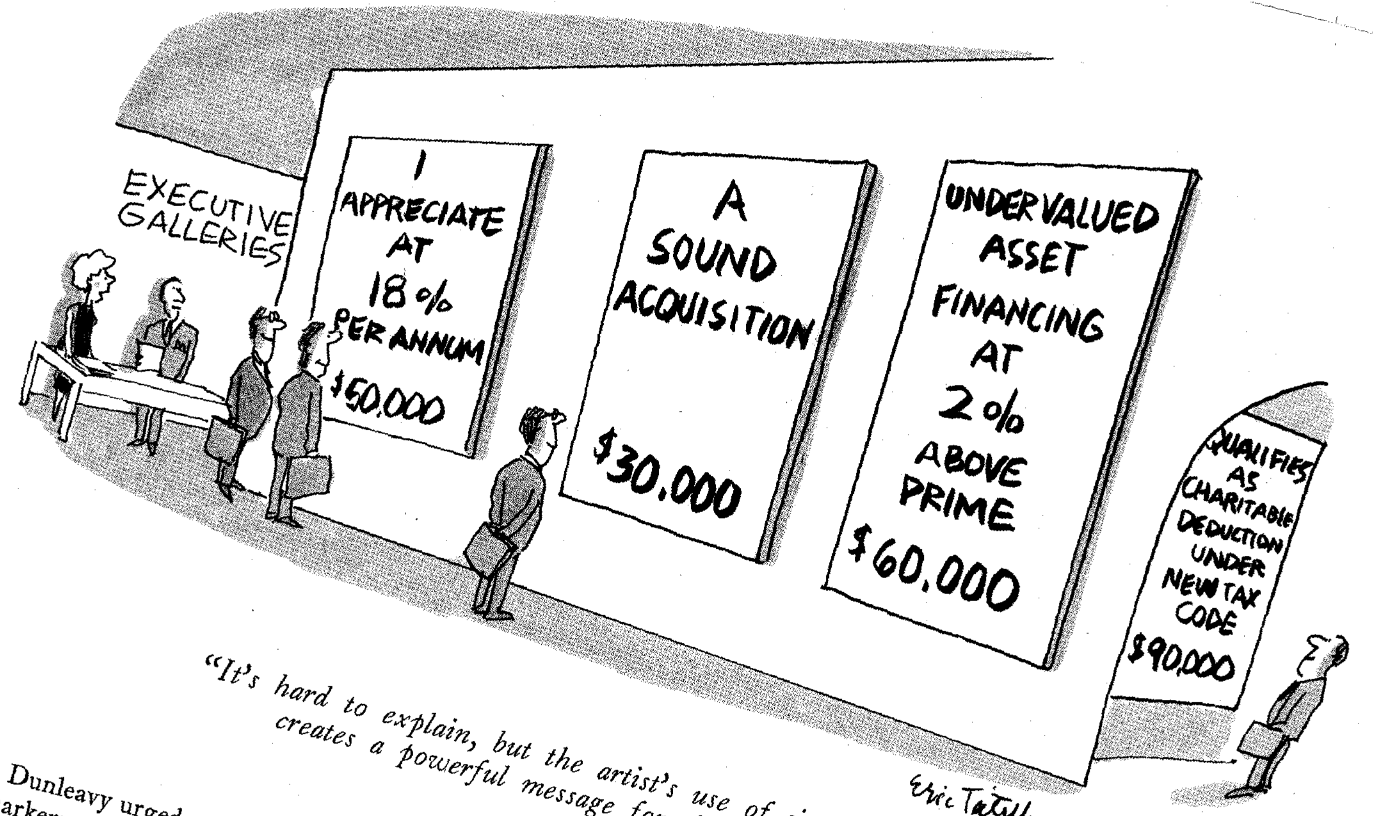
The other day, as we watched the globe rotate, we noticed a West African country labelled Upper Volta. We knew that Upper Volta now calls itself Burkina Faso. Other anachronisms spun past: the Canal Zone, the French Territory of the Afars and the Issas, two Vietnams. Was there anyone, we wondered, responsible for keeping the globe up to date?

We called Patricia Murphy, who is the tenant-services coördinator for La Salle Partners, the owners of the building, and she told us that the globe's machinery had been overhauled this summer. "We'd had problems with it," she said. "It would turn and stop, and turn and stop. Now we have a nice, steady motion." Miss Murphy also told us that she was replacing the glass panels, which show their age. "I was thinking of changing the type style, but it's so old we decided to keep it," she said.

Miss Murphy couldn't tell us when the globe had last been painted—La Salle Partners acquired the News Building in 1982—so she referred us to Jack Dunleavy, the advertising-operations manager of the *News*. The last repainting he remembered was "approximately 1975," he told us, and that was the only updating the globe had ever received. "It was pretty stale—definitely pre-Second World War," he said. "The Balkans were certainly outdated." Mr. Dunleavy had no record of the painter. Internal evidence, as the literary scholars say, points to a date earlier than 1975: the globe does not show Guinea-Bissau, which succeeded Portuguese Guinea in 1974, or Bangladesh, which won its independence from Pakistan in 1971. Or perhaps the painter was simply being cautious.



"Do you enjoy being a Margarita?"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QUALIFIES AS CHARITABLE DEDUCTION UNDER NEW TAX CODE $90,000
Eric Teitelbaum

"It's hard to explain, but the artist's use of simple linear shapes creates a powerful message for the serious investor."

Mr. Dunleavy urged us to study the floor markers, and said that the globe served the function of a meeting place.

"Like the clock at the Biltmore?" we asked.

He laughed. "There's not so many of us remember that," he said.

• •

Blessings

"IS *that* the elephant?" a little girl named Rose, standing in the far-left aisle of the Cathedral Church of St. John the Divine, asked her mother at around one o'clock on a recent Sunday afternoon. She had been waiting for the elephant since noon. But what had sounded like an elephant was in fact a cry from some New Age recordings being played during the New Age ceremony that preceded the Cathedral's fourth annual blessing of the animals.

From the murky, catacomb-like side aisles, all that was visible of the chancel was a glow of sharp white light. News of the blessing arrived only indirectly, by rumor and travellers' tales, like reports from Rome to the outlying congregations of the early Church. A television technician with a belt full of tools came out of the nave on his way somewhere. Rose stopped him and asked about the elephant: Was it up there? He shook his head. "None of the animals are out yet," he said. "They gotta finish this kind of *Mass* thing they got going up there."

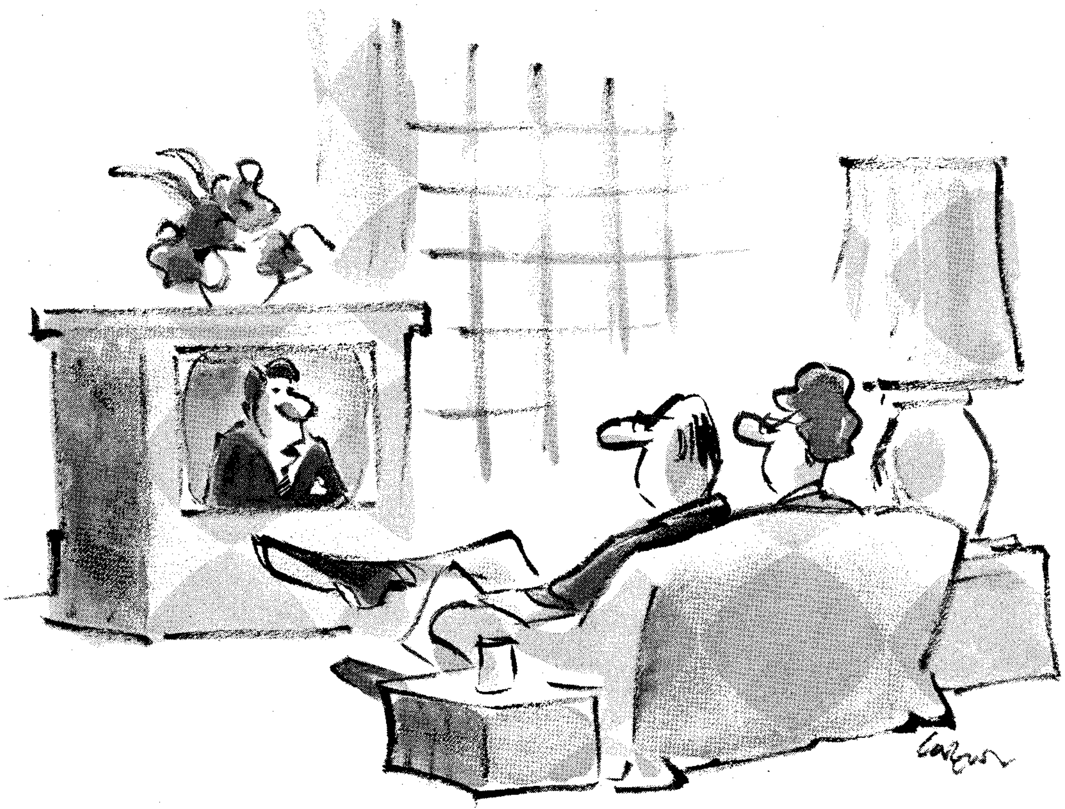
The musical ceremony that preceded the blessing of the animals was officially called Ministry to Person, Ministry to Planet. It included some numbers that are already standards—St. Francis's Canticle of the Sun, the Nicene Creed—and a lot of new tunes that may become standards, including one called "Stained Glass Morning," by a songwriter named Eugene Friesen. An organ boomed and mooed. Somebody played a recording of a humpback whale.

St. John's, of course, is a big, complicated church with a big, complicated mission. It's the seat of the Bishop of New York, and it's the biggest Gothic cathedral in the world; it's also a neighborhood church in a very poor neighborhood. Most of the people standing at the back of the side aisles seemed to be neighborhood people, and most of the pets with them, waiting to be blessed, neighborhood dogs and cats. They scrapped and snarled. A couple of spaniels tried jumping a Siamese.

When the big bronze doors at the back of the nave finally swung open—only after much to-ing and fro-ing by men in vestments—the dogs and their owners fell into two lines, on either side of the center aisle, and the dogs immediately started a general, derisory commentary on the pampered petting-zoo animals that were being led in. There were a donkey, a llama, a camel, an eagle, a goat, and a python, among others. Most of the animals had wreaths around their necks and were accompanied by men or women in monkish robes. In the middle of the procession was a man solemnly bearing a big flask filled with what looked like dirty water; the flask had a wreath around its thin, cylindrical neck. The dogs went for his ankles. When the elephant appeared, it turned out to be a pretty small elephant, as elephants go, but it made a very big impression on the dogs. As it swayed by, slowly, in all its wrinkled majesty, the dogs fell into a deep, uneasy silence.

"Those dogs cannot wrap their *minds* around that elephant," Rose's older brother, Felix, said.

The animals marched on through the big carved-wood entryway that separates the vestibule of the cathedral



"And as the campaign heats up, the latest poll shows the Dan Rather news team running slightly ahead of the Peter Jennings news team, with the Tom Brokaw team just two points back and gaining."

• •

from the pews, and headed down the aisle to be blessed. Soon, from up near the altar, a ripple of laughter rolled out and back.

"What's *happening*?" Rose wailed.

"I think the llama bit the bishop," somebody suggested.

The radiance of the chancel, which had looked mysterious, and even inspiring, from the side aisles, turned out to have a mundane source: it was television lighting. Cameramen were suspended all around the altar, perched on temporary scaffolding, and they took some footage of the bishop blessing the animals. Everybody said a prayer of thanksgiving for all of Creation, and then the bishop blessed the people and told them to go in peace to love and serve the Lord. Then there was a new song by Scott & Winter, a couple of Windham Hill-like composers, called the "Hymn of Acclamation." During the song, teen-agers in white gym clothes danced with banners in front of the altar. In the program the congregation was asked to "please rise and join in the gestures of praise during the singing of the final verse." The gestures of praise, as they were being demonstrated by the dancers, consisted of knees working, arms straight up, fingers wide, hands wagging. To join in, the parishioners sitting nearest the altar had to improvise a paraphrase suitable for a large congregation of older and more sedentary participants. They half rose, flung up their hands, shook them, and sat down again. It looked O.K., and was passed back through the rows of pews. For about thirty seconds, the congregation of the world's largest Episcopal church found itself doing the Wave.

After the hymn and the gestures of praise, the Cathedral cleared out. All the animals were led back through the main doors and around behind the Cathedral to its Close, and there the bishop blessed everything on four legs. The television people walked back and forth looking for some interview material to intercut with the blessing. A young theology student spoke to one of them. He said, "The blessing is dedicated to St. Francis, of course, and that's wonderful, but I like to think that the spirit of it is Jesus's spirit. By that I mean that our city pets remind us of the real meaning of Jesus's parables of the birds of the air and the lilies of the field. In a sense, animals are already in the state of grace that we, as people, have to choose. A dog doesn't think, How is my career as a dog proceeding? Will I be a successful dog a year from now? He thinks, Am I in a state of grace *right now*—am I pleasing my master *right now*? I think that we keep our pets in the city because they practice naturally the kind of unconditional love that we, as people with free will, have to struggle to give to each other—and, of course, to God."

The theology student didn't make the eleven-o'clock news, but the late news on Channel 4 showed a young Cathedral official who looked a lot like David Byrne and told of a dog who was blessed at the Cathedral last year and that very night got hit by a car and emerged unharmed. He told the story with a masterly mixture of wide-eyed credulity and deadpan irony.

Rose and Felix went looking for the man with the flask. They found him on the lawn, where an animal-judging contest was going on. He was being interviewed by a reporter. Felix interrupted. "It's, like, holy water, right?" he said, pointing to the flask.

"No," the man with the flask said gently. "This is algae—bacteria. It's the same thing. Billions of them."

"About how many algae are there in the flask?" the reporter asked seriously. His pen was poised.

"Oh, about ten to the tenth power. Maybe ten to the twelfth power. Billions."

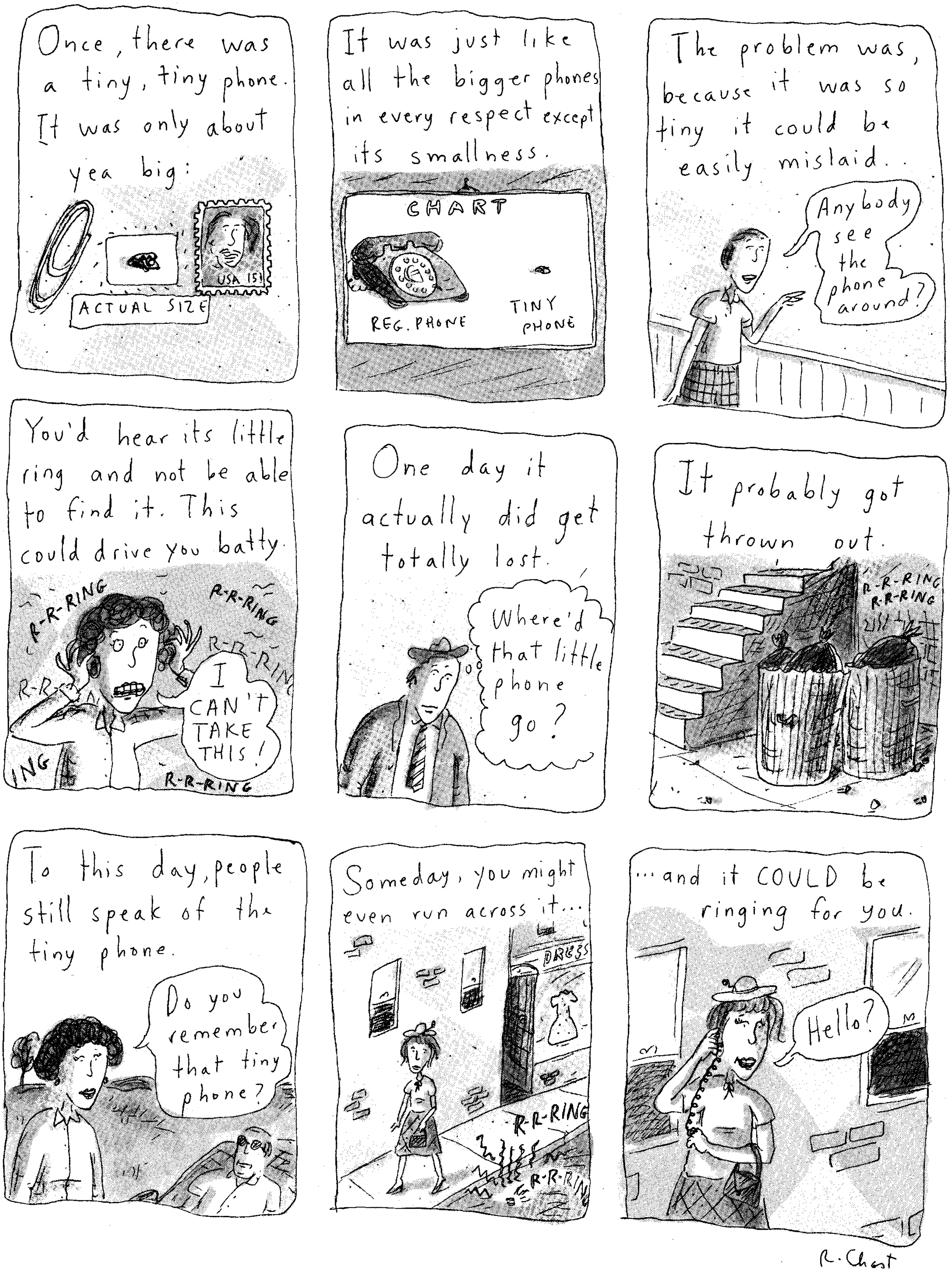
"What's that?" Felix asked again.

"Algae. The green stuff on ponds."

"Oh. Is it all blessed now?"

The man with the flask nodded happily. "It's all blessed now. All of it," he said. Then he corrected himself. "I mean *they're* all blessed now. Each one of them."

THE TINY PHONE


Once, there was a tiny, tiny phone. It was only about yea big:
ACTUAL SIZE
USA 15¢
It was just like all the bigger phones in every respect except its smallness.
CHART
REG. PHONE
TINY PHONE
The problem was, because it was so tiny it could be easily mislaid.
Anybody see the phone around?
You'd hear its little ring and not be able to find it. This could drive you batty.
R-R-RING
R-R-RING
R-R-RING
R-R-RING
ING
R-R-RING
I CAN'T TAKE THIS!
One day it actually did get totally lost.
Where'd that little phone go?
It probably got thrown out.
R-R-RING
R-R-RING
To this day, people still speak of the tiny phone.
Do you remember that tiny phone?
Someday, you might even run across it...
DRESS
R-R-RING
R-R-RING
...and it COULD be ringing for you.
Hello?
R. Chast

WE

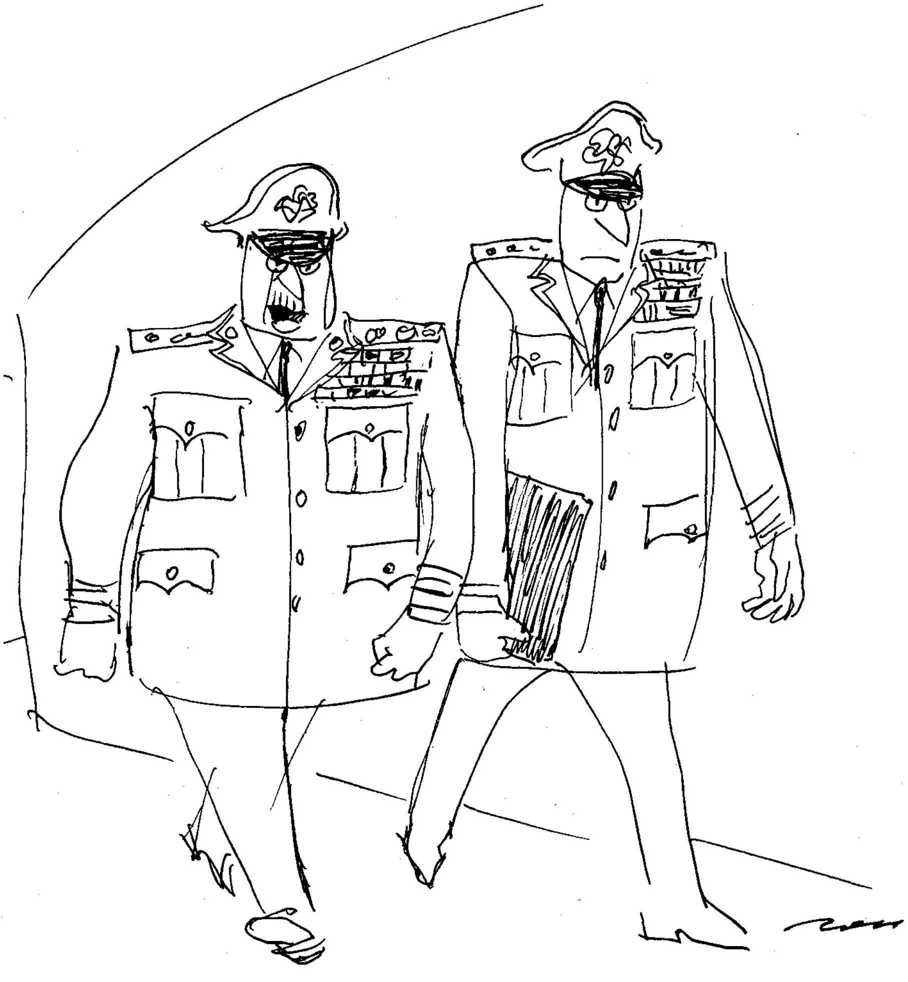
WE all got married—Suzanne *and Virginia and I—and it* was all we ever wanted to be at the time. I fought with my parents to get married, and Suzanne ran away from home with her boyfriend to get married, and Virginia saved her money for a year and eight months, eating a bag lunch at work every day and walking up from the square to save the five cents for the transfer and making her own clothes and only seeing movies when they came to the drive-in—all to get married.

And then we had done it and we were married. Sex *all* the time. Our own houses (rented). A whole list of things that would not have been gathered together except for us: toasters, glassware, unbreakable dinner sets with a rim of gold around the white plates, towels we were going to paint the bathroom to match. It was heaven. Every day we woke up to different clock radios all set to the same rock station, and we had breakfast with our husbands, except for Suzanne, who said *goodbye to hers at two-thirty in the* morning, unless he tried very hard not to wake her and only kissed her on the forehead before he left. Then maybe we did the dishes or made the bed or put something out to defrost for dinner. I would get this really happy feeling as I was putting on my coat if I could look around and everything was nice: the glasses turned upside down and shining, the carpet speckless and smooth like a mowed lawn, the pillows on the bed fat and undented. Or maybe we only had time to put on eyeliner and go. We went to work and at lunch (still a bag lunch for Virginia, because of saving for their future house) we told stories about our husbands. Then we went home and (a) fixed dinner from a new recipe, or (b) called out for pizza, or (c) went to a sit-down restaurant that wasn't too expensive. Later, at home, we watched TV with our husbands, with our arms around each other, or somebody would come over and we'd play gin rummy or pinochle with the tape player turned up loud. We could have done anything we *wanted to do, that was the thing.*

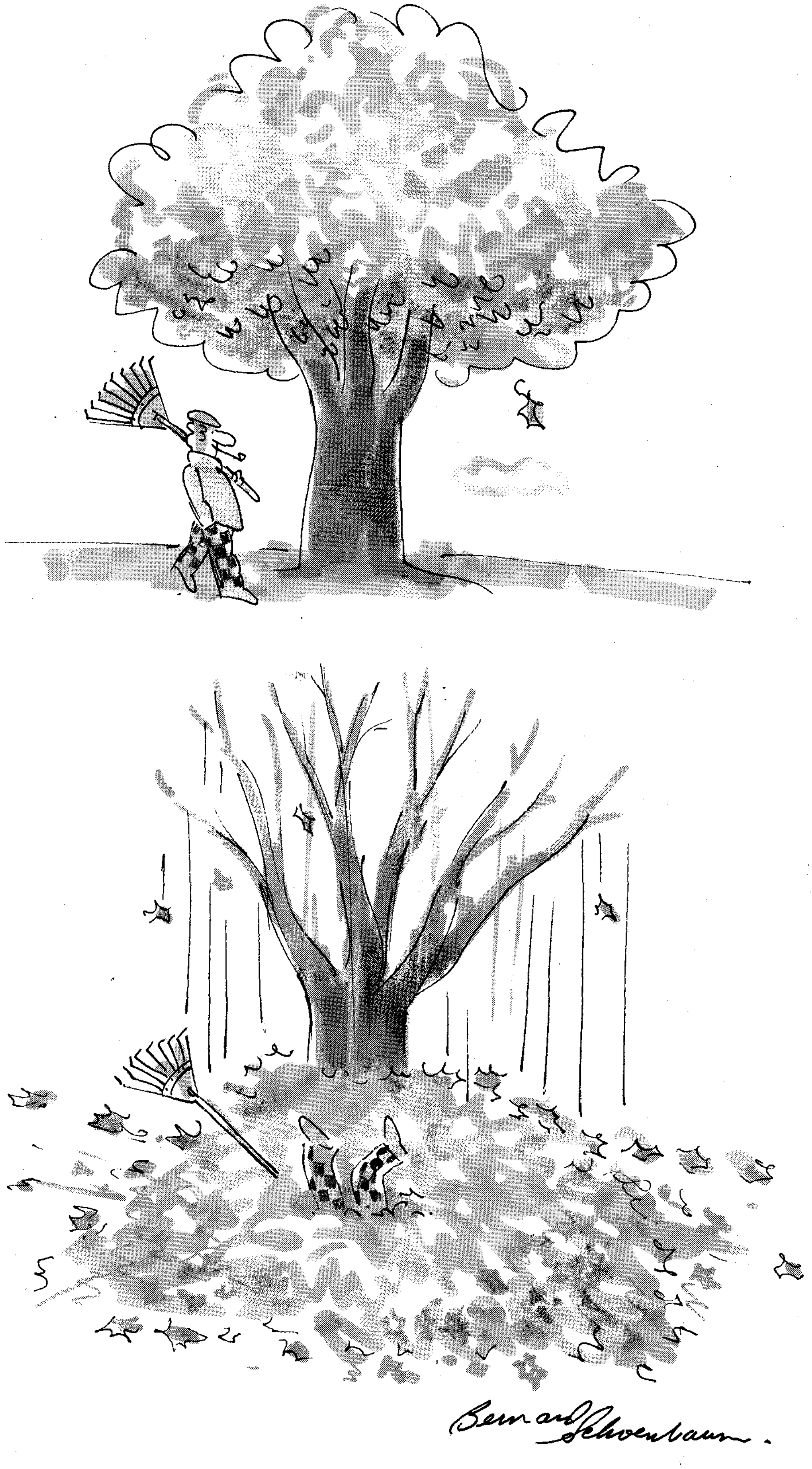
And then (we still didn't know each other yet, although Suzanne lived only one house away from me) we'd been married for a while and there was something funny about it. I didn't want to have sex every night, for instance. This was awful, after how it had been. Sometimes I wanted to watch the end of a movie or one of my favorite shows instead of having sex. I didn't tell him, but I felt sick. Then I got used to it. Suzanne says it was the other way for her: she could tell sometimes he wanted to listen to the ballgame on the radio instead. Virginia didn't say much about this, but she's shier than Suzanne and me. And also when he and I were at home together, alone, one of us would always be calling up someone to come over. He would call up his buddies to come over and work on the car. Or I would call up my sister and her husband to come over and watch a movie. I had a feeling like "What's next?"

Right here was when I met Suzanne, in the supermarket. I'd seen her around before, in the yard or driving up her driveway in her car or hanging up bedspreads on the clothesline in her back yard, so I thought what the hell and I said hello. The thing is I probably wouldn't have said hello earlier on because then I had everything I wanted. But on this day—it was April—there was a wind scooting little pieces of paper around the supermarket parking lot and a feeling in the air that you should be driving fast someplace, and I didn't know it but I was pregnant. I wanted something, and Suzanne looked as if she had some of what I wanted. She was wearing a new miniskirt and mirror shades, and she had a way of walking as if she was in a commercial. She was pregnant, too, but she already knew and had gone right from the doctor's to buy the miniskirt so she could wear it for a couple of months before her stomach pushed out.

But whatever we thought we wanted or thought each other was like didn't matter—was forgotten, even—because from the first words we said to each other we knew we were going to be friends. I had thought that wouldn't happen anymore now that I was married. I went back from the supermarket



"It really shook me, I can tell you. I dreamed the meek inherited the earth!"



to her house for coffee (I felt like my mother—having coffee and doughnuts with a neighbor) and we talked for two hours while my groceries melted and slumped in the car. I can't remember what we talked about. Everything. Suzanne said it was like being in love, which I found upsetting when she said it. But it was true. We leaned across the table toward each other, that morning and other mornings, drinking cups of coffee (later Sanka) and eating and smoking until we had to quit, and told each other stories about our pasts, our families, our school loves, our hopes for adventure. It wasn't like a conversation, which sounds too stiff and polite; it was more like a piece of music where we each had parts that overlapped, or a play where the actors say what is closest to their hearts.

And then when we were about five months along Virginia and her husband moved into the house on the other side of Suzanne. If Suzanne and I hadn't gotten to be good friends so fast, things might have been difficult or different. There might have been jealousy or misunderstandings or whatever. But as it was we knew each other so well already that there was room for Virginia, who was nice and really not a demanding sort anyway. She wasn't pregnant but was planning to be, and in two months she was.

FOR a while we didn't have to worry about the thing of being married. For quite a long while. There was all the business of doctor visits, baby showers, maternity clothes, painting the extra bedroom. And then the hospital, the drive home with the baby looking so cute in the infant seat for the first time, the adoring grandparents waiting at home with giant panda bears and potty seats that played a tune. And then the long plunge into babyness. All of life was baby life: baby food, baby clothes, baby wipes, the baby changing table, baby's schedule, baby's nap, baby's bad time with breast-feeding/colic/teething. All our stories were baby stories: how baby had thrown up yellow, how baby had pulled the pierced earrings right out of our ears, how baby had rolled over for the first time while we were out of the room and almost fallen off the bed, how baby would not go to sleep until a certain song was played on the tape player.

Suzanne and I both had two, Virginia only one: she seemed shy and not very definite, but she was a planner. And for three years we were submerged together. We woke up at seven and sank into our lives, making breakfast/lunch/dinner, cutting food up into tiny bites, taking slow walks pushing strollers or with a staggering child hanging on to our hands, slipping the top diaper off towering stacks of whiteness, pulling out the potty chair, holding someone else's eager flesh in our arms, holding it back from destruction by fire, cars, household pets, electric sockets. Our husbands visited every day, between work and going out and

AMONG BELLS

At the top of the dark
emerging from one more upward turn
on stones hollowed by feet so far ahead
that nothing of them would ever
be known

into the surprising
light still as glass around the green furred
hillsides of the bells as into a new
day fulfilling some forgotten
promise

lucid and with columns
beyond which bright clouds were travelling
almost within reach and the mountains rose
over the roofs of a foreign
city

a square with red tables
down there under dusty sycamores
Yugoslav flags kiosks posters loud in
Cyrillic across the flaking
façades

that contained the winding
streams of hats horses piled carts arms buses
making their way to and from the bevelled
lid of the train station with its
white clock

telling for each of them
a different age at the same time
even for the ancient belfry in which
the hour hovered as though nothing
that breathed

were living up under
its vaulted stone ceiling filled with beams
and the bronze domes of the bells but above
one of the blackened cornices
the wind

ruffled the shadowy
edges of a muted lustre not
of stone a burnished swelling in the dust
some jewel of the air hiding
in air

quiet as a carving
a smooth wing of a swift so
still that nothing except wind seemed to move
in its feathers no flash of eye
betrayed

life in it the stiff quills
of course cold to the touch but then the
fine unseen softness above the spine warm
the hollow at the nape too and
the breast

yet all without motion
like a bundle with no weight at all
when lifted down the head drawn in eyes shut
feet curled tight upon nothing but
themselves

late in a cold summer
of dank grasses and dying forests
the taste of Lethe even in the mists
above the river and of burning
always

high in the air around
the towers above roofs among trees
dark by then with the knowledge of autumn
that bitterness climbing the air
from which

the feathers seemed to have
come so freshly no sign of blood no
visible injury the bill gleaming
like a chip of twilight the feet
perfect

the wings before they could
be seen to flash suddenly vanished
out of the cradling palms to reappear
trembling on the stone balustrade
one eye

for a moment glancing
back as a black planet after which
it was gone with a shriek into the long
afternoon light that touched the net
of wires

the waiting aerials
bare poles lines of laundry chimney flue
patched roofs pots of geraniums windows
standing open while in the streets
the same

hats legs and wagons were
moving toward unchanged destinations
and at the station trains were arriving
on time without a sound and just
leaving

—W. S. Merwin

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going to bed, but we scarcely noticed. And every night we went to bed later than we wanted and as soon as we touched the sheets found ourselves rising up into sleep and dreams, as light as birds.

And then there was a change. At first we thought it was just because Virginia had gone back to work. Her little girl was three—old enough for day care, Virginia said. We were amazed that she had had the strength to think ahead—she had been on the waiting list for the school for months. She went back to the phone company—not at her old job but at a new one they found for her. This made Suzanne and me discontented. Our younger children were only one and a half and two—too young, we thought, for day care. And we had no jobs to go back to. Suzanne had gone to college for a while but had quit when her money ran out, and her family refused to lend her any. Come back home and get married was not what they said, but they might as well have. I had never been to college at all.

Virginia, though, had her B.A. For a while we couldn't like her as well as we had, and we looked for signs that her little girl was suffering from day care. Was she thin? Was she more quarrelsome and whiny? Was a career more important, Suzanne and I asked ourselves, than your child's happiness? Could you have a career at the phone company?

We got together more and more often to discuss this and then other things. We were surprised to find ourselves thinking again, it had been so long. And then we realized that the change was in the kids, too, and that that change had made it possible for us to think, to put our heads above water, to begin to float again on the surface of the world. They, the kids, were becoming people, sometimes responsible for themselves, capable of wishes that were not dictated or instigated by us, wanting to be on their own. The older kids had been like this for a while but we hadn't noticed.

And we noticed other things, too: that our husbands were still there, but that things between us were not quite the same. That we were not as young as we still thought of ourselves as being. That we looked different—older, or maybe just not taken care of. It's a wonder we didn't lynch Virginia for having had only one child and being already out in the world. Suzanne and I knew that we would have to wait—did we ever discuss this?—we would have to wait until the little kids were older. It would be at least a year, but probably more like two. We couldn't afford Virginia's day care, so it would have to be the church day play, where they took only four-year-olds. But what to do in the meantime, now that we were conscious again?

You might have thought we would have taken a look at our husbands again. But things with them had gotten into a different way, and maybe we thought that was the way it was supposed to be, or maybe we thought it would do no good to change things. We had things we did with our husbands on the weekends, and we went out sometimes, but really we had separate lives. I had a memory of how I had thought before we got married that we would spend all our time together, that we would go places together and do things as ordinary as shopping for the fun of it, but now I knew how dumb that was. We didn't think of getting divorced; we knew we were married, and that was that. But that feeling from the day in April came back, worse than ever, and Suzanne and I put our heads together to do something about it. It was hard to even think of change when things had been the same for so long.

Oh, we were so bored. Nothing ever happened on our street, except the regular visits of the mailmen and the meter men and the teen-agers who stuck flyers into our mailboxes or rubber-banded them to the bannisters of the porch. Nothing happened at the supermarket except that you heard from the cashiers about who had died in the neighborhood. Nothing happened at church except you could see who had new clothes or was pregnant. But we were determined to look for what there was.

The first thing we tried was new recipes. For a while we cooked something new every day. We got cookbooks out of the library—Hawaiian cookbooks, make-your-own-bread cookbooks, tomato cookbooks, dinner-in-an-hour cookbooks. We bugged our aunts and grandmothers for family recipes, which we wrote out and exchanged on file cards. At every dinner we tried them on our husbands and children. Every morning when we had coffee, instead of buying doughnuts from Snow White the way we used to, one of us made something: chocolate-chip kuchen, apricot-sour-cream coffee cake, banana bran muffins with lemon glaze. Instead of Oreos and chips, our kids ate snacks of prune-peanut crunch, sesame breadsticks, carrot and cheese-cubes on a stick. We made ice cubes with single grapes and cherries frozen inside, we candied violets in the spring and rose petals in the summer. We had gala dinners to which our husbands and children and Virginia and her husband and child came, uncomfortable and surprised to find themselves all together in one house or the other. But that was no good, and it was

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back to meat loaf and macaroni and cheese. I still make Spanish rice, though.

Next: sewing. I had a sewing machine that I had hardly ever used, bought from a high-pressure salesman in the first months of our marriage. My husband and I were so dumb, and the salesman was so powerful and certain. We sat before him on the couch holding each other's hands behind a cushion and we said yes to everything—yes to the cross-stitching attachment, yes to the five-year service contract. The sewing machine sat in the hall between the bedrooms, sometimes with things stacked on it, sometimes next to a stool or a stepladder for one of the kids. But now we dragged it out, Suzanne and I, and we got a pattern that was marked "Easy-Sew" and we picked out cloth at the Sewtex Fabric store, with the kids rampaging up and down the aisles and begging for cards of buttons and long curling strips of ribbons and lace. We looked at but cautiously did not buy the patterns for baby and children's clothes—little rompers with duck appliqués, little dresses with ruffled sleeves and hems. We planned how we might make all our clothes except for coats and bathing suits and underwear. The cloth was wonderful to carry home, heavy and bright-colored, smooth to touch, folding over and over on itself without wrinkling. Mine was golden yellow and full of light. Suzanne's was silver, a gray as pale and shining as the moon.

And all that month we pinned the thin crumpled tissues of the pattern to the cloth with sharp, glittery pins and flashed the metal of the scissors through the folded layers and attached the pieces to each other under the whir of the machine's needle. They were simple dresses: a panel for the front and one for the back, attached at the shoulders by slender strips of cloth that were meant to be tied in a bow. But we sweated and swore over them, sewed pieces backward, stabbed our fingers with pins until they bled. The kids ate cookies and pickles and M&M's and Popsicles unheeded for the last two days before we were done. We tried the dresses on in Suzanne's bedroom, pulling the shades in the middle of the day and standing on her bed unsteadily, laughing and holding on to each other, to see if they looked good in the back. The ties tied, we exclaimed to each other. They were real dresses, wearable, that we could go out in and no one would be able to tell that we had bled on them. But never again, I said, and Suzanne agreed—never again would I sew another thing except a button on or a hem up.

Poet on Rock

And then we joined a book club. Once a month the members met to discuss a book that had been agreed on beforehand. Suzanne and I were conscious that we had not used our minds much for a while. We went to the library and got out the book, a very long novel by a famous South American writer, and read it in tandem, borrowing it back and forth. What do you think it means, I would ask Suzanne between loads of laundry, when the old guy comes back and looks just the same but he should have been dead for about a hundred years? How about that blood, she asked me when we were giving the kids peanut-butter sandwiches for lunch, letting them spread their own so they would learn to be independent, even though it took so long and was so hard to clean up. What did you think when that blood dripped and flowed like a stream down the street to the house of the murdered man's mother? We didn't know. We went to the meeting, held at a member's house, and sat waiting for enlightenment, but no one asked the questions we were interested in, and we were afraid to ask them. The other members were teachers, mostly, and they argued with each other and harangued and pounded the arms of their chairs and were so terrifying to Suzanne and me that we could hardly eat the pasta salad and brownies afterward. Did we have suggestions for the next book, one of the teachers asked us nicely when we sat balancing our plates and glasses. We said no.

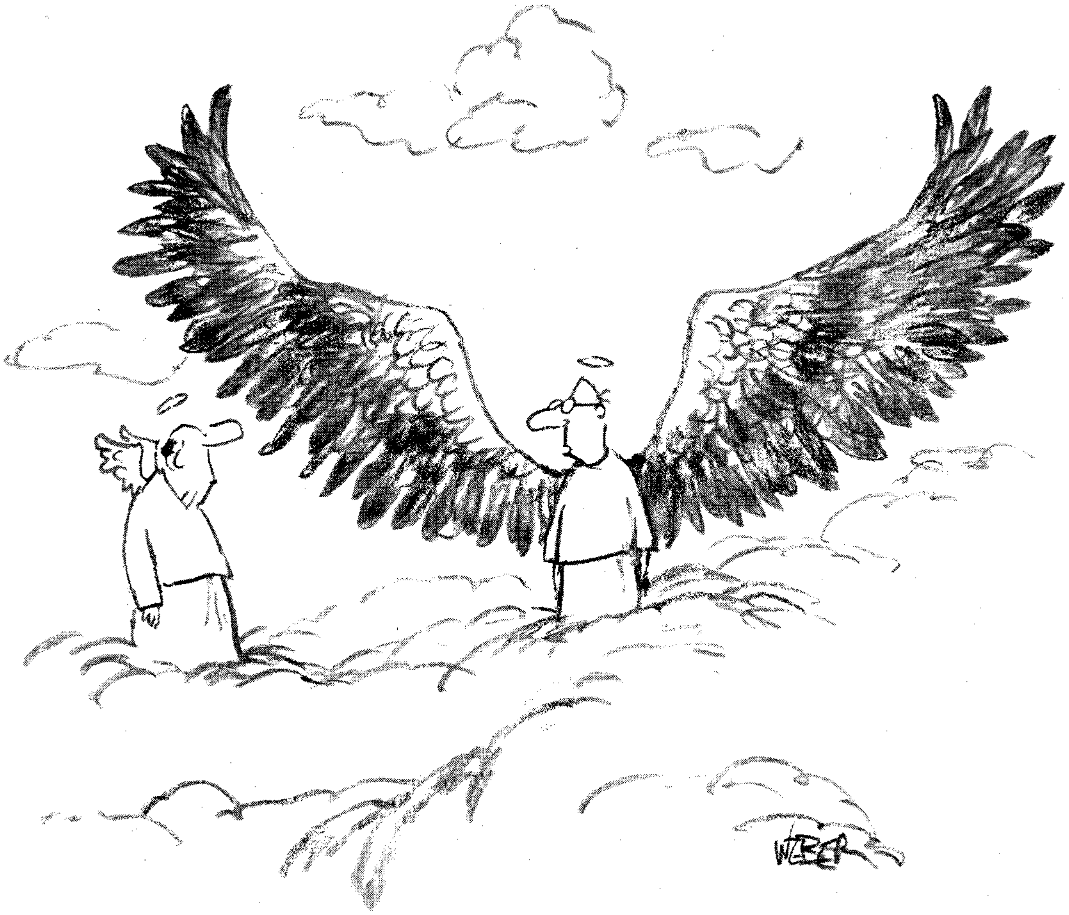
IT was summer again now: longer nights, warm sweet air. It seemed like a long time since we had had any fun. We sat in the mornings drinking countless cups of coffee while the kids drove up the driveway and down the driveway on their Big Wheels. We sat on Suzanne's back steps watching the kids play with dirt and water under the apple trees. We lay on a blanket in my back yard while Suzanne's husband mowed the lawn. And we moaned and we moped. Why didn't we see any fun people anymore? Why didn't we ever get to go anyplace? Why didn't anyone we knew have a party? Why didn't we? We could. It would be an outdoor party, we planned, with lights in the trees and a speaker hooked up outside. While the kids threw sand at each other we made a guest list, a food list, a decorations list, a music list. Twenty times we decided what to wear, and twenty times we changed our minds. On the night of the party, we carted the kids off to Grandma's, harried our husbands to make the electrical and musical preparations. We combed the silken lengths of each other's hair, applied layers of scarlet and heather and ivory bisque to the smooth skin of our faces. "You look wonderful," we said to each other.

Virginia came early, with a goose-liver pâté and her husband. How is work, we said. She told us about the feud between her supervisor and the most senior operator, about the new system being installed that would require them to learn a new form of data entry, about the new coffee machine that she and her co-workers had chipped in to buy. She said that she was thinking of getting her own car and had found three new places to eat lunch and wanted to update her wardrobe to a more office look. What's new, she asked us. We looked at each other, and then away. Our kids had new teeth, new scrapes and bruises, new words learned from illicit television and unapproved friends. Suzanne had new eyeshadow. I had just gotten a new bra and had found a more efficient way to pack the freezer. Nothing much, we said.

And then we set out to have fun. Fun was drinking new combinations of liquor and mix, drinking out of other people's glasses, perching on the arms of chairs and saying outrageous things, letting someone light our cigarette and looking into his eyes with the flame between us, talking about things that our mothers would have been shocked to hear said aloud, playing the music as loud as possible but not so loud that the neighbors would call the police. It was fun to sing along with the music from where we lay in the grass under the rocking, bobbing lanterns that hung in the apple trees, and to race back and forth between our two houses for more drinks, more cookies, more celery stuffed with peanut butter. We were glad to go to the store for more ginger ale, recruiting someone to go with us who was not our husband, walking down the street in the welcome dark and into the dead daylight of the street lights. We thought it might make us finally and forever happy to kiss someone in the kitchen leaning against the sink, one hand on the cool, smooth curve of the enamel and the other touching the weave of a shirt that we had never washed or ironed or sewed a button on. The morning after the party, though, was just the same, filled with cornflakes and daytime television, and there were the dirty glasses and erupting ashtrays as well.

We enrolled in a class. We made a list of places to take the kids and we took them there: fast-food lunches, swimming, the park with the jungle gym or the park with the hiking trails, for walks, to story hour. We took up badminton and played for weeks with anyone who showed up on a court marked on my lawn with white spray paint, waiting our turn lounging on the old car that my husband thought he might get around to fixing someday, our backs against the front window, legs stretched out on the metal of the hood, heads thrown back to the sky. We played on into the dark, until we could see nothing except the small white blur of the shuttlecock arcing across the yard, and then not even that, so that we struck out at it on faith.

It was fall. And then maybe, we thought, if we go out together. Just the girls, since our husbands didn't want to go anyway. We could go to movies, to plays, to dinner. We went out with an old friend of mine, still unmarried, whom we envied and felt superior to. It was more fun to go out with Janine because she was single and we were not and we could do anything because we



"I belonged to the Audubon Society."

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were not involved in the game the way she was. You guys, she would say, I can't believe you guys. Will you cut it out, she would say. We went to dinner and ate unfamiliar foods, spicy and fragrant. We went to plays and strained forward in our seats the better to enter another world. We went to a Tupperware party when we were high as kites. We went to bars where we met podiatry students who claimed to be amazed when we said how old we were and some of whom got sentimental and clingy when it was time to leave. But when we went out, no matter how immensely silly we became, or how high we got, no matter how many places we went and how late we stayed out, drinking cup after cup of coffee at an all-night restaurant while we talked and talked about our lives and how they disappointed us and how they might gladden us, when we went back it was still the same.

And then I got the flu, a long, lingering flu. I was sick as a dog—so sick that my husband had to do for the kids, get their dinners and put them in and take them out of the bathtub and read them the same book over and over again. And Suzanne was invited to join her cousin's bowling team while I was sick. Twice a week I watched her from my front window, where I was lying on the couch using up Kleenex as she got picked up by a carful of women wearing satin team jackets. And when I was well she came over and told me she'd stayed after one night and made out with the bartender. I thought I'd never get over it.

So what happened? Nothing, really. Everything went on a little while longer, until we got to the end of this period in our lives, until we stopped looking for something that we didn't have or know. But we didn't stop because of despair, or because we were tired of looking, but because it was time. Suzanne got a job at an office. I started college. We began meeting Virginia downtown for lunch. We threw our jeans and T-shirts to the back of the closet and bought new clothes: suits and blouses for Suzanne, slacks and sweaters and a denim jacket for me. There was new stuff on our minds: day care, timesaving appliances, comfortable yet attractively businesslike shoes, notebooks for shorthand and for notes on Dutch medieval art. And we were still married. We had never been able to completely forget about being married, so our husbands were still there. They still came home and called up their friends to work on their cars and didn't want to go anyplace, but it didn't matter so much anymore. We smiled at them over breakfast and bragged about them at lunch. And at night we thought about sex again and did something about it. Janine got married and we all went to the wedding and we cried, every one of us—even Virginia, who had just met her.

Now we're too busy to think or to remember the time when Suzanne and I sat in one of our kitchens with the kids milling around while we talked on, oblivious, or cooked together, or sat under the apple trees; how we were pulled together like magnets every morning after our husbands went to work; how we spent the whole day together; how our kids had lunch together, took naps and went to the bathroom together.

Which is O.K. But do we miss it, what we had together when there was no one else in the world but mothers and children? And do we miss it, the soft solid feel of our children's bodies under our hands, the sweet smell of their breath, their voices in our ears singing the alphabet and the names of trees, puddings, television characters; the look of their bodies asleep, arms and legs flung out like a star or wound in a tight breathing ball; their questions asking why and what and how the world is made and ordered and laid out before us? No. Not every day.

—Mary Grimm

A REPORTER AT LARGE

NOTHING ELSE TO WISH FOR

ONE evening in 1975, Else Blangsted, a highly regarded Hollywood music editor, was having dinner at the Beverly Hills home of her friend Pippa Scott, an actress. They were eating with Miss Scott's two daughters—Jessica, ten, and Miranda, six.

"Mommy, why are there four years between Miranda and me?" Jessica asked.

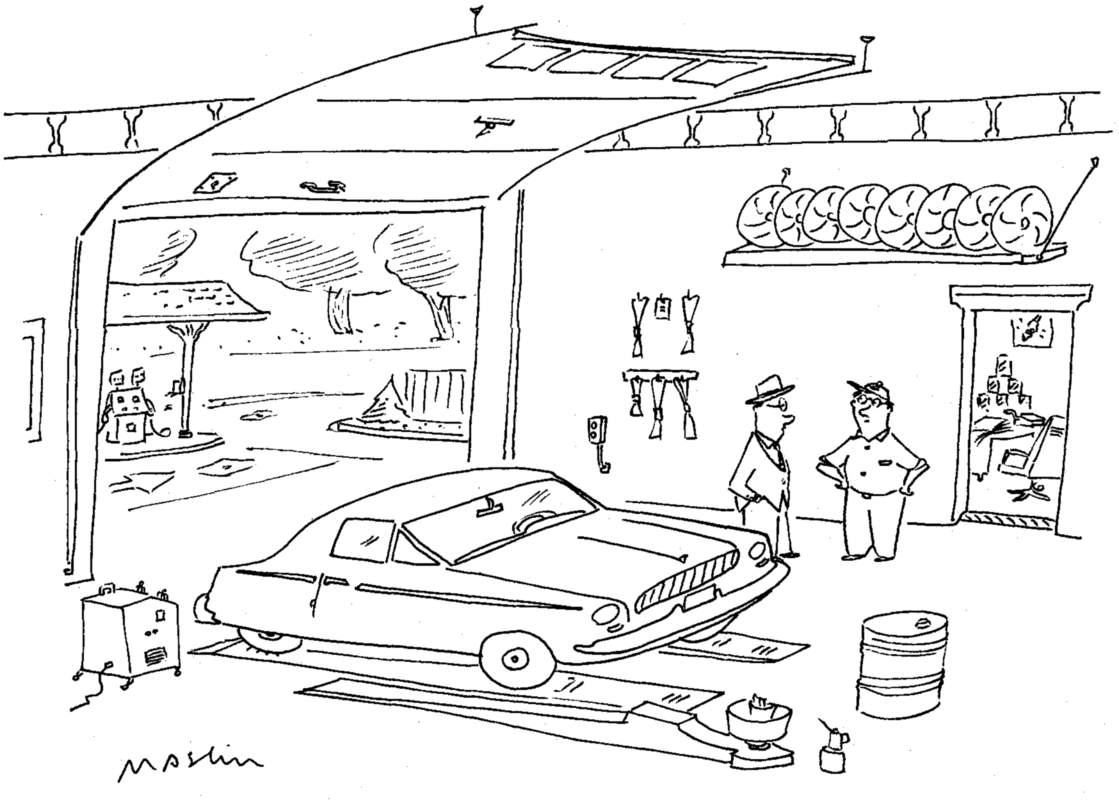
Miss Scott explained that she had had two miscarriages after Jessica's birth and that on another occasion when she was pregnant she caught German measles and had taken her doctor's advice to have an abortion.

"I lost a baby, too, years ago," Else Blangsted said. "In fact, I killed it."

Pippa Scott had known Else Blangsted for fifteen years. One of the qualities that endeared Else to Pippa was her candor. Else seemed to regard her life as an open book and delighted in sharing the contents of its pages, particularly the pages that other people would have torn out. Pippa had never heard of a lost baby, let alone a baby Else had killed. That evening Else told her the story.

ELSE SIEGEL was born on May 22, 1920, into an unhappy family in Würzburg, a Bavarian city on the Main River known for its university and its wine. Her mother, Lilly, was the oldest daughter of Abraham Oppenheimer, a cloth and thread merchant turned banker. Her father, Siegmund Siegel, was a horse trader with more talent for amusing himself than for buying and selling Hungarian riding horses and Belgian workhorses. Lilly's brother, Otto, who was a bachelor, and her sisters, Lee Rosenstein and Marta Gundelfinger, who had married more prosperously than she had, lorded their wealth over her. "How come you can't go to Baden-Baden with us?" they would ask. "What kind of husband do you have? We'll pay for your trip." And they would. From time to time, Siegel went bankrupt. Abraham Oppenheimer always bailed him out, further diminishing Siegel's position in the family. Lilly Siegel cared about not being rich. Else heard her parents shouting behind their closed bedroom door and worried that they would harm each other. Siegmund Siegel periodically threatened to leave, but he stayed, apparently because he was reluctant to give up his early-morning horseback rides and swims, his midmorning glasses of wine at the Ratskeller, and his midafternoon coffee, cigar, and card games with his friends in Katzmann's café. "If my father had only one role in life, it was to make his in-laws feel superior because he was such a financial failure," Else says.

Lilly, an attractive woman who cooked well and ran an efficient home, took out her marital dissatisfaction on Else. She knew that Else hated eating kohlrabi and would reheat her original portion over and over until it was gone; she would then cook kohlrabi again. Lilly hugged or praised Else very rarely and criticized her constantly. Odious comparisons were her specialty. "Why can't you curtsy as well as" or "be as good a student as" or "be as graceful as your friend Inge Stern?" she would ask. "How I wished I hadn't been such a rotten curtsier," Else recalls. Lilly gave Else the nickname Dubbis (Klutz). Once, Lilly baked a wonderfully high cake with strawberries and whipped cream and gave it to Else to carry to an acquaintance; on the way, Else fell and dropped it. "I was expected to fall, and I fell," Else says. One Passover, she fell on some cobblestones on the way to synagogue; her mother slapped her in the entry to the synagogue. Lilly hit Else often, particularly when she felt



"It was not its usual self this morning. It was unresponsive and sluggish. I put my hand on its hood and it felt very, very hot. That's when I decided to call you."

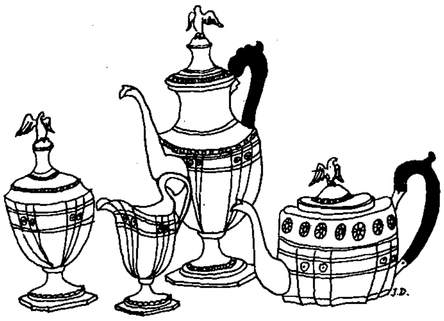
depressed or had one of her frequent migraine headaches. She also told Siegmund when he came home for dinner that Else or her younger sister, Margo, had been bad and he would have to beat them. "I don't feel like beating anyone," he would say.

Every morning, Else was given the equivalent of a quarter to buy a sweet roll at the Jewish elementary school she attended. She usually wasn't hungry, and saved the coins—she was a small eater, and lost what little appetite she had when Christian children in the neighborhood threw stones and called her "Jew bastard" on her way to school. She brought four coins home one noontime and told Lilly that her teacher had given them to her for being smart, hoping this would elicit praise from her mother. It didn't, but she didn't get caught for lying. Else was a poor student—math, geography, and history didn't interest her—and on another occasion a teacher sent her home with a failing grade in math and a note for her father to sign. She forged his signature. The teacher spotted the forgery. This time, she was beaten soundly and confined to the house for a while.

Else spent holidays with her maternal grandfather or other wealthy relations. Lee and Adolf Rosenstein owned a department store in Mannheim, Marta and Izzy Gundelfinger a toy factory outside Nuremberg. Otto Oppenheimer, a banker, was regarded as the family leader. He shared a home with his father in the Bavarian town of Aub. Otto raised pigeons, and several times a year pigeons were butchered and served for dinner. One afternoon when Lilly Siegel, Else, and Margo were with the Oppenheimers in Aub, and Else had eaten her pigeon, Uncle Otto asked her if she wanted to have a second bird. "Yes, please," she said. "That's too bad, because you can't have another," he replied. His words stung Else, but what hurt her more was that her mother, right there at the table, sanctioned this gratuitous cruelty. "She was dominated by her family and never defended us," Else says. "She was an Oppenheimer, and her husband and daughters were Siegels. To her the Siegels were socially inferior."

Books were Else's first escape from the troubles of her house. She helped herself to books from Otto's shelves and shoplifted them from a bookstore in Würzburg; her mother locked the bookcase at home, because she wanted Else to do her homework and regarded reading as frivolous. "By the time I was six, novels *became* my childhood," Else says. "I could think of nothing better than to hide under the bedcovers or in the stables behind the house and read. Arthur Schnitzler's 'Fräulein Else' was a favorite. Fräulein Else was a young woman whose mother beseeched her to borrow money from an older man to save her father from being arrested for a bad debt. The man agreed to give her the money if she would appear naked before him in his hotel room or in a forest clearing. She killed herself with Veronal, a sleeping potion. I also liked 'The Unknown of the Seine,' a story of a young woman who killed herself for love. When they found her body, there was a smile on her face. Lots of books were written about committing suicide in those days. I read them all."

At the age of thirteen, Else was squirrelling away her sweet-roll money for another purpose. On Saturday afternoons, she dressed up in her mother's heels, put on makeup, and went to the movies instead of to the temple services and meetings of a back-to-Israel youth group she told her parents she was attending. One was supposed to be eighteen to be admitted to a movie theatre. At thirteen, Else looked eleven, in spite of her purloined powder and rouge, but the man at the box office let her in. The latest German and Hollywood films of the thirties became another part of her fantasy life.



Toward the end of 1935, Else heard a group of her classmates giggling about a handsome young man they had seen through the window of a shoe store in Würzburg. They dared her to go into the store and introduce herself. She accepted the dare. The girls had been accurate: the young man, who was the store manager, was very handsome indeed. Karl (as he will be called here) was twenty-four. At fifteen and a half, Else appeared to be thirteen, and she considered herself funny-looking: her hair was thin, there was a gap between her two front teeth, and her body was scrawny. The only thing she could think of to say to him was "What do you read?" Karl named a book by Frank Thiess. Else said she had a copy of Thiess's most recent book and offered to lend it to him. He said he would like to read it.

THE SORRY CREATURES IN THIS COUNTRYSIDE

Under some rushing, creaking trees are
three little bobcats, trapped. They tell me,
"We're trapped."
Sharp steel words
in springing phrases of birth: they say these
trapped them. They cry out loud and complain.

Under the rushing trees I tell them, "Yes,
I believe you. I was raised
to believe you. I'm trapped, too."

Who can imagine now how boys came
out of a wolf den to rule like men, or if rules
were the same then?
My free-spoken bobcats,
trapped, believe that the gods have changed
since then. They favor their bruised little paws

and are scared to move.
I favor their short, sharp claws
but am scared to move.

—Elizabeth Macklin

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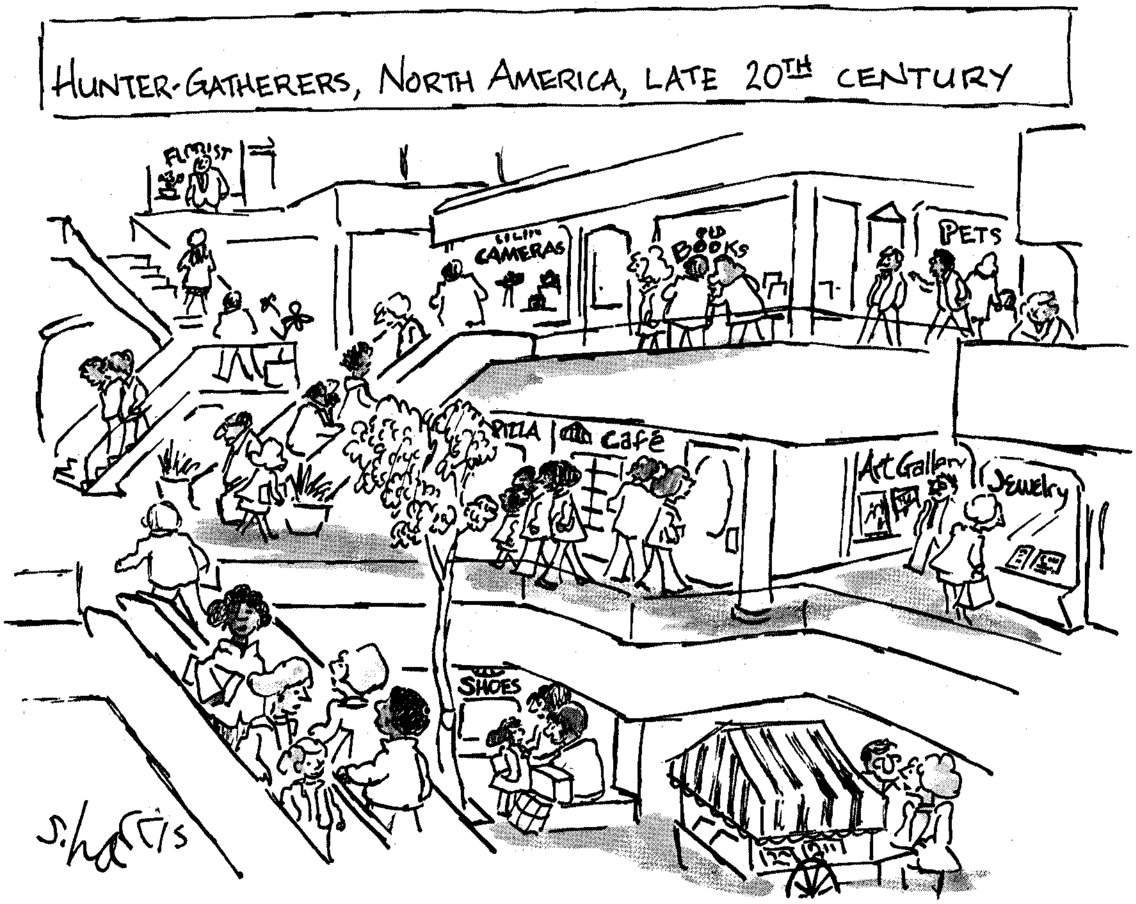
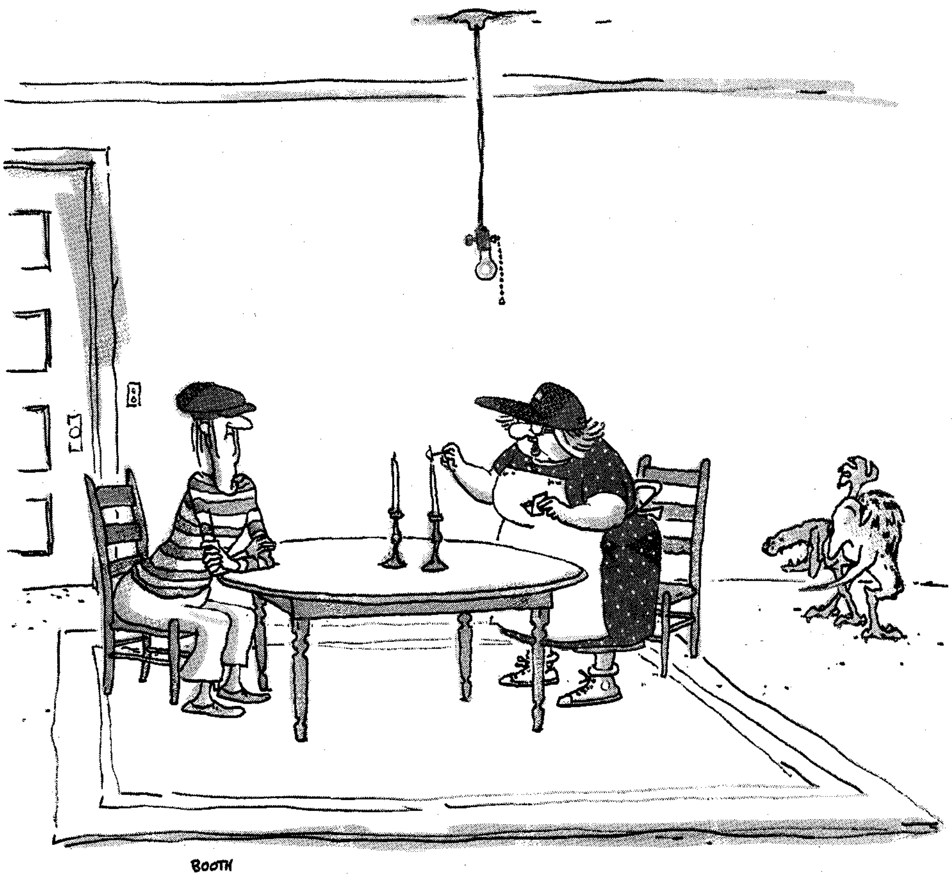

HUNTER-GATHERERS, NORTH AMERICA, LATE 20TH CENTURY

She took the book to the shoe store late the next Saturday afternoon, after going to see the movie "Mazurka," starring Pola Negri. When Else presented the book to Karl, she asked him if he had seen "Mazurka." He hadn't. "Let me show you a scene," she said. Else, dressed in a sailor blouse and pleated skirt, strutted toward Karl, pulled the blouse tight against her flat body in an attempt to mimic Pola Negri's seductive gestures, and sang a song from the film whose lyrics went "What do you know about love when you forget everything in the drunkenness of passion?" She now laughs at the comical aspects of the scene, but Karl was attracted, apparently by the incongruity of Else's boldness and her youth, and he soon took her to his room and made love to her. He seemed to assume that she was more experienced than she was. Else's knowledge of love was derived solely from books and movies. She knew nothing about contraception and thought that babies emerged from women's belly buttons. Sex with Karl was far from the rapture promised in novels and films, but she liked being held, having an audience, and having attention paid to her. When Else and Karl didn't go to bed in Karl's room, they made love leaning against the piles of shoeboxes in the store after closing time. The affair continued for several months, into the spring of 1936.

The Nuremberg Laws, issued in 1935, and other measures taken by the Nazi government deprived Germany's Jews of most of their rights. There were no Jewish junior high schools or high schools in Würzburg. A public school accepted Else and forced her to leave at the end of a semester; another accepted her and she again had to leave. In 1936, there was no longer a school in Würzburg she could attend. By then, too, Jews were not permitted to employ young Gentile women as servants, so the Siegels were without a maid. For a while, Else's mother paid her to fetch coal from the cellar for the tiled stove in the living room, prepare breakfast, and clean the house. Else spent part of her wages on a bicycle. In the summer of 1936, she went to Berlin to visit her Aunt Lee and her Uncle Adolf, who had sold their store in Mannheim. In August, she bought a ticket to the Olympic Games. The week Jesse Owens ran and jumped to four gold medals and Hitler reproclaimed the superiority of the Aryan race, she realized she was pregnant. Upon her return to Würzburg, in early September, she went to a woman doctor, who confirmed her pregnancy.

Plans had already been made for Else to leave Germany in mid-September and attend a Jewish boarding school in Switzerland. While the obvious reason for this was to enable her to continue her education, she eventually learned of a second reason. The Oppenheimers, who for years had convinced themselves that Nazism was a passing phenomenon, had finally come to recognize that their lives were in jeopardy. They would have to leave the country, and they would need money for their departure and resettlement. Otto Oppenheimer and the Rosensteins had arranged to send the owner of the Swiss boarding school a sum several times the cost of keeping Else there; the extra money was to be deposited in a Swiss bank account.

Lilly accompanied Else as far as Montreux. Over coffee and ice cream in a restaurant at the hotel where Lilly would spend the night, Else tried to find the courage to tell her mother she was pregnant. As a child, Else had been friendly with the family's stable hands, who lived in back of the Siegels' house. She often went to their quarters to eat potatoes fried in bacon fat. "My mother ran a kosher home, but I was always attracted to sin," she acknowledges. One evening at Christmastime when Else was only four, the stable hands invited her to see their tree. She was enchanted by its candles, ornaments, and tinsel. She heard her mother calling her in a tone of near-hysteria—Lilly couldn't find Else, and it was dark—but she couldn't tear herself away from the wondrous tree. The servants told her she had better go home. She started to walk home, but she didn't have the courage to be



"This is a night for white wine."

• •

beaten, and hid in the sukkah, a small outbuilding between the house and the servants' quarters, which was used to celebrate the annual holiday of Sukkoth and to store bicycles the rest of the year. Although Else knew her punishment would get worse by the hour, she continued to sit on a bench in the sukkah until her mother found her—and thrashed her. As she sat in the restaurant in Montreux, her small frame laced into a corset she had bought in Germany to conceal her pregnancy during the coming months, an early memory came back to her: it was of hot tears streaming down her face on that cold night in the sukkah, when she was afraid of her mother for the first time. At sixteen, she felt that her life was a series of misdemeanors, punishments, and lack of forgiveness. Else said goodbye to her mother without telling her about her situation, and proceeded alone by train to the school, in Bex.

At the school, Else had a room of her own. She laced herself into the corset every morning in October, November, and December, and released herself each evening. She was so slender that no one suspected she was pregnant. She studied Hebrew and French, learned English from two girls from Wales, and lived in terror of the day of reckoning. It came in January of 1937, when she was seven months pregnant and had begun to faint as a result of tightening the corset laces. She still couldn't face her mother's wrath. Killing herself seemed an easier solution to her predicament. The only question was how. There were no tall buildings in Bex to jump out of. She had no sleeping pills. She thought of "The Unknown of the Seine" and contemplated drowning herself, but there was just a small river near the school—it wasn't deep enough. What else did the novels say? There was a Russian novel she had read in which the heroine lay down in the snow and died. She remembered that the heroine got drowsy and warm and then fell asleep and froze to death. The book had made that death sound painless and easy, and there was an abundance of snow in Bex. On a Friday after the Sabbath dinner, Else walked from the school to a nearby hill, sat down beside a tree in a soft bed of snow, and untied the corset strings. She felt comfortable as she lost consciousness.

ELSE came to some time later in a hospital in Lausanne. She had been found after several hours of lying in the snow. Her lower legs were badly frostbitten and her secret was out. She wrote letters to her mother begging forgiveness. Her mother didn't forgive her, but Uncle Otto paid for a private room for her in what appeared to be a first-class hospital, and Adolf Rosenstein came to visit her when he and Lee were skiing in Villars-sur-Ollon, nearby. "What is your philosophy of life?" Uncle Adolf asked Else. She didn't have one, and Adolf implied that everyone else did, and that in the world of her superiors—her family—she was once again inadequate.

Except for Adolf's visit, Else's hospital stay was agreeable. The doctor seemed friendly. The nurses and midwives treated her kindly. They gave her a corduroy robe to wear, they massaged her frostbitten legs, they took her on walks. A nurse gave Else a pair of knitting needles and some yellow yarn. She knit a baby sweater, unravelled it when she finished it, and knit it again—there was no more yarn. She ate heartily and read prayers in a Hebrew prayer book another nurse had given her. Although the idea of never being again did not strike her as sad, as it would when she was a grownup, she felt glad she hadn't died in the snow, and didn't worry about what she was going to do with the baby. "I knew the hospital had diapers, I knew everything was going to be fine," she recalls.

In early March, Else went into labor. After many hours the doctor put her to sleep with ether. When she woke up, she asked to see the baby. A nurse told her, "There is no baby." She cried, and kept asking "What do you mean, there is no baby?" and "Is it a boy or a girl?" until someone told her the baby was dead. She blamed herself for the baby's death. She was convinced that the baby would have lived if she hadn't laced the corset so tightly and if she hadn't ventured into the snowy night.

Else stayed in the hospital for two weeks and then returned to Würzburg by train. She was still bloated and was kept at home most of the time, so that the neighbors wouldn't find out what had occurred. Not only were her parents angry because of her shameful

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behavior, they wanted her to disclose the identity of the baby's father. She refused, despite her mother's beatings. She had not told Karl about the baby. "In any meaningful sense, the baby had nothing to do with Karl," Else says. "I knew that."

The Siegels arranged for Else to go to Munich to live with Michael Siegel, her father's oldest brother. Michael Siegel, a lawyer, was the only intellectual among the seven Siegel siblings. In 1933, Michael had gone to the police committee in Munich to lodge an official complaint on behalf of a client, a Jewish store owner whose windows had been painted with Nazi slogans. When he got to the room where the committee was supposed to be, he was confronted by a group of uniformed Nazis. They beat him, kicked in his teeth, ruptured one of his eardrums, cut off his trouser legs, and then marched him barefoot through the city with a placard around his neck that read "I am a Jew but I shall never again complain about the Nazis." His photograph appeared in the London *Times* and subsequently in books about the Holocaust. Michael Siegel and his wife had not been told about Else's pregnancy. Although Else had never before been sent to visit anyone on her father's side of the family, the Siegels were hospitable. She worked in a private home that had been converted into a home for children whose parents had been sent to concentration camps. "The babies cried, I held them, they stopped crying," Else recalls. "I liked the job, and on an unconscious level it must have helped me get over the loss of my child."

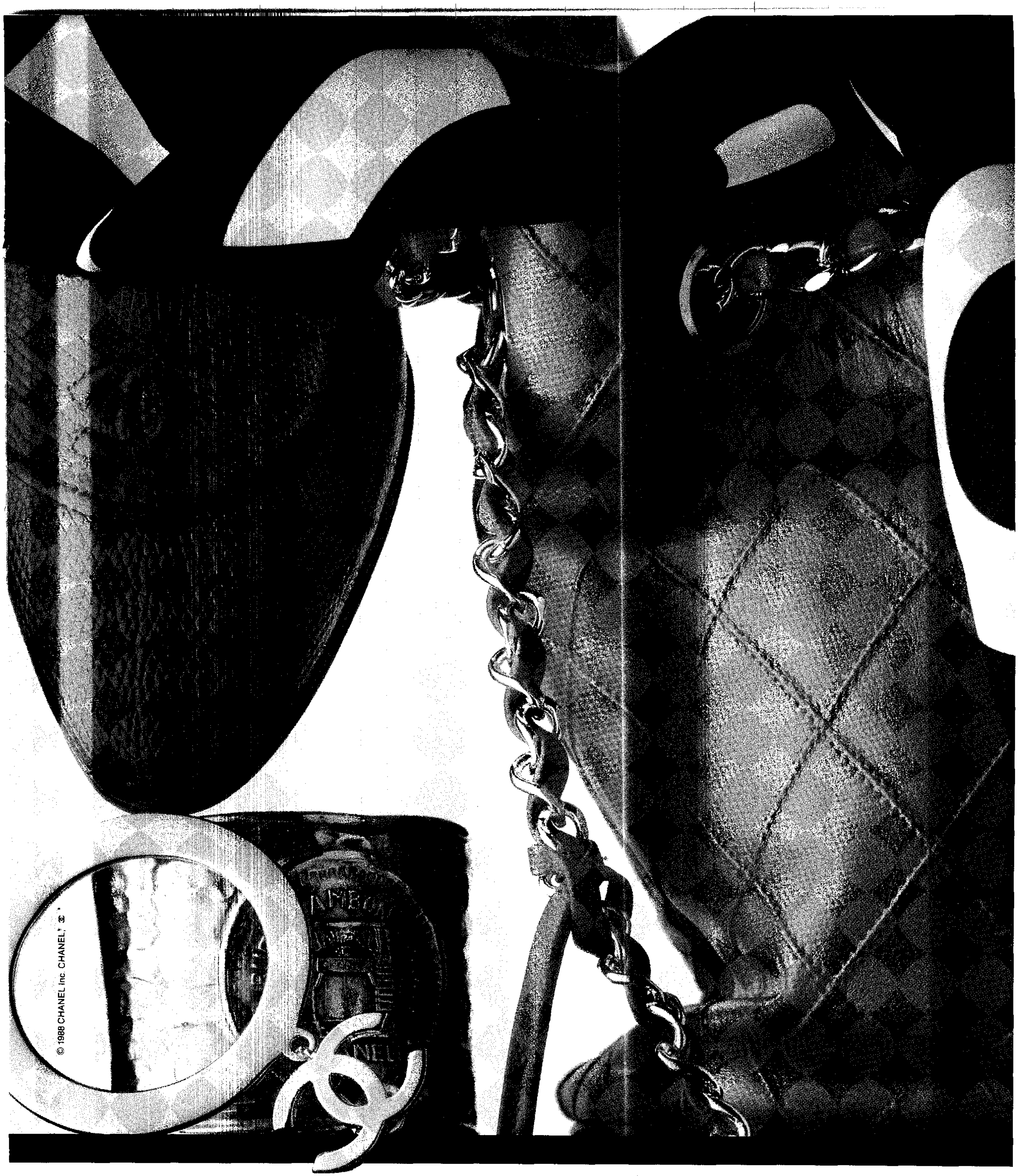
Else was summoned back to Würzburg in August. Otto Oppenheimer had procured an affidavit from an American family in Los Angeles in which they promised to support Else, and a visa admitting her to the United States. Else was to take a sizable amount of money out with her, to be used when the rest of the family immigrated. Lilly and Siegmund accompanied Else to Hamburg on August 25, 1937. She had a first-class ticket on an American luxury liner and was sent off in style. Her trunks and blond pigskin suitcases contained fine clothes, many of them made by her mother's seamstress; two Leica cameras; and several bottles of Bocksbeutel wine wrapped in a Persian carpet. In Hamburg, she was given a hundred dollars and, at the last minute, a large toy dog. Some of the dog's stuffing had been removed and three heavy gold bars had been sewn into the dog in its place. Else, following her parents' instructions, gave the dog to the ship's purser for safekeeping during the ocean crossing. She danced away the nights at sea in custom-made black-and-white taffeta and red chiffon ball gowns with an American boy who had been given a trip to Europe as a college-graduation gift.

Else had been instructed to knock on the purser's door and reclaim the dog as soon as she saw the Statue of Liberty; she had the name of a bank in New York to which she was to take the gold. When she saw the Statue of Liberty, on the morning of September 2, 1937, she went to the purser and asked him for the dog. "I don't know what you're talking about, honey," he said, and simply stared at her. Else disembarked at a West Side pier. A day and a half later, she was to take another ship to Los Angeles, by way of the Panama Canal. Her luggage had been checked through, she had no bank to go to, and she knew no one in New York she wanted to see. She hailed a cab and asked the driver to take her to Radio City Music Hall, a logical destination for a moviegoer. ("You sat in the dark, you were safe.") She saw "The Prisoner of Zenda" and the stage show several times, until the theatre closed. The trip to Los Angeles took two weeks. The ship docked on a Saturday and she was met by her sponsors—a man who worked as a printer, his wife, and their daughter.

As soon as Else walked down the gangplank, she sensed that they had been looking forward to a raggedy refugee to save, not a chic seventeen-year-old with expensive luggage. When Else reached the family's small clapboard house, she gave her sponsors presents, as her parents had told her to do to ingratiate herself with them. Her gifts of wine, a camera, and the Persian carpet made matters worse: the more she gave them the quieter they became. On Monday morning, as she ate breakfast with the man of the house, he asked about her plans. She told him she was going to take a cab to the Wilshire Boulevard Temple to see Rabbi Maxwell Dubin, a correspondent of Michael Siegel's, whereupon the man told her she shouldn't bother to return. Else assumes that he didn't know what to do with an upper-middle-class immigrant, and availed himself of the first opportunity to get rid of her.

Rabbi Dubin didn't know quite what to do with Michael Siegel's niece, either, but he and his wife kept Else overnight. When she told the rabbi she had taken care of children in Munich, he telephoned a couple who belonged to his congregation. The couple had two children, aged nine and eleven, and agreed to hire Else as a maid. They were decent, but the children hit Else with their toys. After a week, she told the parents she couldn't control their demons. They paid her a week's salary—twelve dollars—and she returned to Rabbi Dubin. This time, the rabbi got Else a job as a maid with a childless couple. One afternoon when she had been with them about a month, the wife saw her spit on a living-room mirror and then rub the mirror with a cloth; the woman flew into a rage and fired her. Else returned to Rabbi Dubin. Unaccustomed though the rabbi was to serving as an employment agency, he found her a third job—as nanny to Warner LeRoy, the son of the director Mervyn LeRoy. Mervyn LeRoy was married to Doris Warner, a daughter of Harry Warner, who was one of the four founders of Warner Brothers. The Warners and the LeRoys worshipped at the Wilshire Boulevard Temple.

ELSE was self-conscious when she started working for the LeRoys, at the end of 1937, because, for the first time in her life, she was overweight. Her joy at arriving in the United States—she preferred being with strangers to being at the mercy of her family—had worn off. She had finally forced herself to write to her parents about the thousands of dollars' worth of gold that had disappeared between Hamburg and New York. She ate compulsively, especially at night, and looked plump in her white uniform. She still had to wrap bandages around her frostbitten feet and wear sensible shoes. Two-year-old Warner LeRoy was an adorable child, but Else



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began to despair about her future. She worked six days a week, had no opportunity to meet people her own age on her day off, and felt lonely. She began to wonder if she would ever find a husband, and decided to try to find Karl. Rabbi Dubin referred her to a Jewish organization in Los Angeles that tracked down people who had escaped the Nazis; many months later the organization provided her with Karl's address. It turned out that Karl had fled from Germany to Marseilles and had gone on by ship to Argentina. Else wrote to him in Buenos Aires. To the best of her memory the letter's contents were "I am in service as a maid. No one takes me out dancing or to dinner or to the movies. I had your baby and now nobody wants me. You said you loved me and I need a husband. I think you owe it to me to come here and marry me." Karl wrote back, saying that he would be happy to marry Else. He explained that his visa was about to expire, he needed a country to live in, there was a quota to get into the United States and it was full, but he would be able to get in quickly, without an affidavit of support, if Else would marry him by proxy and send him the necessary papers. She did the paperwork and sent it off to Karl.

The Rosensteins and Abraham and Otto Oppenheimer got out of Europe and settled in Los Angeles in 1938. Else's parents and sister were still in Würzburg. She received a letter from her mother saying that they were having trouble leaving Germany, that Else's father had been imprisoned several times, and that they needed her help to expedite their departure. Harry Warner lived near the LeRoys, and Else often took young Warner to his house for dinner. She told Harry Warner that her parents and her sister were in danger of being killed and asked him to sponsor them. He refused, saying that when he was a boy his family had fled Poland and passed through Germany. The German Jews wouldn't give them food or water, because they looked down on Polish Jews, so he wouldn't lift a finger to help a German Jew. Else taught Warner LeRoy the Hebrew blessing over bread. The following Friday, she dressed him up in a dubonnet silk dressing gown embellished with his initials and a golden crest and took him to the Warners' for dinner. As people were picking up their forks, Else announced, "Warner has something to say." The boy recited the prayer: "*Baruch ata Adonai* . . ." Afterward, having seen tears in Harry Warner's eyes, Else said, "You see, a Jew is a Jew. Help me." Harry Warner called his lawyers about the Siegels' situation.

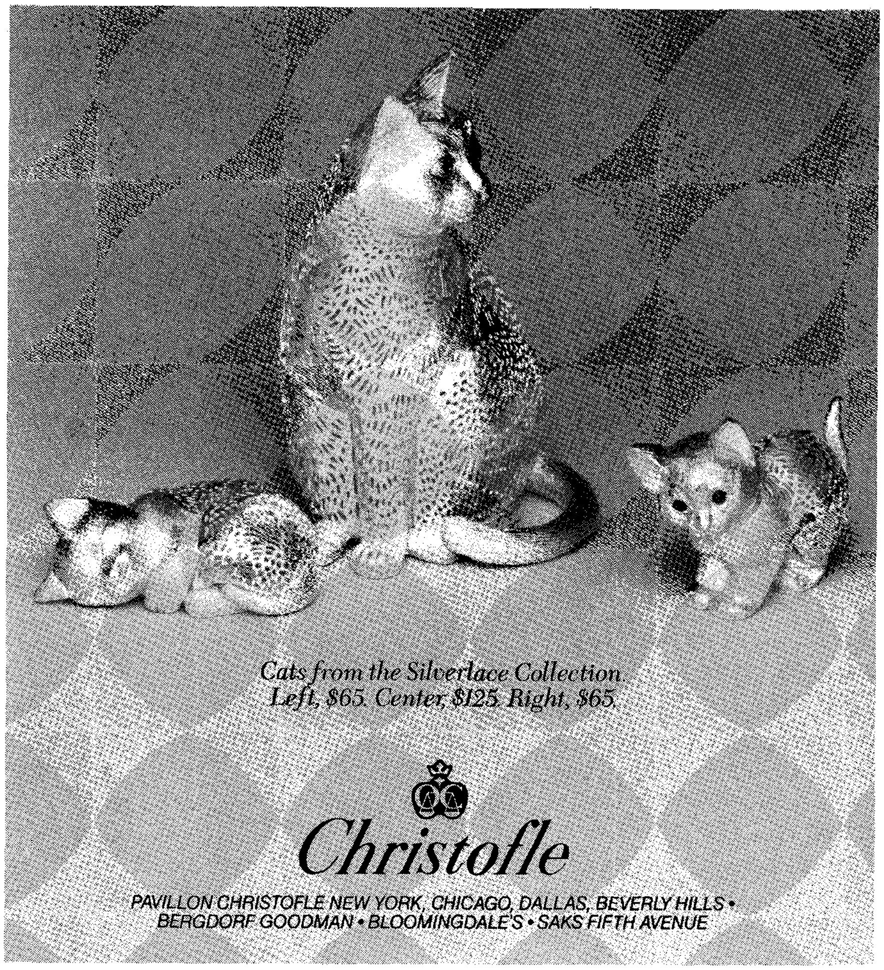
In the spring of 1938, the LeRoys' second child, Linda, was born; she had a professional nanny. Warner turned three in March and went to nursery school in September; he no longer needed a nanny. Harry Warner did Else another favor. He realized that she would be out of work, and asked if she could sew. She had picked up some sewing skills from her mother's seamstress. He said there would be a job for her in the wardrobe department of Warners in a couple of months. In the fall of 1938, she went job-hunting on her Thursdays off and got a job in a shoe factory before moving out of the LeRoys' house and into the Rosensteins' apartment, on South Curson Avenue.

Else glued soles on shoes for a week but kept passing out ("It must have been a form of sniffing glue," she says) and had to quit. She didn't dare tell Peter—as Adolf had renamed himself in America—or Lee. She left the Rosensteins' each morning to look for another factory job, spent the afternoon at the movies, and returned in the evening. She paid seven dollars a week from her savings to sleep on the Rosensteins' living-room floor. She soon landed a job sewing the inseam of slacks on a power sewing machine at a corduroy factory, and stayed there until there was an opening for her at Warner Brothers. That was shortly before her parents and sister reached Los Angeles, in January, 1939.

Working conditions in the wardrobe department were grim for Else. None of her co-workers spoke to her, because she had been put on the job by the boss, and not by the union. (She quickly applied for membership in the Motion Picture Costumers Union, and was admitted in 1941.) She spent the first two hours of her workday—it lasted from 7 A.M. to 3:30 P.M.—ironing dresses, which smelled, because actresses had worn them under hot lights. The rest of the day, she sat at a long table making bust pads and shoulder pads out of lamb's wool. The other women sat around gossiping; she felt excluded. After leaving the LeRoys', Else devised a diet. Every evening, she bought a head of iceberg lettuce and ate it. Her jaws were so tired from chewing lettuce that she couldn't eat anything else. Her weight went down from a hundred and thirty pounds to its customary hundred and five. Else received the silent treatment for a year. When the year was up, Alice, the wardrobe supervisor, told Else she was thin, and asked if she was getting enough to eat. "Yeah," Else replied. "I eat." The following day, Alice brought a portable stove to work and made apple dumplings for Else's lunch. From then on, everyone spoke to her.

Else had been paid sixty dollars a month at the LeRoys'. Her starting salary at Warners was twenty-five dollars a week, which she supplemented in two ways. She knit sweaters at night and wore them to work. Many stars on the lot admired them; Bette Davis, Fay Bainter, and Priscilla and Lola Lane were among those who paid sixty-five dollars for each sweater they ordered from her. Else had come upon a schoolyard full of beat-up bicycles, and she bought one for seven dollars. She polished the spindle, the handlebars, and the wheel rims, painted the fenders, cleaned the chain, and put on new tires and a new bell. She sold fifty one-dollar raffle tickets for the bicycle, banked the profit, and bought and spruced up another bicycle to raffle, and kept it up until she couldn't look another bicycle in the spokes.

When Else's parents arrived, they moved into a large apartment that the Rosensteins had found for them. They were shaken by having narrowly escaped with their lives—on Kristallnacht two dozen Storm Troopers armed with axes had locked them in a room and smashed a good deal of their furniture—but they managed to turn their new apartment into a boarding house. Their guests were other immigrants (some lived there, others came just for meals), who were the relatives of newly successful agents, writers, and producers who didn't want their old-country relatives around to remind other agents, writers, and producers of their humble origins. The guests occupied the bedrooms; Lilly and Siegmund



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and Else slept on sofas in the dining room and living room. In lieu of paying rent, Else washed the dishes every evening. Lilly's heavy German cooking was tasty but greasy, there were many plates to wash, the dishwater had an unpleasant odor, and Else didn't want to do dishes after work. A few months after the Siegels arrived, they needed money to buy supplies for the boarding house. Else had saved thirteen hundred dollars. She offered them a thousand dollars of her savings and asked if she could keep three hundred dollars in her bank account, so that she wouldn't have to start again from scratch. "You give your parents every penny," Otto Oppenheimer told her. "You don't know how much money you cost me in Switzerland." Peter and Otto had started a thriving blouse company, Peter-Lee Blouses, but they were no easier on Else's fifteen-year-old sister Margo, though she wasn't the family sinner. On Margo's second day in Los Angeles, Lee informed her that she would start work the next morning as a live-in maid. She would take care of a newborn child for twenty dollars a month to help her parents instead of going to high school. Margo got polio six months later, and never had a chance to finish high school after her recovery.

In late 1939, life appeared brighter to Else. She was thin again, and, except for the gap between her teeth, she felt prettier. Her co-workers had befriended her, and she was having an affair with a film editor. Warren was a member of the Society of Motion Picture Film Editors, which Else had concluded was the one she wanted to join. Members of that group took the longest lunch hour on the lot, they made good money (when she was earning about thirty-five dollars a week after a year in wardrobe, Warren was earning about two hundred dollars a week), and film editing was the highest position to which she could realistically aspire. There were virtually no women directors or producers in Hollywood. When she and Warren had a dinner date and his assistant had gone home, he showed her how to do the work and she spliced reels for him. She immediately liked handling film. It was similar to knitting and sewing: it was tactile. Else applied for membership in the Society, but her application wasn't accepted. Everyone's brother—and cousin, uncle, nephew, and son—

wanted to join, and there was a long wait. Women members were unwelcome. Else went to the Society once a year and said, "How about it, guys?" and was told no, year after year.

ELSE had put Karl out of her mind, but in January of 1940 she received a letter from him announcing his imminent arrival. The day his ship was due, she couldn't force herself to meet it; her parents went in her place. She did some shopping and dallied for a few hours, and came home in the evening to greet him. "Karl was very handsome, we kissed, it was all right," Else recalls.

Karl and Else were married in May by Rabbi Dubin. She wore a dress that her friends in the wardrobe department had chipped in to buy. Alice was her attendant. After the ceremony, Karl and Else moved into an apartment. Else was glad she no longer had to wash the lodgers' dishes, and felt she had done what was expected of her. She had married a nice, proper man, who knew and liked her, and to whom, in any event, she was already married by proxy. Karl fit into the family, and she had tied up a loose end in her life by marrying the father of the baby she had lost. Warren was reluctant to break off the affair, and it continued briefly—until he used a sharp instrument to slash the interior of a car Karl had bought.

Karl's first job in America was as a salesman for Peter-Lee Blouses. That didn't work out. "Karl is a gentle man, and the Oppenheimers have always been 'The Little Foxes,' " Else explains. He then got a job selling shoes but complained that American women were harder to please than European women. Else had had enough of ironing and sewing. She set her sights on becoming a wardrobe woman. Wardrobe women were responsible for making sure that actresses looked perfect in every shot, that there wasn't an unintentional wrinkle to be seen on the screen, and that the costumes looked the same in scenes filmed weeks apart. With overtime, wardrobe women could earn a hundred dollars a week. In 1942, Else heard that Jimmy Cagney was going to make his own movie, "Johnny Come Lately," at Samuel Goldwyn's studio, and telephoned the production manager there. She told him that Mr. Cagney had suggested she call him—an outright lie. The manager invited Else to see

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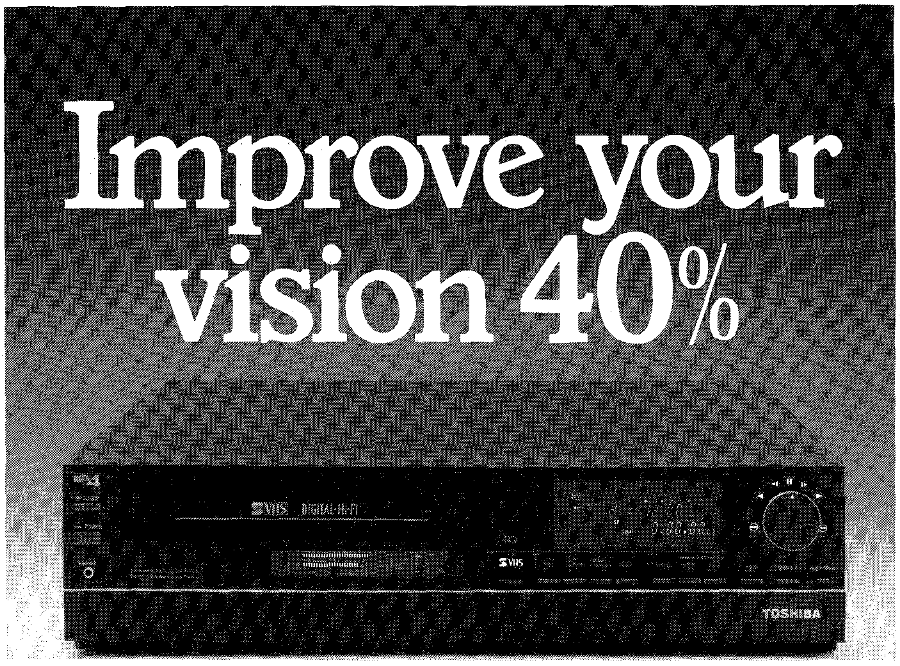

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him the next morning. She arrived a few minutes early, spotted Cagney's office, and went in. "I want this job, and I'm in the costumers' union," Else said. "I've never done it before, and I've used your name in vain." He laughed. The job was hers. She liked working on the set. In the summer of 1943, while serving as wardrobe woman on her second film, she became pregnant. Her marriage to Karl was a Monday-Tuesday-Wednesday marriage—she found him boring—and she thought a baby would improve it: they both wanted a child. She enjoyed every minute of her pregnancy and had an easy delivery. After the baby (who will be called Monica here) was born, in March, 1944, Else completely lost interest in Karl and in her job. Only Monica mattered to her. She managed to transfer her costumers' union card to Karl, who remained a costumer for almost forty years.

When Monica was a year old, Else became restless. She joined the Actors Lab, a California group theatre, and eventually got small parts as an actress. In 1947, she and Karl separated. Karl was having an affair with a woman he wanted to marry, and moved out. Else stayed on in their apartment. Two other aspiring actresses moved in, and the women split the rent—forty-two dollars a month—three ways. In 1948, Else had a bit part in Cecil B. De Mille's "Samson and Delilah." She was a lady in the king's court and appeared onscreen for a minute wearing a blond wig, which, she says, made her look like a cocker spaniel. A year later, Else and Karl divorced, and Else gave up her three-year attempt at an acting career. She acknowledges that she wasn't as pretty—even though she had recently had her teeth capped—or nearly as talented as Ingrid Bergman and a few other actresses from Europe who got the best parts for women with accents in the nineteen-forties. "There was too much rejection and hanging around waiting for the telephone to ring," she says. Else tried a few odd jobs—selling weather stripping, going to bars on behalf of a liquor company to ask if they stocked a particular brand of champagne, peddling car wax in parking lots—but she couldn't get by: the rent was low but she had to pay sitters to take care of Monica. The divorce court had ordered Karl to pay a hundred dollars a month in child support, but he didn't always come through. In 1950, she fell in love with Jim Anderson, an actor with whom she had an affair that was to last nine years.

THE affair began with hundreds of yellow daffodils—a dozen daffodils delivered every hour all one day and accompanied the first time by a card that read "I couldn't find any golden roses." Jim realized that Else wasn't making ends meet; the daffodils were followed by cartons of groceries. When Jim was working, he and Else and Monica ate well, and he ordered champagne by the case. There were long spells when he was out of work, and when they ate pizza for dinner and cold pizza for breakfast, and served spaghetti, salad, and Chianti to guests, who sat around their coffee table on pillows. Jim, a native of Alabama, played the guitar, composed and sang country-and-Western songs, and wore bluejeans before everyone else did, and their life had a certain bohemian charm. Jim was an alcoholic, but he stayed sober in the early years of the affair.

During one stretch of pizza and spaghetti, Else saw an ad in a trade newspaper for a job at Technicolor Lab, cleaning film on the midnight-to-eight shift. The work was dreary, and she hated the hours—she has always preferred to rise and set with the sun—but the job enabled her to spend afternoons and evenings with Monica and Jim, and it got her on the roster of the Film Technicians Union. (The film editors' union was still turning down her annual applications.) She quit after six months, when her legs began to hurt; she had a serious problem with varicose veins and needed an operation to correct it. By then, Jim was drinking heavily and was often away at a treatment center. Friends of Else's paid for the operation she could not afford.

Before her legs had mended properly, she needed work. Another friend got her an interview at Pathé Labs. The interviewer gave her the worst job on the premises for someone with throbbing legs—waxing film. For about a year, Else stood and threaded film into a machine that ran it through a dish of hot wax to protect the emulsion; the dish required constant refilling. At Pathé, she noticed a supervising editor making eyes at her. She limped less when he looked at her, made eyes back at him, and asked him to help her get into the film editors'

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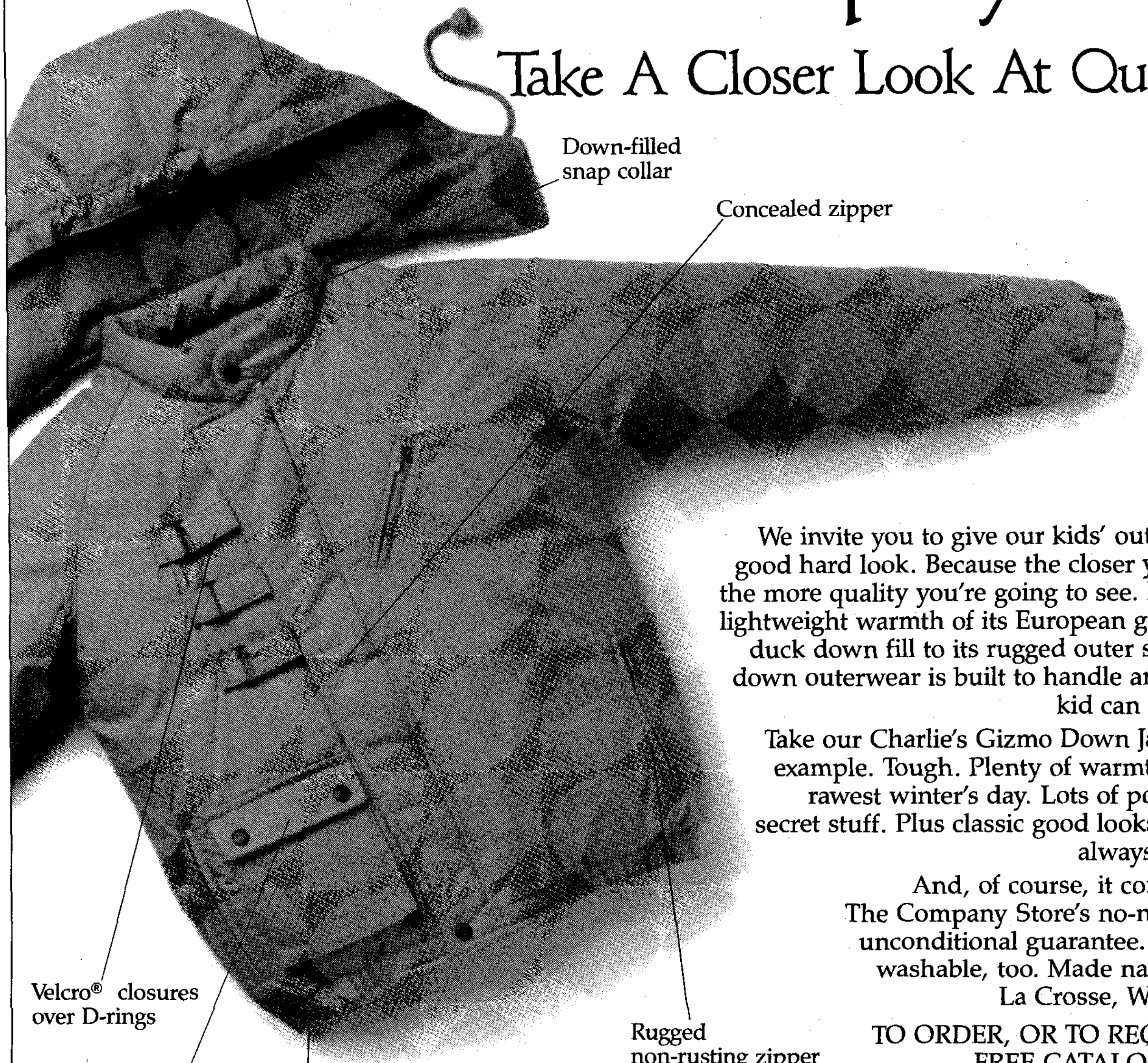
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union. The editor put her application in to the union, and it was accepted. In 1957, she was given a temporary Local 776 card. A few months later, the editor also got her a job as a librarian at General Service Studio, where a TV series called "Private Secretary," starring Ann Sothern, was being filmed. When the script dispatched Ann Sothern to San Francisco, she in fact never left the studio. It was Else's job, for example, to requisition clips of the Golden Gate Bridge and the San Francisco skyline from commercial film libraries, to provide the illusion that Miss Sothern was there. Else lost the job when production came to its annual halt.

If Jim was working, Else was content to stay home with Monica and collect unemployment. If he was out of work, she found another job. The jobs were menial—she edited a commercial for a bathing-suit manufacturer, served as an apprentice to a film editor on the TV series "Lassie," and was an apprentice at a company that produced the series "Medic."

On Thanksgiving Day, 1958, Else got a call from the jail in downtown L.A. Not for the first time, Jim had been locked up for drunk-and-disorderly conduct. She had been working hard and didn't have the strength to go after him. She asked Monica and her boyfriend to pay the fine and bring him home. As soon as they left, she became distraught over what she was doing to her daughter. "Here it is Thanksgiving Day and everyone I know is sitting down to eat turkey," she recalls saying to herself. "And I'm sending my child to the city jail to get my drunken lover out of the tank. This has got to stop. What I need is a decent man to head this household."

Else had a decent man in mind. The day she was inducted into the film editors' union, at a Hollywood hotel, the union's business manager had delivered a speech. "Kids, you have it made," he told the new members. "You're going to get rich beyond your wildest dreams. We'll find you great jobs, and it'll all be easy. You won't have to work Saturdays anymore. Bless you, that will be four hundred and fifty dollars, and you can leave your checks. Consider the money a terrific investment."

The president of Local 776, Folmar Blangsted, rose to his feet. "Bullshit," he said. "None of this is true. You are going to work so hard that very few of you will be able to stay in this line of work. Film is heavy, film is dirty. In this trade, you have to wash your hands before you go to the bathroom. People who have done what you have just been sworn in to do will take terrible advantage of you, because someone took advantage of them. But if you want to be an editor anyway, bless you, and leave your checks over there." Else was attracted by Folmar Blangsted's moral courage. That was the man she was going to marry.

Folmar Blangsted, a native of Denmark, had come to the United States in his late teens, determined to make it in show business. He made it twice: once by *hard work and by being* married to the director Frank Capra's sister, and the second time by hard work and in spite of being married to Capra's sister; after Capra had a falling-out with Harry Cohn, the head of Columbia, Folmar lost his job, which was directing Westerns at Columbia. He started over, as an assistant film editor at Warner Brothers; by 1945, he was a film editor at Warners.

There were a couple of obstacles along the path to marriage. Not only was Folmar unaware for many months of Else's designs on him but he had remarried after his first wife's death. He had met his second bride, who was in her early twenties, at a night club in Havana while filming "The Old Man and the Sea." And Else hadn't broken up with Jim. She kept throwing him out and taking him back, and felt exasperated with herself for being unable to love him less no matter how he mistreated her. Else and Folmar met to discuss their troubles—Folmar had his share—and he was soon helping Else get Jim into and out of the treatment center.

When Monica was four and five, Else had taken the child to her parents' apartment on Friday nights for dinner. Her mother had criticized Monica for not being clean enough or smart enough. Else didn't want to expose Monica to the injuries she had endured, and saw little of her parents while she was with Jim. When she needed money for the varicose-vein

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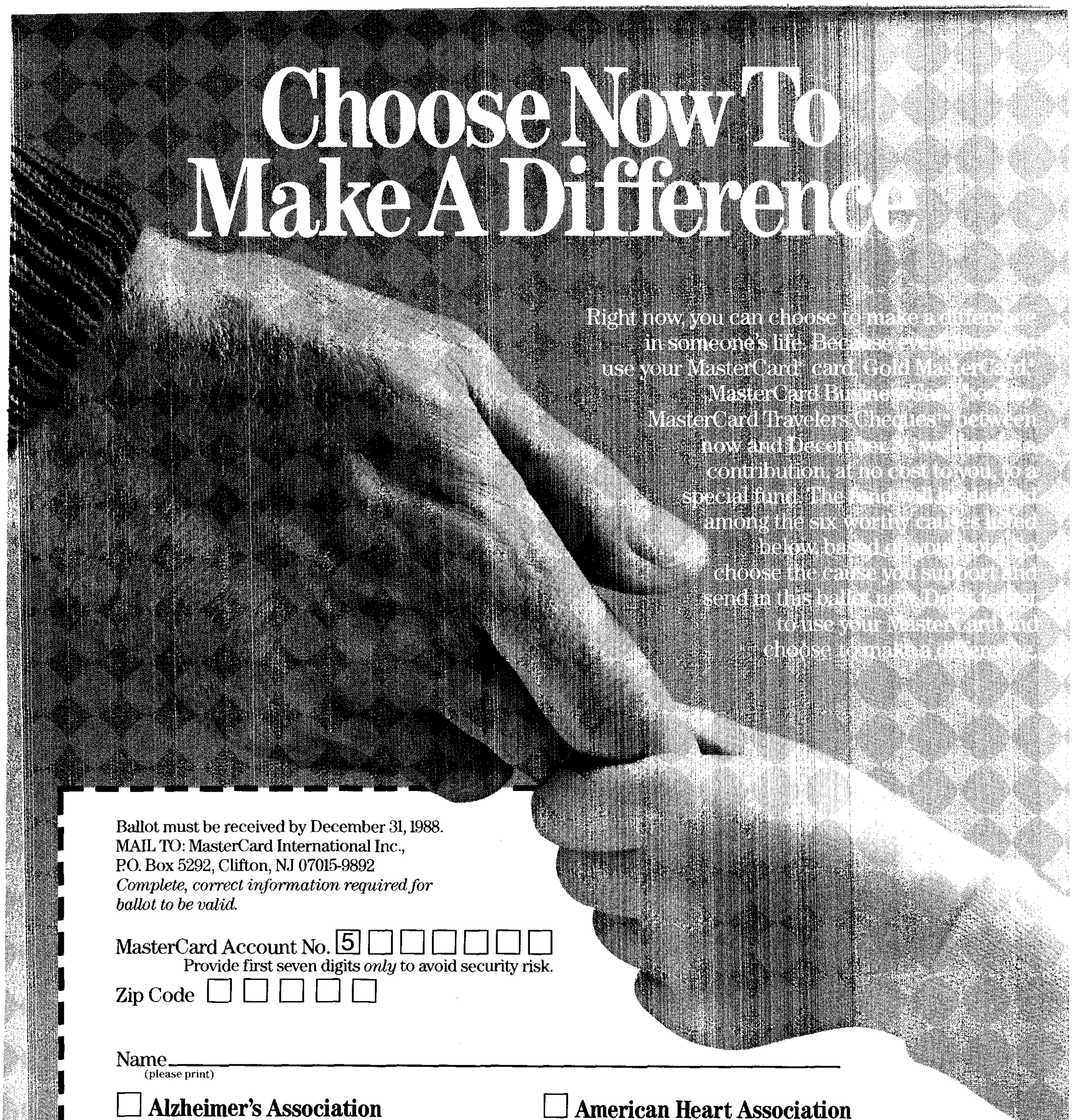

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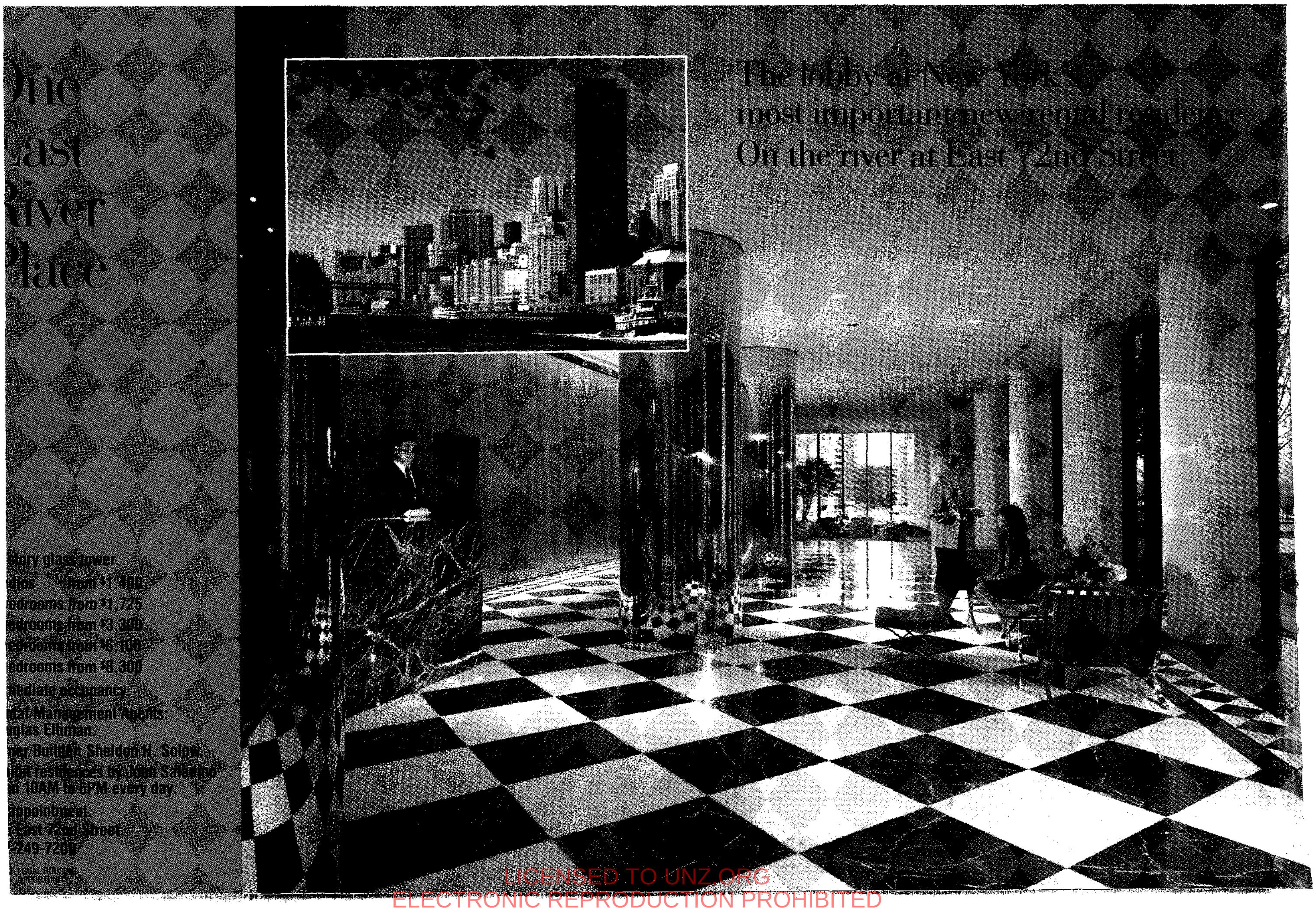
operation, she didn't ask her parents for their help. "A divorce is a divorce," she says. At one point, Else had made the mistake of introducing Jim to her family. She had bought him a navy Brooks Brothers blazer, gray slacks, and a solid-color tie for the occasion, but it had been like taking Stanley Kowalski to Belle Reve. Folmar had courtly European manners, his posture was perfect (it had prompted Jim to call him "the little colonel"), he wore cashmere sweaters, and he drove a Mercedes. After Folmar's second marriage was annulled, Else took him to her parents' for their 1960 Seder dinner. They had retired from operating the boarding house a few years earlier. Folmar went into the kitchen and asked Siegmund Siegel for Else's hand in marriage. Lilly had learned English but Siegmund hadn't and asked Else what Folmar was saying. He seemed pleased when she translated his request, and so was Else, to whom Folmar had not proposed. Folmar insisted on calling Jim, who was in Alabama, for permission to marry her. "He was more your husband than anyone will ever be," he told Else.

Once Folmar had Siegmund's blessing and Jim's, he was eager to marry. A friend flew Folmar and Else to Las Vegas in his private plane. When they got there, they couldn't find a judge; they had both worked late that day, and the judges had left their chambers. They were married in a Las Vegas wedding chapel in April, 1960. Else was almost forty. Folmar was fifty-five. She was short—about five feet four—and trim. He was the same height and stocky, and was pleased that she kicked off her heels for the ceremony. After a three-day honeymoon, spent sitting by a pool and watching people gamble, they flew home and returned to work. A year later, they bought a house on a mountain overlooking Studio City, which Folmar filled with works of art, including Chagall and Picasso lithographs. In 1962, Folmar and Else attended Monica's high-school graduation. Monica wanted to travel and study in Europe before starting college. Else invited Karl and his fourth wife for dinner and asked Karl if he would share the cost. The wife said that Karl no longer felt any financial obligation to Monica. Else and Folmar sent Monica to Europe for two years.

Folmar knew that Else's life had not been easy. He was alternately tight-fisted (the Depression had left a permanent mark on him) and indulgent. He bought her costly clothes, gold and diamond jewelry, and a sable jacket. Mary Cobb, Else's best friend, remembers Else walking into restaurants and theatres wearing a black antelope pants suit with black satin lapels, designed to look like a tuxedo, and Folmar trailing proudly in her wake. When he saw some of her clothes bills, though, he cancelled her charge accounts and suggested that she take a class in advanced pattern-cutting. There are still dresses hanging in her closet which are so well made they could be worn inside out. Folmar liked rituals. He took Else to her parents' apartment for dinner on Friday evenings (she recalls that the only time she was not anxious as a child was when her mother lit the electric Sabbath light in the Siegels' dining room in Würzburg) and to visit the Rosensteins one Sunday a month. He sent Lilly and Lee flowers on their birthdays and for Rosh Hashanah. He and Else visited Siegmund Siegel in the



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hospital in 1964, when he was dying; the Rosensteins had told Lilly not to bother going to the hospital, saying, "Siegmund doesn't recognize you anyway," and she had willingly heeded their advice.

Folmar never let Else forget that he was much older than she was and was likely to die before her; he wanted her to have the satisfaction of work—it gave the marriage balance—and to be independent after his death. In 1960, Else was employed as a librarian at the Primrose Company, a post-production company that provided the sound effects and music for television shows. Not long after she and Folmar were married, she asked a sound-effects editor at Primrose to teach her his trade. He declined, saying she was much too nice a woman to be doing such boring work, and sent her across the hall to a music editor. Music editing is a very technical craft, but Else read music and played the guitar, and she eventually mastered the craft and discovered that she liked working with composers. In 1963, after working briefly as a music editor at Paramount on television series, she switched to Columbia to work on movies. She spent the next six years at Columbia. In 1967, she got her first screen credit, for "Who's Minding the Mint?" She left Columbia in 1969, after the director Richard Brooks called her and asked her to work with him on a movie. Else was then earning about five hundred dollars a week. She asked Brooks for six hundred, and appreciated the fact that he had sought her out and considered her worth the money. Brooks' movie, "The Happy Ending," was a critical failure, but the composer Else worked with, Michel Legrand, was nominated for an Academy Award for one of his songs in it, "What Are You Doing the Rest of Your Life?" Three Oscars are now given for music—for best original song, best original score, and best original song score or adaptation score. There is no Academy Award for music editors. "I'm just a midwife to a composer," Else says. She had by now decided against becoming a film editor, a much better-paying job and one with more status, even before she saw Folmar caught in the cross fire between directors and producers.

Composers are usually permitted to work with the music editors of their choice. Else was chosen by composers like Dave Grusin, whose midwife she

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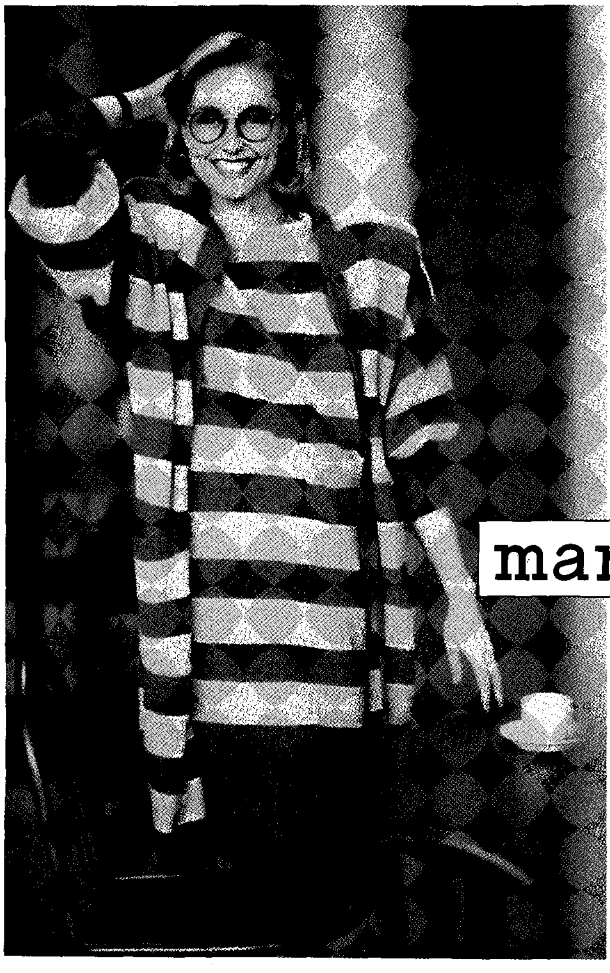

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had been at Columbia on "Divorce American Style." She had worked on three movies directed by Stanley Kramer during her Columbia years, and, like Grusin, he had become a friend. When Kramer made "Oklahoma Crude," in 1973, he asked the composer Henry Mancini if he would work with Else. He said yes—they knew each other socially. "My private life and my professional life became one," Else says. She is a loyal friend and has seen many composers and directors through divorces and other family crises. She is a born matchmaker: she had introduced her friend Mary Hirsch to her friend Lee J. Cobb. Folmar, an introvert, had few friends, but he enjoyed the people Else invited to their house. Invitations to the Blangsteds' Saturday dinners and to their annual Christmas Day pancake parties were readily accepted. Else was never dull. She had strong opinions and didn't hesitate to express them—and she changed them from day to day. Her pastimes changed, too. One year, she learned weaving and wove rugs and cloth; another year, she began taking tap-dancing classes ("I couldn't bear to think I'd die without knowing how to tap"); another year, she studied yoga.

In 1975, the year Else told Pippa Scott the story about the baby she had lost in 1937 and still felt guilty about, she was going from one music-editing job to the next. Pippa Scott was then married to Lee Rich, one of the founders of Lorimar. Else and Pippa had read "Helter Skelter," the book about the Charles Manson murders, and had persuaded Lee Rich to produce a film based on it. That year, she did the music editing on "Helter Skelter," finished editing two other films, and embarked on the editing of a third. The following year, Folmar retired. It was not a happy occasion. His career had started to flounder five years earlier. At Warner Brothers, he had been assigned to films. When times changed, he was unable to change with them. Fewer and fewer good movies were offered to him; there were young film editors in Hollywood who were more willing to hustle for jobs, and who would work for less money.

Folmar was too proud to admit he was retiring for lack of work; he said he was retiring because of a physical ailment. In 1978, his health really did deteriorate. His heart would sometimes stop beating, and he would pass out for as much as ten seconds at a time. Smoking four packs of cigarettes a day had caused a circulation problem; his hands were always cold, and he carried a heating pad around and plugged it into the nearest outlet. He had a heart attack and required a pacemaker. He was operated on for cancer of the prostate. An eye ailment affected his vision. Worst of all, he forgot or grew confused about the most ordinary things. Else asked him to replace a light bulb that had burned out; he unscrewed the light switch instead. He walked to her cutting room to ask her something, and by the time he got there he had forgotten his question.

By 1979, Else had begun to run away from Folmar's illness; she felt she was being pulled into the grave. Work was her refuge. In 1979, after doing the music editing on ". . . And Justice for All" and "The Electric Horseman," she took Pippa Scott's advice and incorporated herself. She hired herself and an assistant out by the

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week, charged a weekly rate for the moviolas and computers she had bought, and began to enjoy the tax benefits and the independence of being Else Blangsted, Ltd. She charged seventeen hundred dollars a week for her services and eight hundred and fifty dollars a week for those of her assistant. In 1980 and 1981, her screen credits included "The Great Santini," "Ordinary People," "Absence of Malice," "Fort Apache, the Bronx," "On Golden Pond," and "All Night Long." While Else worked, Monica, a painter who had got a master's degree in psychology, took a year off from her job, working with disturbed children, to help care for Folmar as his physical and mental health continued to decline.

In July, 1982, Folmar started to wander around the house and outdoors and to fall. One night, Else had to call neighbors to help her pick him up. The next day, she telephoned an ambulance and had him admitted to the Motion Picture Hospital. After he had been there eight or ten days, his mental condition got worse, and he was moved to a back ward of the nearby Motion Picture Country House, where the mentally incapacitated were kept, and where his constant cries for "Else! Else! Else!" would not disturb hospital patients or their visitors. He could no longer sit or hold up his head, and was propped up in a wheelchair. He was in pain but could no longer swallow pain pills. Else fought with the doctors and nurses and the board of trustees of the Motion Picture Hospital to have Folmar transferred back to the hospital. She won her fight a few hours before Folmar died, on August 11, 1982. The causes of death listed on his death certificate were inanition and debilitation and severe Alzheimer's disease. Else had never heard of Alzheimer's, and none of the doctors who treated Folmar had ever diagnosed it.

The week after Folmar's death, Else flew to Canada to work with Michel Legrand and Norman Jewison on "Best Friends;" it was a commitment. She then worked on "Tootsie" with Dave Grusin and Sydney Pollack—another commitment. In early 1983, Else went to visit Dave Grusin and his wife at their winter home, in Aspen. She was grieving over Folmar's death and could hardly finish a sentence without crying. For over a year her friends found her dispirited and disoriented. She didn't know where to live. She was angry with the Picassos and Chagalls, because they were unchanged and Folmar, who had loved them, wasn't there to admire them. She spoke of moving in with Mary Cobb, who had been widowed seven years earlier, or of moving East. She was sad that she and Folmar would never retire to Switzerland together, as they had spoken of doing. Overwhelmed by her loss and by guilt, she went to see a psychiatrist. She felt guilty that when Folmar changed from a husband into an invalid she had been resentful, because she felt he had deserted her; that she had been unable to play the role of Florence Nightingale; that she hadn't realized Folmar's strange behavior was a consequence of Alzheimer's. The psychiatrist was comforting. She convinced Else that she was being too hard on herself, that she had done the best she could, and that she was not to blame either for her human failings or for her lack of medical expertise. By the middle of 1984, Else's pain had

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subsided. She was again able to enjoy the house, her two cats, and her garden. That year she was as busy as ever, working on a good television movie, several dreadful movies, and several good ones.

ONE evening in October, 1984, Else came home from a long day of work. She had been cutting the music into a Meryl Streep–Robert De Niro movie, "Falling in Love." The telephone rang. It was Lee Rosenstein, who seldom called. She read Else an ad that had appeared in a recent edition of *Aufbau*, a newspaper that is published in New York and whose subscribers are primarily aging Germans who escaped the Holocaust. The ad read "Lily KOPITOPOULOS, born in 1937 in Switzerland, is looking for her mother Else SIEGEL, born in 1920 in Würzburg, Germany, daughter of Siegmund and Lilly Oppenheimer."

All Else could think of was a scene that had taken place on a Sunday afternoon in the early seventies. She and Folmar were visiting Otto Oppenheimer at the Rosensteins' house, in Beverly Hills. Lilly Siegel was there, too. They were sitting on the backyard patio. Otto had recently undergone shock treatments for depression. He rarely spoke to Else, but that Sunday he asked her why she was so quiet. She told him she had taken a good deal of codeine that morning for a migraine headache.

"What's this about headaches?" Otto inquired.

"I've had them since I lost the baby in Switzerland," Else replied. The patio was suddenly still.

"The baby, the baby, let me tell you something about your baby," Otto said, in a tone of deadly sarcasm. "I used to see that baby every year on the French Riviera."

Else started to cry and ran into the living room.

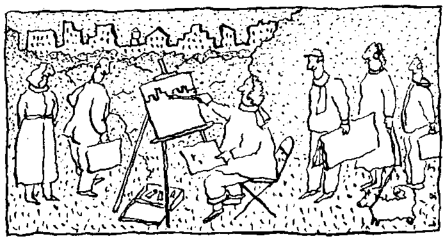
Folmar, to whom Else had frequently spoken about the stillborn baby, followed her. "Don't be silly," he said. "Otto just wants to hurt you. He's crazy. They've just let him out of the hospital." He drove Else home and called Mary Cobb. Mary also persuaded Else that Otto had only been trying to torment her.

"Are you in shock?" Lee asked her niece after a long silence, during which Else heard the words with which Otto, now dead, had taunted her.

"No," Else replied. She asked Lee to mail the ad to her. After Lee advised Else not to mention the ad or its contents to her mother ("She is an old lady and it would stir up too much excitement in her"), Else hung up the telephone and went to bed.

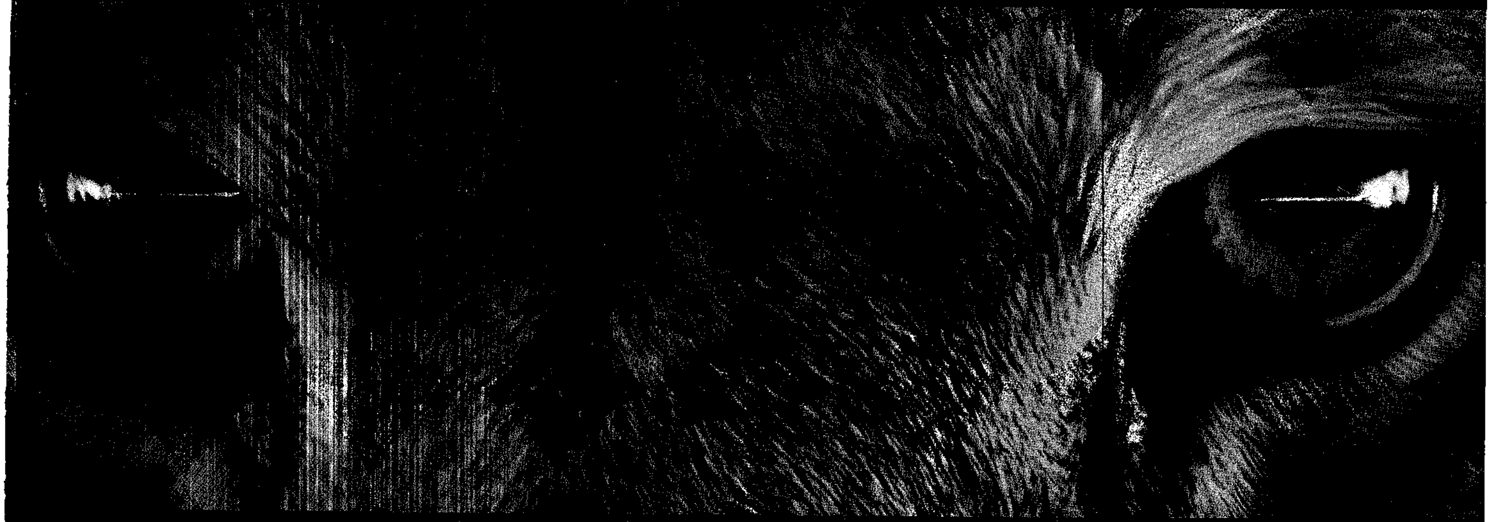
A GIRL named Herta Martine Siegel was born in a hospital in Lausanne on March 5, 1937, at 5:45 P.M. She was immediately taken from the hospital to a nursery run by an order of Protestant deaconesses for children whose parents, for one reason or another, couldn't keep them. The baby, who was referred to on a chart that recorded her weight for the first two weeks of her life only as *Petite Malheureuse*, developed bronchial pneumonia. One sister in charge of the nursery was inclined to let her die. "It's all right," Sister Rose said. "She has no parents anyway." The baby came to the attention of Sister Marguerite, another deaconess, who was in charge of Êben-Hézer, an institution for handicapped children and adults in Lausanne. Sister Marguerite was entitled to take in one normal child a year. She chose *Petite Malheureuse*, restored her to good health, and returned her to the nursery.

When Herta Martine was a few months old, a childless couple, Clara and Werner Schmutz, came to the nursery with the intention of adopting a boy. There were three babies in the nursery at the time of their visit—two boys, who were asleep, and Herta Martine, who was awake and smiling. Mr. Schmutz pointed to the girl and said, "That's the one we'll take." After a three-month trial period, the Schmutzes were satisfied, and decided to adopt Herta Martine Siegel. They became her legal guardians, and renamed her Liliane Claire Schmutz—Liliane because Mr. Schmutz had once been in love with a model named Lily, and Claire after his wife. The Schmutzes were German-Swiss who would have preferred to be French-Swiss. French culture was deemed more refined; French-Swiss didn't send their children to German Switzerland to learn the language. Clara called herself Claire (to Lily she was Maman), and the Schmutzes generally spoke French at home. Lily Schmutz's adoption did not officially take place for four years, because, according to the documents in her dossier, her mother, Else Siegel, had never given her consent to an adoption. Then, in 1941, the Swiss authorities were informed of a new German law whereby Herta Martine Siegel would lose her German citizenship, "probably because her mother was Jewish and her father unknown," and they agreed to waive the mother's consent and permit the adoption to go through.



When Lily Schmutz was eight, a classmate told her she was adopted. She felt as if she had fallen into a deep, dark hole. As soon as she got home she asked Claire Schmutz if it was true. Mrs. Schmutz said it was. Lily questioned her constantly about the circumstances of her birth. Claire told and retold her what little she knew. A year or so after Lily came to the Schmutzes, her natural grandmother—sometimes Claire said it was her grandparents—had appeared with a large white stuffed bear and a sum of money. Claire Schmutz had learned that Lily's mother had never seen her, that despite numerous beatings she had refused to reveal the identity of the baby's father, and that she had worn a corset during her pregnancy. Claire knew the name of the hospital in which Lily was born and the name of the doctor who had delivered her, and told Lily that the reason her mother hadn't been able to keep her was that she was only sixteen at the time of Lily's birth. One evening when Lily was about ten, she rummaged through a drawer in the living-room credenza when her parents were out, and found her dossier, in a yellow-jacketed file labelled "Lily." From then on, she looked forward to her parents' outings and often reread the papers pertaining to her birth and adoption.

Claire Schmutz, who came from a middle-class family, was thirty-six when Lily was born. She was attractive and conventional, dressed stylishly, and had a flair for entertaining. Werner Schmutz, one of ten children from a poor family, was four years older than Claire. Thanks to his own diligence and his wife's money, he became



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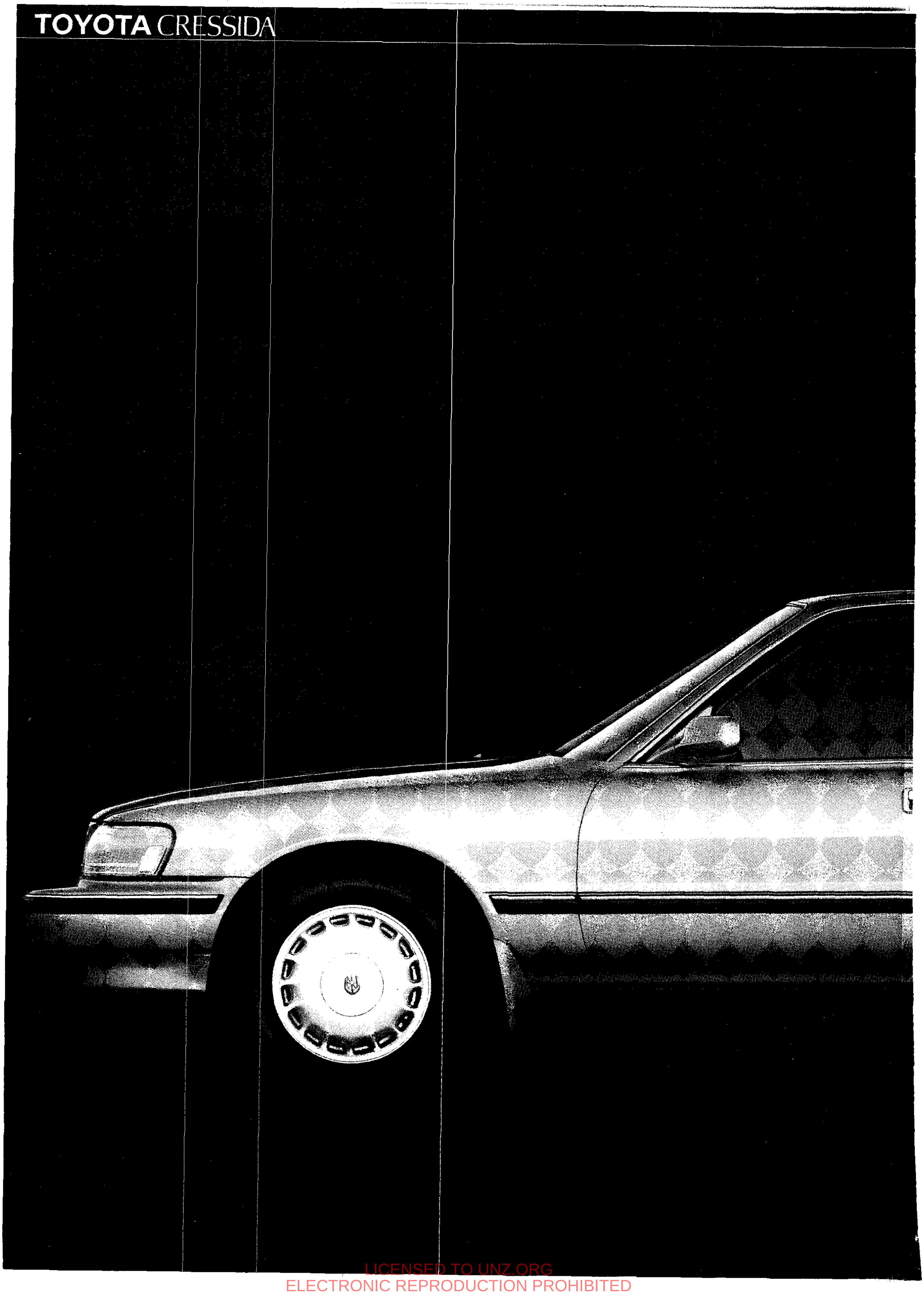
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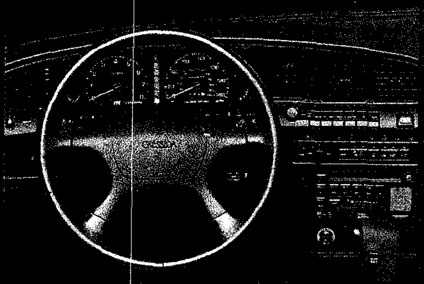

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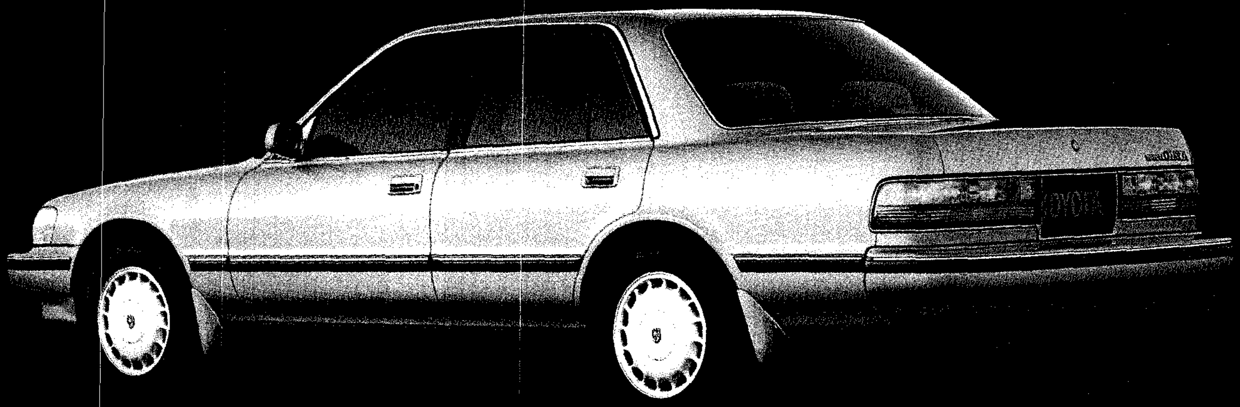

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the owner of a tile business. The Schmutzes were well-to-do by the time they adopted Lily. They lived in a spacious apartment in Lausanne near Lake Leman. Claire had a strain of unhappiness in her: she always wanted to live on the Avenue de Rumine, a more fashionable street, one block away.

Lily remembers Claire with more appreciation than love. “Claire raised me from infancy to marriage, but she didn’t know how to express affection and she never knew how to handle me,” Lily says. “To Claire, I was a naughty child, and she had apparently hoped for a perfect one, if she wanted a child at all. Claire seemed to lack maternal feelings. I often thought she agreed to the adoption only because my father wanted a child so badly. She told me that if my diapers were wet and the maid wasn’t there she waited for my father to come home to change them. She also waited for his return from the office so she could give him the latest account of my misconduct and tell him to spank me, though he felt ill each time he had to lay a hand on me. When I was four, Claire took a boy from a nursery on a trial basis. She sent him back because he was dirty. I was terribly disappointed. I was lonely and really wanted a brother or a sister.”

Claire kept trying to make Lily live up to her expectations. Lily put on a pair of slacks to go out; Claire insisted that she change into a skirt. Lily said, “*Je m’en fous*” (“I don’t give a damn”); Claire would tell her she had to say, “*Ça m’est égal*” (“It’s all right with me”). Claire cried often and was quick to get angry over trifles. If Lily made a spot on the tablecloth, Claire spoke of nothing else until dinner was over. Every evening when Lily went to bed, she had to say, “Good night and thank you” to her mother.

The ritual nightly thank-yous didn’t upset Lily, but the constant misunderstandings with Claire cast a shadow over her childhood. She would be speaking amicably with her mother, they would take opposite points of view on a subject of no significance, and the conversation would deteriorate into a bitter quarrel. After one verbal battle, Lily was so wrought up that she bit into a glass from which she had been drinking water. After another, she became so furious that she locked Claire in the kitchen. Rage once provoked Lily to grab Claire’s arm and scream, “You don’t understand me!”

Lily wanted Claire to make her feel loved; instead, Claire gave her what money could buy. Lily envied her childhood friend José, whose mother made her dresses (“That was giving something of herself”), as much as José envied Lily the costly dresses and shoes that the Schmutzes bought and her own parents could not afford. “Claire tried to buy me off with material things,” Lily says. “She wanted affection from me, and I refused to give it to her. A child wants a strong mother. I sensed I was stronger and more intelligent, and I crushed her.” Lily preferred her father: he was loving and easygoing, and had a cheerful nature. She was fond of Sister Marguerite (Êben-Hézer was near the Schmutzes’ apartment) and of a friend of the family she called Aunt Hélène. Aunt Hélène liked Lily the way she was, had no preconceived notions of how she ought to be, and took her side against Claire when she believed that Lily was in the right.

Lily accompanied her parents on their annual Easter holiday to the Riviera. She saw her first striptease in Bandol when she was thirteen. The Schmutzes liked to play roulette, and they took Lily to the casino in Cannes when she was sixteen. “Lily had a role in Claire’s scheme of things,” José says. “It was to be a well-behaved, well-dressed miniature grownup to be shown off everywhere.”

As the only child of older parents, Lily spent a lot of time with adults. She preferred the company of her contemporaries, particularly young men. She was sexy, pretty, charming, and flirtatious, and had her first love affair when she was fourteen. When she was eighteen, another of her beaux got her pregnant. She didn’t dare tell her mother about her misadventure but confided in her father. Werner Schmutz arranged for one of the best doctors in Lausanne to perform an abortion, and took Lily to the clinic for the procedure in December of 1955. He brought her flowers, and told Claire that Lily was at the clinic because of a urinary-tract infection. Costas, a friend of Lily’s, came to the clinic to visit her. He was accompanied by his cousin, a twenty-year-old Greek named Sarantis Kopitopoulos. Pico Kopitopoulos had come to Switzerland

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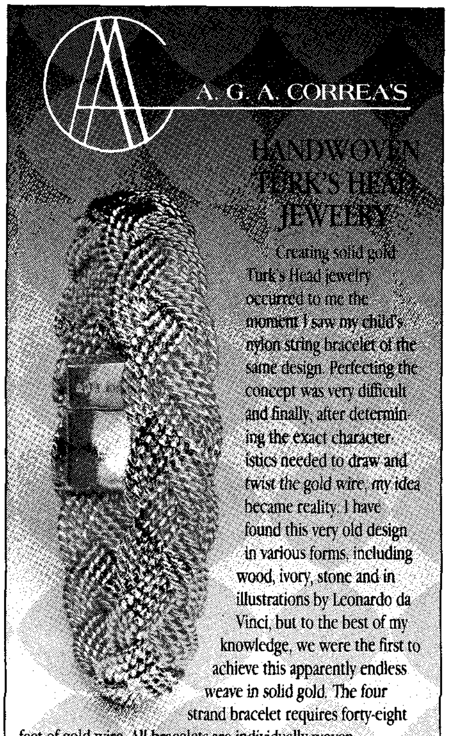

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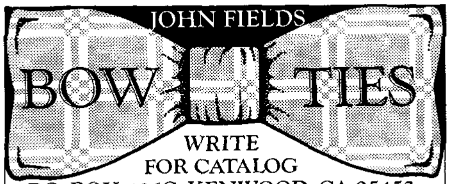

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from Greece to study chemical engineering. "I took one look at Pico and told Costas, 'That's the man I'm going to marry,'" Lily says. Lily and Pico began courting. She wanted to marry him quickly, but Pico's family observed a tradition of having the sons wait to be married until all the daughters were married, and the youngest sister didn't marry until 1957.

Claire and Werner Schmutz liked Pico and gave the young couple an engagement party. The table was decorated with swans carved out of ice; the place cards were lettered in gold; a waiter wearing white gloves served the guests lobster, filet mignon, three wines (including the pride of Werner's cellar, a 1945 Château Lafite), and champagne. Lily and Pico were married in 1958, in a Greek Orthodox church in Lausanne. Lily, an indifferent student, had hated school. "I always said I didn't care how dreary school was, I'll go home at noon and see if there's something in the mailbox from my mother," Lily says. She dropped out of high school at sixteen, attended a school of social work for three years, but then, because she was so much in love, left before obtaining a certificate that would have enabled her to teach nursery school. She took up shorthand and typing and worked in her father's office until she became pregnant, in October, 1960, the month Pico graduated from the École Polytechnique in Lausanne. He became a consulting engineer and within a few years had his own company, which adapts pipes to be used for waste disposal.

Lily was anxious for the duration of her pregnancy. Because she knew nothing of her genetic background, she wondered if her first child would be normal. Pico, who was the youngest of six children, had a brother who was a schizophrenic. The brother came to stay with Lily and Pico while she was pregnant. "It was hell," she recalls. She couldn't wait to give birth to the first blood relative she would set eyes on—one who would perhaps resemble her natural parents. Derko Kopitopoulos was born on July 3, 1961. "To see Derko was a little like seeing my ancestors," Lily says. "He resembled me, and eventually had the same gap between his front teeth that I was born with." Lily was more relaxed when she was pregnant again; her second son, Sandy, was born on July 3,

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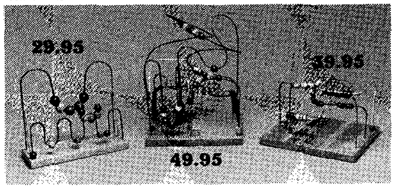

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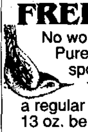

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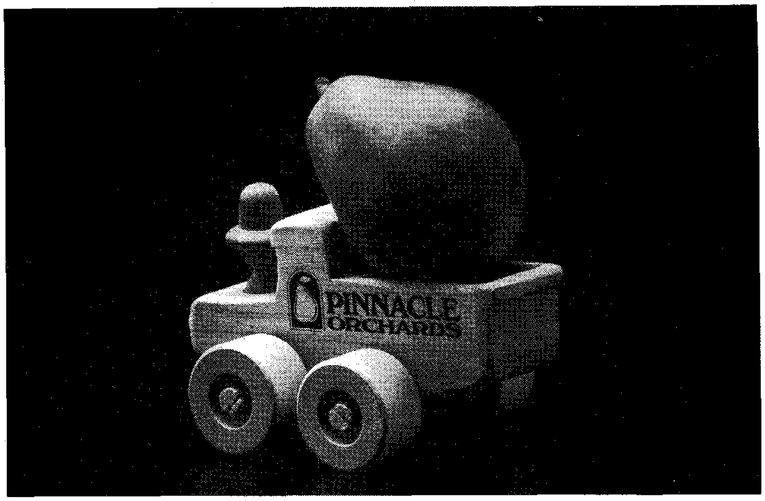
1965, and was the image of his father.

The sixties and seventies were not easy years for Lily. She was certain that Pico was the right husband for her—he was bright, good-looking, and never boring—but she felt overwhelmed by his family. His parents and his sisters thought she and Pico had no problems, and frequently came from Athens for long visits. "It was as if we were the Red Cross," Lily says. And she did have problems. She was hurt because Pico appeared to have more time for his relatives than for her and because the sundry Kopitopouloses intruded on their marriage. She experienced nervous crises. When Pico was five minutes late coming home for dinner, as he inevitably was, Lily went wild. There were days when she couldn't eat or sleep, and nights when she was so unhappy she left the house and walked the streets. No one could reach her, no one could comfort her. In 1974, she went into psychoanalysis. Lily describes her life up to that time as divided into two compartments: her life with her adoptive parents and, later, with her husband was in one compartment; her obsession with finding her real parents was in another. Whenever she was in a crowd—at theatres, at movies, at airports, on the street—she stared at women who looked something like her and appeared to be about sixteen years older, and asked herself if this one or that one might be her mother. Lily had told Pico she was adopted when they met at the clinic, and he soon became aware of the importance she placed on knowing who her mother was—just as aware as her friends and Claire were. "Claire trembled all her life that I would seek my mother and find her or that my mother would turn up to claim me," Lily says.

Claire Schmutz died, of a stroke, in 1964, and Werner Schmutz, of cancer, in 1969. Lily hadn't looked for her mother while they were alive—that would have seemed an act of betrayal. For the next eight or ten years, she was preoccupied with bringing up her sons and dealing with her problems, but the idea of finding her mother was always on her mind. Lily felt sympathetic toward Else Siegel, because she herself had been pregnant at eighteen, when she was already older than Else had been at the time of her birth. She went over and over the facts she knew. She was pleased that her sixteen-year-old mother hadn't consented to her



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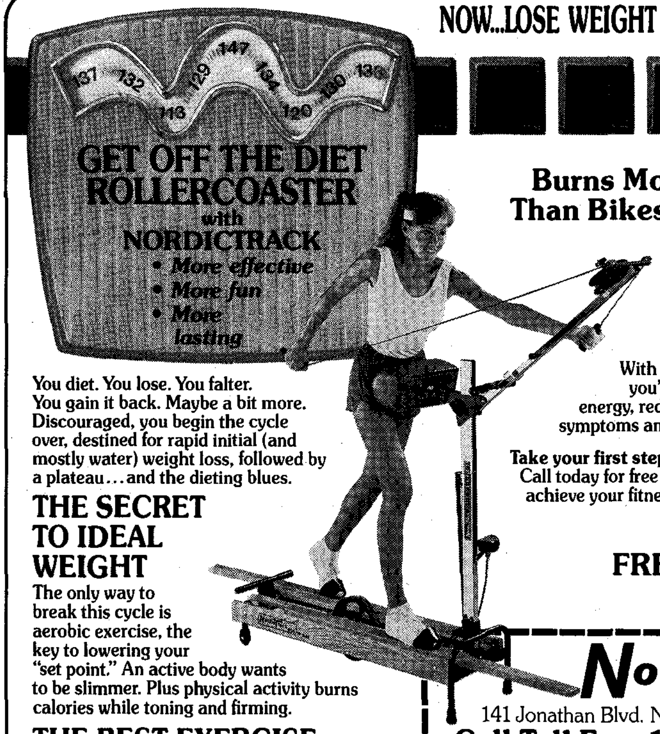

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adoption but puzzled that she hadn't seen her, which Lily took to mean that she hadn't wanted to see her. This not wanting to see the child she wouldn't sign away struck her as a mysterious contradiction. By the same token, she was pleased that her mother hadn't revealed her father's name, because that seemed to demonstrate that she had character; yet her silence also conjured up the possibility that she had been raped, perhaps by someone in her family.

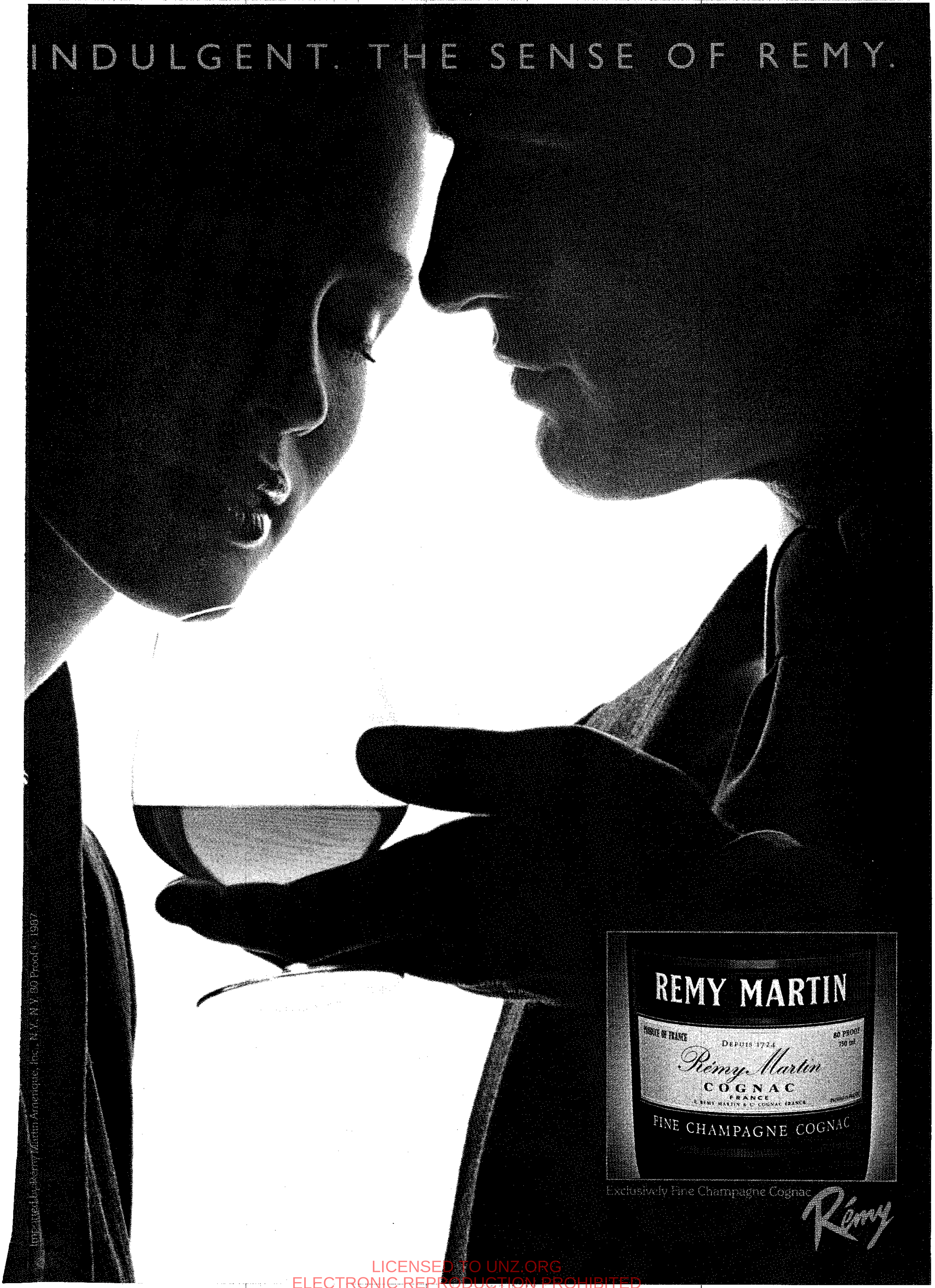
IN February, 1978, Lily made an attempt to find Else Siegel. She knew from her dossier that her mother was born in Würzburg. She asked Pico's secretary to call all the Siegels listed in the Würzburg telephone directory and ask if they were related to Else Siegel. Pico's secretary told each person with the surname Siegel whom she reached in Würzburg that she was calling from a lawyer's office about an inheritance; she thought that if there was money at stake people would be more apt to give the matter serious consideration. No one had a family member named Else Siegel.

Lily put off the search for her mother for another five years. She was in analysis until 1979; by then, her nervous crises had come to an end. In 1980, she had to have operations on her feet and was in bed for two months. In 1981, the husband of one of Pico's sisters died of a brain tumor in Lausanne; he had stayed at Pico and Lily's house during his final illness. Pico's father died in 1982. It wasn't until 1983 that Lily felt physically and emotionally prepared to seek her mother again. That year, when she took out her dossier she concentrated on the one page that had been added to it since she first discovered it, as a child. In 1956, Werner Schmutz had written to a Swiss bank about the whereabouts of a Mr. Adolf Rosenstein, of 906 South Curson, in Los Angeles. The name Adolf Rosenstein meant nothing to Lily; she assumed that it was the name of a lawyer who had tried to help get her mother out of Europe. When Derko Kopitopoulos went to New York City and Boston to visit friends, at the beginning of 1983, he looked for Else Siegel's name in the telephone directories of both cities. Lily doubted whether Else's name was still Siegel; she assumed that Else had married between 1937 and 1983. She hoped her mother was alive and was reluctant to give up that hope, but in January, 1983, she knew she would be able to accept the consequences of the search.

IN 1982, an elderly bachelor named Maurice Adus had died in a nursing home outside Lausanne. One of the beneficiaries named in his will was a distant cousin, Helene Margulies, who lived in Florida. Mrs. Margulies' sister, Selma Hirsh, the associate director of the American Jewish Committee in New York City, learned from Helene that the lawyer representing the estate of Maurice Adus was César Adès, of Lausanne. In a telephone call to Mr. Adès to discuss the management of the estate, Mrs. Hirsh mentioned that she was with the American Jewish Committee. Mr. Adès told her that he was the general secretary of the Jewish Community of Lausanne.

César Adès and his wife appeared, unannounced, in Selma Hirsh's office in New York in June, 1983. They were on their way to Massachusetts for a granddaughter's Bas Mitzvah. After commenting on the similarity of the names Adès and Adus, César Adès told Selma Hirsh about Maurice Adus's failing health; during his nursing-home years, Adès had served as conservator for the estate. "By the way, I have a dear friend in Switzerland whose wife has been looking for her mother," Adès said as he rose to leave. "She has the feeling that her mother escaped the Holocaust and settled in America. I know it's a long shot, but when I return home I'd like to be able to tell my friend I tried to be of help." César Adès gave Selma Hirsh a copy of Lily Kopitopoulos's birth certificate, which Pico, with whom Adès frequently played bridge, had recently given him. Selma Hirsh thought it was definitely a long shot, but she wanted to be polite and said she would see what she could do.

After Adès left, Selma Hirsh referred the matter to a colleague who had a good friend at HIAS, the Hebrew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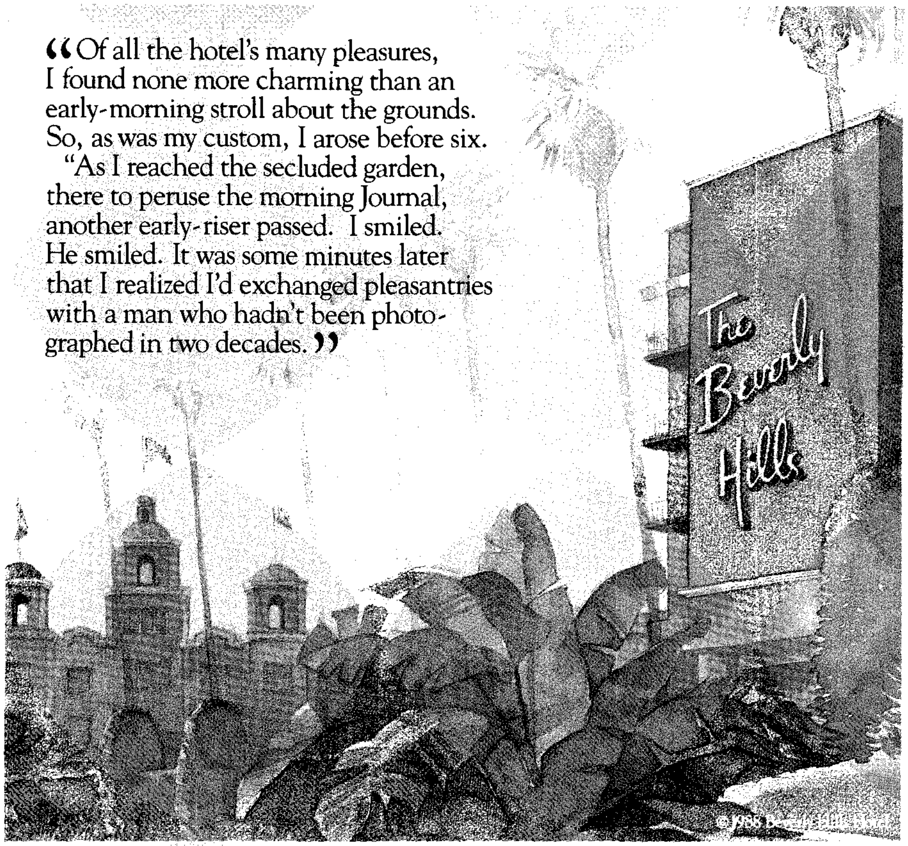

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Immigrant Aid Society. She knew that HIAS had a department that specialized in finding lost relatives of immigrants. After getting in touch with HIAS, Selma Hirsh’s colleague told her that if Mrs. Kopitopoulos would provide additional information on a HIAS Location Section Search Form a systematic search for her mother could be instituted. Mrs. Hirsh mailed César Adès a HIAS form in early December; he gave it to Pico.

The form remained on a coffee table in Lily Kopitopoulos’s living room for the first six months of 1984, while she again confronted the possibility that her search might lead to the discovery that Else Siegel was dead and she would never have the answers to her questions. In June, when Lily wrote out the information she had about her mother and her maternal grandparents, she wondered, not for the first time, whether she had really been named for a Swiss model or for Lilly Oppenheimer Siegel. Pico’s secretary typed the information on the HIAS form. César Adès mailed it back to Selma Hirsh on June 20th along with a note about the complications of settling Mr. Adus’s estate. The form was sent on to HIAS in early July and was given to Eva Gamm, who is in charge of the HIAS Location Service. Mrs. Gamm looked through the central files HIAS has kept of all the immigrants who had come to the United States with its assistance. Else Siegel’s name was not in the files. That wasn’t of any great significance; Mrs. Gamm knew that Else Siegel was more likely to have come to America privately. Because the only address in America that Lily Kopitopoulos had in her dossier was the Rosensteins’, in Los Angeles, she had suggested on the HIAS form that her mother might have settled there. Eva Gamm sent the case to the Jewish Family Service of Los Angeles; it had a record of an Else Siegel, but she turned out to be the wrong one. Mrs. Gamm also decided to put an ad in *Aufbau*, because of its large German-Jewish readership. If Else Siegel had been a native of Russia, Poland, or Rumania, Mrs. Gamm would have placed an ad in a newspaper like the *Forward*, which was published in Yiddish.

THE HIAS ad ran in *Aufbau* on September 28, 1984. A cousin of Else’s mother read it. She telephoned another cousin, a man who she knew had kept in touch with Lilly Oppenheimer Siegel and her sister Lee Rosenstein. The man was one of the few people who knew that Else Siegel's baby had lived; he and Otto Oppenheimer had been close friends. He was also a subscriber to *Aufbau* but had missed that particular issue because it had been published while he was on a European holiday. He telephoned Lee, read her the ad, and mailed it to her on October 12th, along with a letter asking her to give the ad to Else. He wrote that if Lee didn't want to get involved she should send him Else's phone number and HIAS would call her.

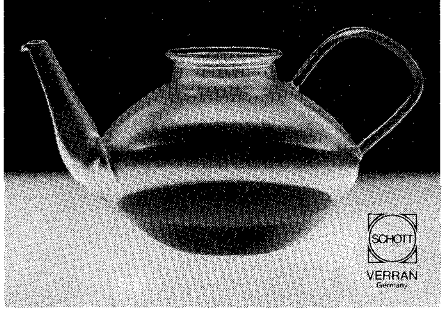
After receiving Lee's call, Else had a good night's sleep. At 5:45 A.M. she tried to reach HIAS; it was 8:45 A.M. in New York and the office wasn't open. She made a call to a friend in New York, who agreed to telephone HIAS for her. The friend spoke to Eva Gamm and phoned Else back at work to relay the information that HIAS had about Lily. Else called Mary Cobb and asked her to get Lily's telephone number in Switzerland, which HIAS didn't have. When Else got home from work at 6:30 P.M. on Monday, October 15th, she immediately dialled Switzerland.

THE phone rang in Lily and Pico Kopitopoulos's bedroom at 3:30 A.M. on October 16th. Ordinarily, it didn't. Lily likes to go to bed at ten-thirty. Pico's family kept late hours and had a habit of calling from Greece at midnight and waking her. She often turned off the ringer on the bedroom phone extension. This was the first night in months that she had forgotten to turn it off. It was also the first night in months that Pico hadn't been in bed next to her; he had fallen asleep watching television in Sandy's old room. Lily turned on the light and picked up the receiver. There was static on the line. She thought for a moment that it was one of the boys calling from London—Sandy was studying at a school of fine arts there, and Derko was visiting him. Then, from the sound of the static, she realized that the call was from farther away than London and said, "*Allo*," in her soft, musical voice.

After a few seconds, she heard a deep voice saying, in lightly accented English, "Are you Lily?"

She said yes.

"This is your mama. Do you speak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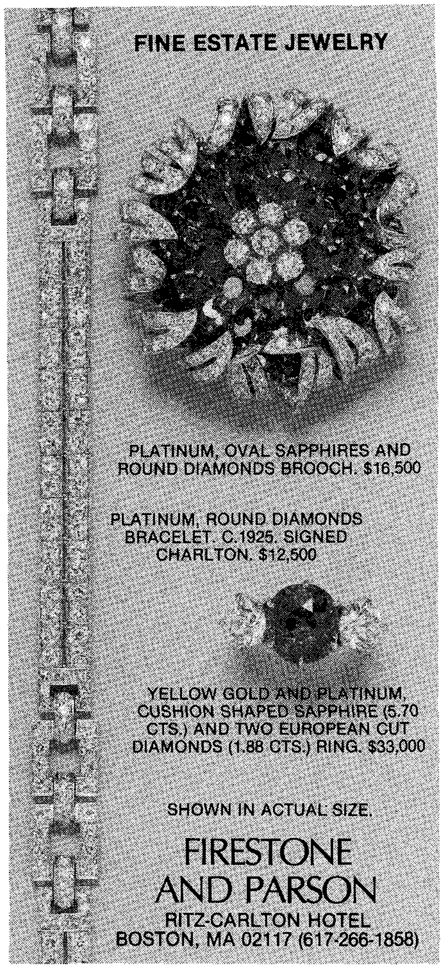
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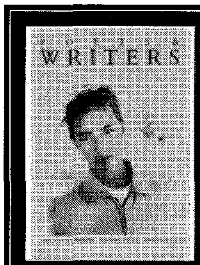
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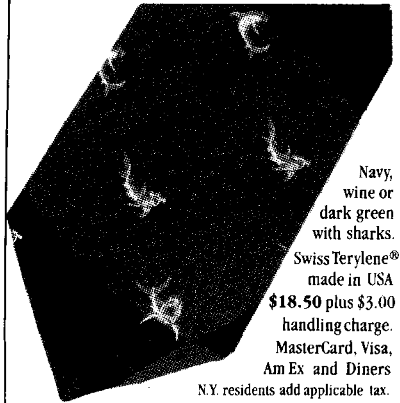

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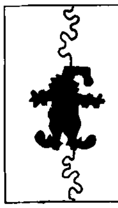

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English or French or German?" the voice asked.

"I understand English very slowly," she answered.

Else said, "Forgive me. The nurse told me you were dead."

In that instant, Lily had an answer to the mystery that had perplexed her for so many of her forty-seven years. Else Siegel hadn't had a chance to see her baby because the nurse had lied to her. She hadn't consented to an adoption because she didn't know she had given birth to a live baby.

When Lily had spoken of searching for her mother, Pico had asked her what she was going to do if she found her. Lily had told him she would say, "Good day, Madam, and now tell me what happened and maybe we'll become friends and maybe we'll say, 'So that was what happened,' and we'll go our separate ways." Lily's response was not the one she had anticipated. When Else asked Lily's forgiveness and explained what had taken place—Lily was quick to realize that it was the only explanation that made sense—she began to laugh and cry for joy. "It's O.K., I love you, it's O.K., I love you," she repeated, laughing and crying as she spoke.

Else got in a few "I love you"s, and two questions. Had Lily suffered during the war? No. Did she have parents and were they good to her? Yes, and both had died long since. "Listen," Else said. "I married your father. He's alive. And you have a beautiful sister. And your grandmother is alive. We live in Los Angeles. Do you have enough money to come to California?"

Lily said she did.

"When are you coming?" Else asked.

At the time, Lily's English was quite limited. In addition to "It's O.K.," "I love you," and a few other words and phrases, she knew little but the titles of some popular songs. She didn't know how to say "in a few months," but "Christmas" was in her vocabulary, and so she said, "At Christmas." In a mixture of English and French and German she told Else that she was happily married and had two sons. She lacked the English to explain that Derko was an engineer and Sandy a painter. Both boys played the piano, the guitar, the flute, the recorder, the harmonica, and various Greek instruments, so she said, "They play all the instruments." When Else told Lily

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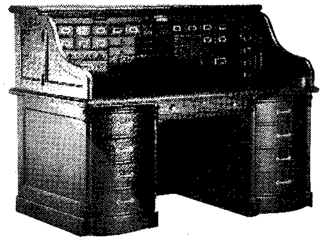

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that her sister, Monica, was a painter and she herself was a music editor, Lily thought that Else worked for a music publisher, binding sheets of music into books.

Lily asked Else what her father was like.

"Very polite," Else answered.

"I am an optimist," Lily said.

"That's nice," Else said. "I'm an optimist, too."

By this time, Pico was awake. When he heard Lily crying and speaking English, he was afraid something had happened to their sons. When Lily whispered that she was talking to her mother, he took the telephone receiver. His first question was "Are you an Orthodox Jew?" Else's answer was "I am an orthodox human being. I believe in being good to each other. That's my religion."

When Pico, whose English was fairly fluent, heard that Else lived in Los Angeles and worked in films, there was excitement in his voice as he said, "Hollywood!"

After the hour-long call, Else, who was not a milk drinker, drove to a supermarket, bought a half gallon of milk, drank a glass of milk, went to bed, and slept soundly. Lily, not a milk drinker, either, had a container of milk in her refrigerator. She drank a glass of milk and called her closest friends. She waited until seven o'clock to tell her sons they had an American grandmother, but she still woke Sandy's landlady. The next afternoon, Lily had just one misgiving: "I only hope my mother prefers cats to dogs. If she has a dog, this isn't going to work out."

When Else woke up the next morning she thought, Christmas? Uh-uh. Now. She telephoned Dave Grusin, with whom she was working on "Falling in Love," and explained what had happened. "Go to Switzerland," he said. He was agreeable to letting her hire someone he had worked with before to take her place for ten days. Else called Switzerland to say she would be there as soon as possible. She also sent a telex: "Dear Lily, We know we have survived for the best of all reasons, the soon to happen knowledge and pleasure of each other. Be realistic—plan for a miracle. I can't wait. I'm coming first week of Nov. Mama." Lily sent a telex the next day: "Dearest Mama, My feelings are of profound happiness. My heart and my arms are open wide to welcome you. Please come with Monica if you wish. I love you and I await you impatiently. Lily."

Else had had an aching tooth and had gone to a dentist shortly before Lee's call. The dentist had taken care of it. He had examined her mouth and discovered that all four of her wisdom teeth were impacted. During the next three weeks, Else had the four teeth pulled, got a new passport (hers had expired), exchanged photographs and additional telexes with Lily, and made arrangements with a young woman to stay at her house with her two cats. Before she boarded a plane at Los Angeles International Airport, she called Pippa Scott. "Do you remember that baby I killed?" she said. "She telephoned me from Switzerland, and I'm flying there to meet her."

THEY could have been different, as mothers and daughters so often are. When Else saw Lily at the airport in Geneva, she was stunned by their physical resemblance, which was even closer than the photographs had suggested. Lily is just a bit shorter and curvier than Else. Both women have little feet, and noses that Else describes as having "just a small bump to remind you that they're Jewish." What enchanted and amazed Else and Lily as they played tell-me-everything-about-yourself for ten days was the similarity in their natures and habits despite the fact that they had never spent any time together. "Lily isn't just Else sixteen years younger and without wrinkles," Else says. "She's another Else who happens to live in Switzerland. Lily is what I might have been if I hadn't worked in a tough place like Hollywood and if I hadn't dulled my heart."

Both women are light eaters, light drinkers, long walkers, and afternoon nappers. Neither reads a newspaper, watches any television to speak of, or cares about the weather. "I have been happy in cold climates and in warm climates," Else says, "and I have been unhappy when I've been warm and cold, too." Both wear sweatsuits for everyday wear, dislike going out in the evening, but dress with costly simplicity when they go to dinner or to the ballet. They live in houses that are relatively small but comfortable, with large living rooms that have fireplaces, and sofas covered in nubby beige fabric; paintings and lithographs with a strong emotional content filling almost all the available wall space; and

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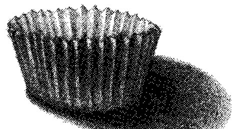

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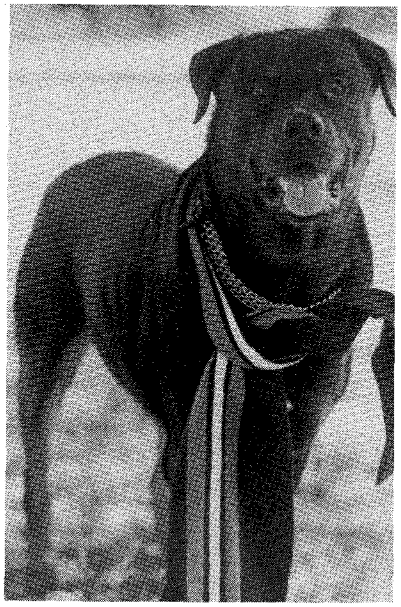

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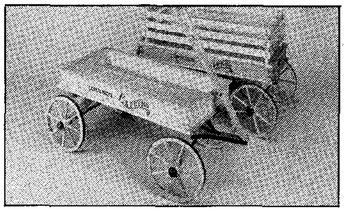

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views—Lily's house, which is on Lake Leman in a village outside Lausanne, looks out on the lake and, beyond it, the Alps. Neither enjoys travelling and rarely chooses to leave the comforts of home. Both are impulsive, fear dissonance, and avoid confrontation. When someone spills champagne on one of Lily's best silk gowns, she says, "It's good luck." When someone breaks an expensive crystal ornament Else has just bought, she says, "That's a good sign." Pico is prosperous and buys Lily mink coats and Sonia Rykiel blouses, skirts, jackets, sweaters, and dresses, but he protests when she uses good cognac for cooking—a complaint that Folmar used to make about Else. Lily and Else have one voice for the world at large—and get hoarse after speaking for half an hour—and another voice reserved for cats; they coo to their cats like doves. Each has a few close friends and has kept them for years. During Else's Swiss début, Lily and Pico invited forty acquaintances to a party to inspect Else, in a house so filled with flowers sent to welcome Lily's new-found mother that it appeared to be the setting for an Irish wake. Derko was home and Sandy flew in to meet their new grandmother. Monica had been married twice; at forty, she was childless. Lily's boys were the grandchildren that Else had given up hope of having.

Before Else's arrival, Lily had cooked a large quantity of pastitsio—a Greek dish composed of noodles and ground meat in a béchamel sauce—so that no time that could be spent in talking would be lost on cooking. As Else sat on Lily's bed with her legs folded under her—something Claire had never done—they delved into the past.

"It wasn't good enough" was Lily's summation of her unhappy childhood. "It had all the trappings of the good life, but it just didn't feel good enough."

"You can't have a childhood when you're forever begging to be loved," Else said of her early years. "No one ever said to me after I was pregnant, 'It's all right, you're going to grow up anyhow, you're forgiven, you're going to be a mensch, don't worry about it.' "

They discussed their fathers and agreed that both men had been afraid of their wives. "If Werner hadn't been intimidated by Claire, he would have told her to hit me when I misbehaved,

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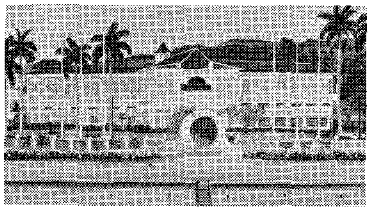

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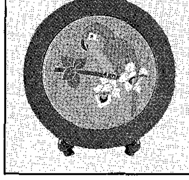

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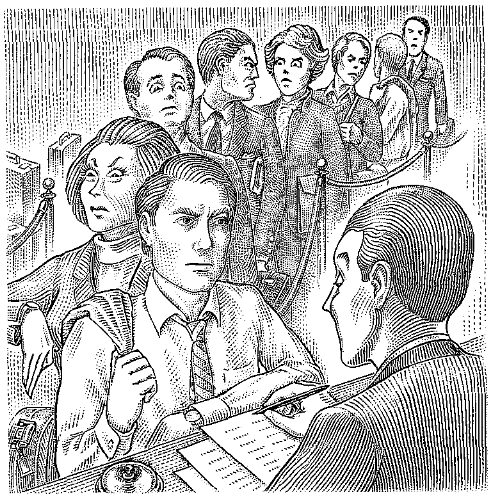
and would have refused to smack me when he got home," Lily said. "Poor Werner. Every time he hit me, he had to go to the doctor the next day." They agreed that Claire had been unable to understand Lily but had been softer than Else's mother.

"I knew before you found me that my mother always sold me down the river," Else said. "The deception about your birth was simply the greatest betrayal."

Else and Lily visited Montchoisi, the hospital where Lily was born, and where she had given birth to Derko and Sandy. Else had forgotten its name, and the hospital had doubled in size since 1937, but she recognized it. The boarding school had become a center for political refugees, but much of the furniture was still there, and Else showed Lily where the snowbank had been. Later, they called on an eighty-year-old midwife who had spent time with Else during her pregnancy. She remembered that Else's baby was whisked away right after Else gave birth, and that the obstetrician who delivered Lily had ordered the midwives and nurses not to speak about the baby. Else had not seen the doctor after the baby was born. He was a celebrated physician but a morphine addict, and had died young; he had been a neighbor of the Schmutzes. Else was convinced that Otto had arranged Lily's disappearance with the doctor. She told Lily about Otto's French Riviera taunt. Lily could not remember an older man looking at her in Cannes, and it was unlikely that Otto had been there at the same times as Lily and the Schmutzes.

"Les girls," as Pico called them, puzzled over Claire's knowledge that Else had refused to identify her baby's father, despite the beatings she had received; Else had never spoken of the beatings to anyone. They decided that Lilly Oppenheimer Siegel must have visited Lily when she was a year old to bring the money to the Schmutzes and the white bear to her grandchild. Lily's guess was that Lilly Siegel had felt guilty. Else asked Lily if Claire had perhaps bought the bear for her and made up the story of the visiting grandmother or visiting grandparents to take away the sting of abandonment. Lily said no: Claire always spoke the truth.

After Else went back to Los Angeles, in mid-November, she finished



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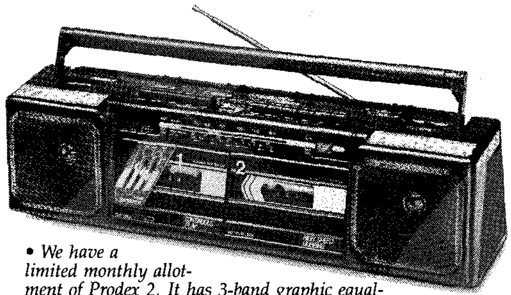

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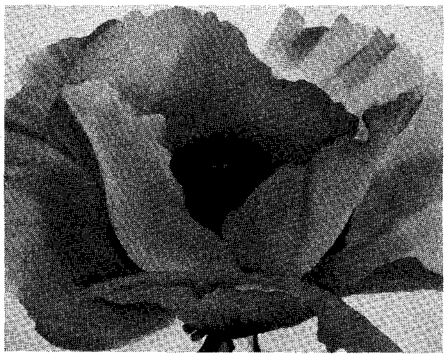

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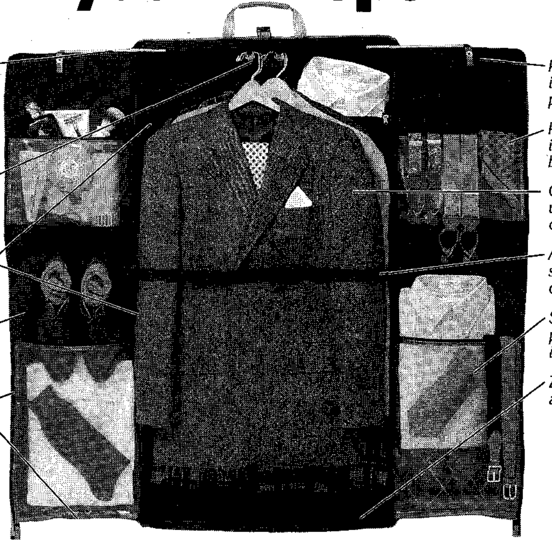

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"Falling in Love." Thanksgiving would be her first free day, and she was planning to use it to tell her ninety-one-year-old mother and her first husband about Lily. Over pastitsio with Lily and Pico on one of Else's last evenings in Switzerland, the main topic of conversation had been how Else was going to break the news to Omi—as Lilly Siegel had been called since Monica's birth—without making her feel guilty that she had taken a child away from her child, and without causing an old woman too much excitement.

Their concern proved unnecessary. Within days of Else's return, Omi telephoned her. "I'm so happy you found your daughter," Omi said, sounding as if she meant it.

"Who told you, Omi?" Else asked.

"Lee. She gave me a letter she had received from one of my cousins in New York who had seen an ad in *Aufbau*. Lee told me she couldn't read the letter, and asked me to read it to her." Omi again said she was happy for Else, and the two women said goodbye. In telling Lily about the telephone call, Else said, "When we discussed the best way of telling your grandmother you had found me, we were thinking rationally. I should have known Lee would find a way to break the news to my mother. It's still the Oppenheimers' club."

Else did call Karl on Thanksgiving Day to tell him that the baby she had thought was dead was very much alive. It was the first time they had spoken in twenty-two years.

"How can you do this to me?" Karl asked. "How can you drop the atomic bomb on me on Thanksgiving Day?"

THE Kopitopouloses landed in Los Angeles on December 29, 1984. A couple of days later, Lily was to meet Omi at noon in a deluxe retirement hotel, where she and Lee lived in separate suites. (Peter Rosenstein died in 1979.) Lily woke up that morning with a migraine headache, for which she took some medication. Else and Pico accompanied her to the hotel lobby. When Lily saw Omi, she was impressed by her good looks. When Omi saw Lily, she took her in her arms and said, "I'm so happy that you are again a part of our family." Lily, Omi, Else, and Pico went to a nearby restaurant, Hamburger Hamlet; Else's sister Margo, Margo's second husband, and

Lee Rosenstein joined them there. Lily was seated between her mother and her grandmother. Else told Omi how Lily had found her, and Omi kept saying, "Else, that's a wonderful story. How lucky you are." She had only one question for Lily: "What do your parents think of Else?" Apparently, she hadn't understood that the Schmutzes were dead. Lily had felt emotional about the long-anticipated reunion and had hoped that it would provide answers to some of her questions. She asked Omi if she remembered going to the Schmutzes' with the white bear. "That wasn't me," Omi replied. "Why would I have wasted the money?"

Everyone ordered lunch. For Lily the occasion had a surrealistic quality. It was as if the lunch were being held for someone who had returned from a distant journey, someone who had been loved a lot a long time ago—the prodigal daughter. Lily was in a terrible state: her heart was beating quickly, she had jet lag, she was woozy from the migraine medication, she was shocked, she was curious, and she was hurt. For Omi and Lee there was simply the pleasure of getting dressed up and going out to eat. "I had arrived with good clothes, a good husband, and a good bank account, so I was well received," Lily says. "It didn't seem to have occurred to Omi and Lee that I had suffered. They didn't care if I had had problems. They didn't ask why I had waited to find my mother—none of that interested them. Omi said, 'You look like a little Oppenheimer.' That seemed to be the highest compliment she could pay me."

There was a second lunch, at Scandia, Omi and Lee's favorite restaurant. Omi was seated between Lily and Else.

"Why did you do it, Omi?" Lily asked.

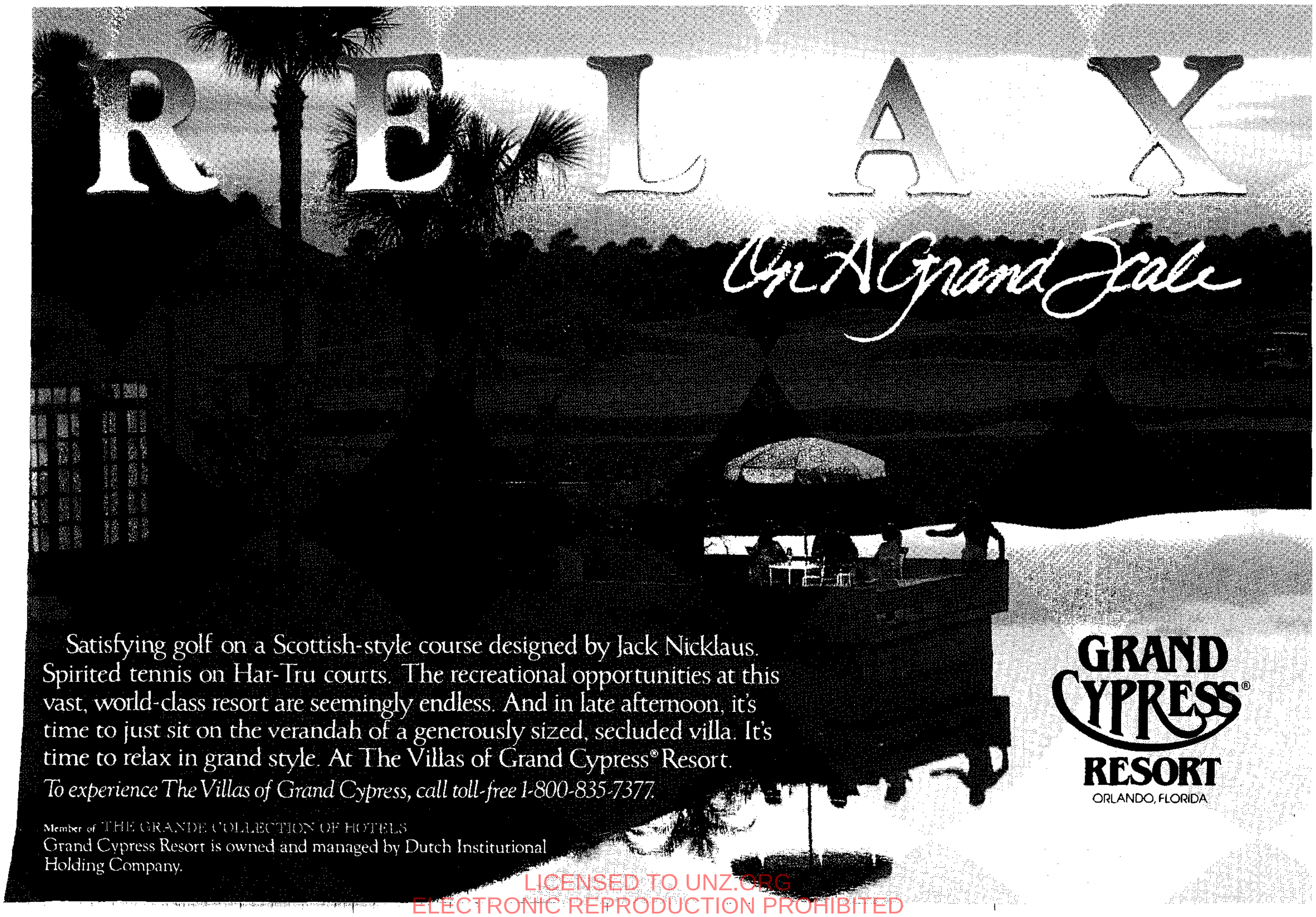
"How many languages do you speak?" Omi asked, sidestepping.

"Why did you take my baby?" Else asked.

"That was the way we did things then," Omi replied.

Omi and Lee put the rolls from the breadbasket in their pocketbooks and asked for doggie bags for the food they couldn't finish, exactly as Else had predicted they would. Why would this day be different from any other?

Later in Lily and Pico's visit to Los Angeles, they went to meet Karl, at his apartment, in Beverly Hills. "He opened the door, he was obviously moved, he took me in his arms, and he introduced me to his fourth wife, who is a year or two older than I am," Lily says. "She acts more like his nurse than like his wife—Daddy seems to consider himself a sick man—and she was trembling. She seemed to fear I was there to take something. I told her I just wanted to see my father. After sufficient attention had been paid to her, she relaxed. We went to see them a second time. Karl took us to a restaurant for lunch. He spoke a lot about himself, and it got late. We had an appointment to have tea with Omi at her hotel at four o'clock to say goodbye. Karl didn't want us to leave, so I called Omi to say we'd be half an hour late. We got there at four-forty-five. Omi was standing up in her room waiting for us. 'But, my child, I was so anxious that something had happened to you,' she said. I'd been gone for forty-seven years, and she was worried about forty-five minutes. It was all Pico and I could do to stifle our laugh-



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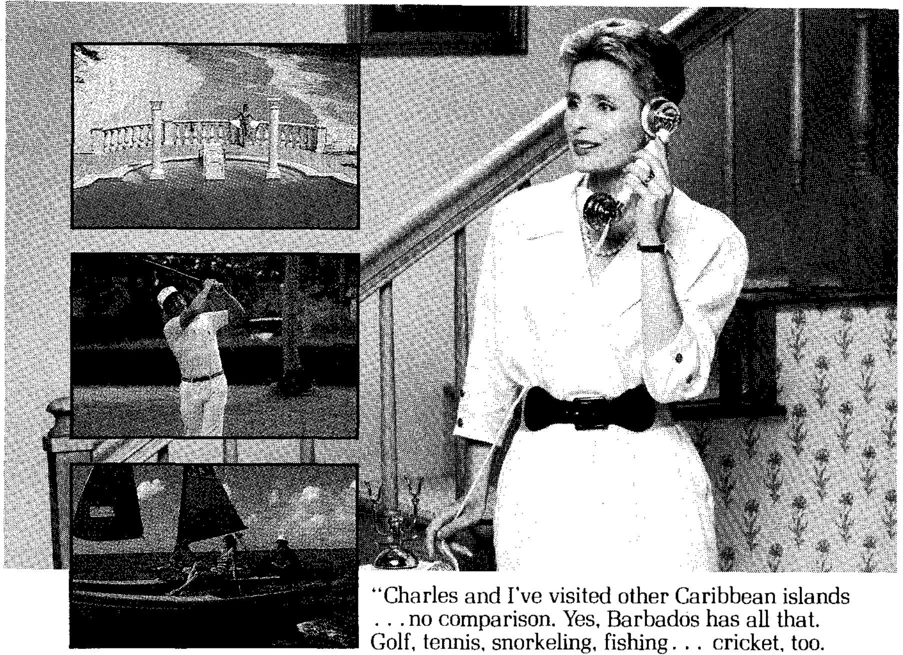
ter, and, of course, we apologized for being late. She presented me with some silver candlesticks."

Else had loved Pico and Lily's home in Switzerland. Before they left Los Angeles, she asked them to find her a small house on the lake somewhere near theirs. They hesitated; houses for sale are not common in the area. "You found me, you can find a house for me," Else told them.

In the spring of 1985, Else was working on a movie in London; Lily joined her for a few days. That fall, Sandy Kopitopoulos went to Los Angeles. After meeting his grandmother, he realized that he wanted to be a film animator rather than a painter. A friend of Else's suggested that the California Institute of the Arts was a fine school. He applied, was accepted, and is now studying for his bachelor's degree. Lily and Pico spent Christmas of 1985 in Los Angeles. By then they had found Else a little house, a few doors away from theirs. They told her it required renovating but assured her that it was nice. In the summer of 1986, Else finished "Children of a Lesser God" and spent a month in Switzerland. Upon her arrival, she went to inspect her new house. There was no house, only an enormous hole in the ground. Ever since Lily found Else, they have spoken to each other every Sunday: one week, Lily calls when it is 8 P.M. in Switzerland and 11 A.M. in California; the next week, Else places the call. Lily had said nothing on the phone about the hole, but now she explained that Pico had decided that building a new house would be no more costly than remodelling the old one and would result in a much better house. They had a splendid month together. By then, Lily had taken classes in English. "If my mother spoke Chinese, I would have studied Chinese," Lily says. There was time to take the boat across the lake to Évian to buy French bread and perfume, and there was time to speculate on Lily's search. If César Adès hadn't gone to see Selma Hirsh about the estate of Maurice Adus, would Lily's search have been brought to the attention of HIAS? What if no one who knew Else had seen the ad in *Aufbau*? Lily and Else wrote to thank Selma Hirsh and Eva Gamm. Mrs. Gamm said she would have pursued the search in Los Angeles, because of Adolf Rosenstein's address there. Else believes that the



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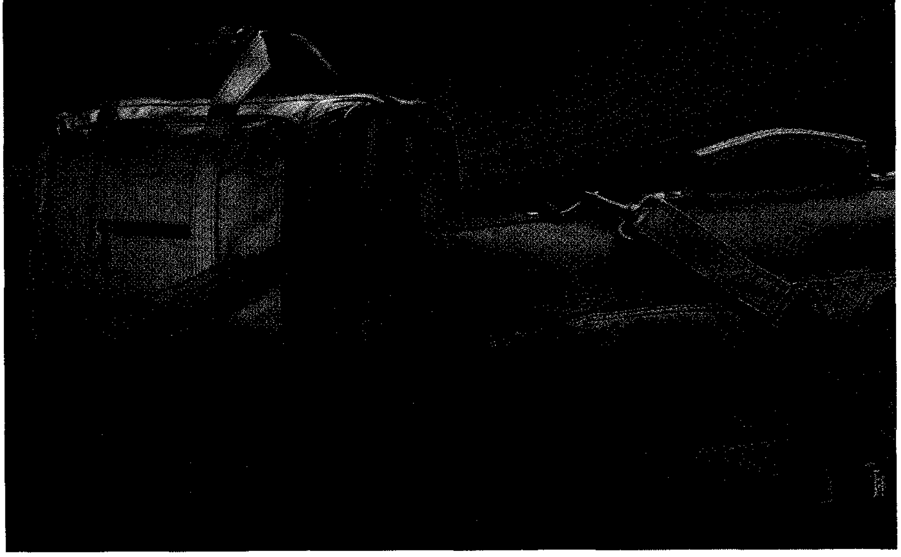


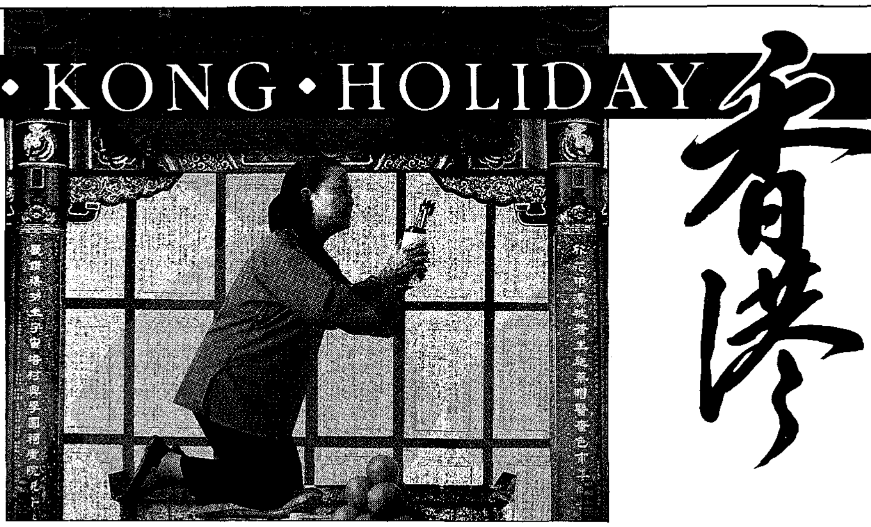
trail at South Curson Avenue would have been too cold, but that perhaps the Jewish Family Service of Los Angeles would have found the record of Else's marriage to Karl at the Wilshire Boulevard Temple, which continues to thrive.

IN March of 1987, Lily, Pico, and Derko flew to Los Angeles, along with Lily's two best friends, Christiane and Arlette, and Mikys, Christiane's husband, to celebrate Lily's fiftieth birthday. By then, Arlette was enjoying an intercontinental romance with Else's business manager, Gary. Else rented a room in Tony Bill and Liza Minnelli's restaurant 72 Market Street, in Venice, and invited exactly fifty people to the birthday dinner. Lily, Pico, Derko, Sandy, Christiane, Mikys, Arlette, and Gary sat at a table with Else and Monica. A number of the composers with whom Else works were there—Dave Grusin, Billy Goldenberg, Quincy Jones, Ralph Burns, Jack Elliott, and Jim Di Pasquale—and so were Karl Malden and his wife, Mary Cobb and two of her sons, Dudley Moore and his girlfriend, and some music editors, lyricists, and producers who were also "friends of the heart." Else had planned the menu carefully. Dessert was an individual ice-cream-and-fruit concoction, each with its own candle. As the desserts were brought in, Else who was seated between Monica and Lily, stood up on her chair. "I thank you for being such good friends and for rejoicing with me when Lily and I found each other," she said. "What was once shameful and secretive is glorious, what was once regarded as a sin is a victory. And now I want each of you to light the candle in front of you and to make your own wish. There is nothing else for me to wish for. I have it all."

ELSE had not accepted Lily's invitation to bring Monica to Switzerland with her on her first visit. "I wasn't able to say 'I'm gathering up my children,' " Else says. "I was picking up a thread I'd lost forty-seven years ago. I didn't know how I would react, and I didn't want a witness." When Lily first came to Los Angeles, Monica had not gone to the airport with Else to meet her; she'd said she was too nervous. Monica had been an only child for forty years and at first felt displaced, but she and Lily took a liking to each other and began to correspond by cassette. In 1986, Else and Pico bought Monica a ticket to Switzerland. She spent Christmas with Lily and Pico and is planning to return. "If I could have chosen a sister, I would have chosen Monica," Lily says.

Else went to Switzerland in December of 1987, and stayed for two months in her new house. It is small and incredibly beautiful. Derko occupies the lower level and Else the two upper levels. "When Else came into our lives, she changed everyone's destiny," Derko says. "She's given me a house, she's given my brother a career, and I've never seen my mother more serene."

Lily agrees. "Before I found Else, looking for her face in crowds took much of my cerebral energy," she says. "I looked so hard for that face that I saw little else. Now that I have my mother, I have such a good time being alive, because I see everything. For the first time in my life, I see a tree and a



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car and a painting and a building and a boy or a girl."

When Lily first came to California, she had high hopes of reuniting the family. She abandoned those hopes on her fiftieth-birthday visit. That March, she and Monica made a date to visit Karl. Lily called Karl to say they would be coming. "Only you," he said. "Not Monica." The visit with Daddy was spoiled.

"I struck a chord with Karl that never played with Monica," Lily says. "He writes me lovely letters. It's easy to play father to a grown daughter who lives six thousand miles away."

Lily is content. She is no longer an orphan. She has the answers to most of her questions; the white bear is a mystery she can live with. She looks forward to her mother's next visit—Else has promised to stay for three months—and she and Pico will be glad when Else retires to Switzerland. Finding Lily has changed Else. She cares more about living than about working, and will retire as soon as she can afford to. One thing has not changed—Else's feelings about her mother. While she says that "every mother should find a forty-seven-year-old daughter," she still resents Omi's having kept her and Lily apart for so many years, and she knows that Omi would have gone to her grave without telling her the truth about her child. Her mother's cousins have said that Else is too hard on Lilly—that a seventeen-year-old with a baby would not have been given a visa for America—but Else believes there were many occasions on which Omi could have told Else that her child was alive: after Monica's birth (when she had told her mother that Karl was the father of the baby she had had in Switzerland) or after Folmar's death ("I really could have used good news then").

Else calls her mother on Jewish holidays to wish her "*Gut Yontif*." Because it is her filial duty, she has lunch with her every couple of months. At a lunch at Omi's hotel last fall, there were several other women at the table. "How many children do you have?" one of them asked Else.

"Two daughters," she replied.

"How old are they?"

"One is fifty, one is forty-three."

Omi interrupted her by saying something about the soup they were eating.

"You have a daughter how old?" the woman asked. Omi broke up the con-

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versation again, by calling for the waiter. Else realized that to Omi 1987 in Los Angeles was still 1937 in Würzburg, and at the bottom of it all was the shame of having a seventeen-year-old daughter with a baby.

At their periodic lunches, Omi still criticizes Else's table manners. ("You picked up the fork wrong.") When Else gives her mother a birthday present, Omi opens it and finds fault with it; if it isn't the wrong color, it is the wrong style.

"A mother is to be telephoned every Sunday morning at nine o'clock," Else says. "If she's not telephoned, she calls at five past nine to ask why I didn't call." Else compares the ritual telephone calls to form letters.

A call in March, 1988, went like this:

"Good morning, Omi. It's a beautiful day."

"I'm not feeling so well. I think it's time for me to die."

"It's a beautiful day, Omi, and I'm going to play in the garden with my cats."

"Paul Kohner, the famous agent, just died. His mother was one of our boarders. Did you see his obituary in the newspaper?"

"No, Omi, I don't read the newspaper."

"Lee hasn't been well since she broke her hip. She's still in a convalescent home. Margo says it would be too upsetting for me to visit her."

"But, Omi, it might give Lee pleasure to see you."

"You have your father's eyes."

"Have a nice week, Omi."

"Thank you for calling."

At five past nine, Else is in the garden playing with her cats. When she telephones Lily, two hours later, she tells her about her latest call to Omi and repeats a statement she made to Lily on her first visit to Switzerland. "You are lucky," she said then. "You found your mother. I will never find mine." —SUSAN SHEEHAN

•

THE ACADEMIC LIFE

[*From an adv. in the Bangor (Maine) Daily News*]

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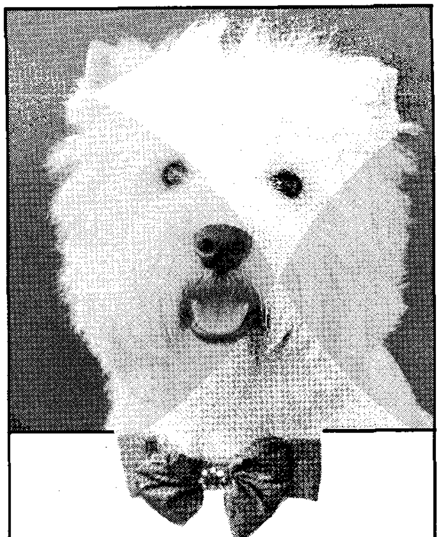

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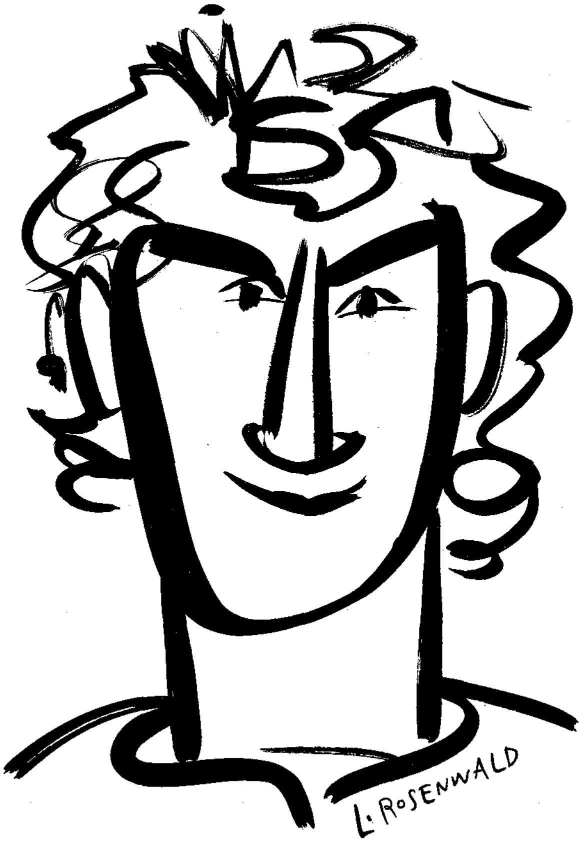
THE SPORTING SCENE

WILANDER'S OPEN

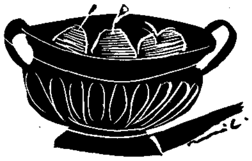


LAST July 16th, Björn Borg was inducted into the International Tennis Hall of Fame, at the famous Newport Casino, which was created in 1880 by James Gordon Bennett, Jr., the publisher of the New York *Herald*, and was selected the following year by the newly formed United States National Lawn Tennis Association as the site of its championships. (The Casino remained the venue of the championships until 1915, when they were shifted to the West Side Tennis Club, in Forest Hills, Queens.) Borg, who retired from competition in 1983, was elected to the Hall of Fame in 1987, but pressures of business in Sweden prevented him from being on hand in Newport that summer. He arrived this July accompanied by his son Robin, a lively towheaded three-year-old with Nordic light-blue eyes. Borg himself looked wonderful. At thirty-two, he is not only tanned and trim but pleasantly outgoing—a decided contrast to his reclusive manner as a champion. The induction ceremony took place following a luncheon in Borg's honor in the Horseshoe Piazza, the club's elegant, crescent-shaped veranda for dining and dancing, which was designed by McKim, Mead & White. Among those on hand were James H. Van Alen, a fourth-generation Newporter, who saved the Casino from extinction in the late nineteen-forties and later founded the International Hall of Fame; Dr. Peter Wallenberg, a former president of the Swedish Tennis Federation; and Joseph F. Cullman III, the chairman of the International Hall of Fame. In welcoming the Hall of Fame's new member, Cullman noted that Borg will be remembered not only for his great record—he won six French and five Wimbledon championships between 1974 and 1981—but also for his invariable sportsmanship. In his acceptance speech, Borg reflected on the pleasures of his earlier visits to Newport, and added that he hoped his son would have the good fortune to return to the Casino as a player. The speech revealed a new fluency in Borg's English and left no doubt about the genuineness and depth of the sentiments he expressed. Champions of Borg's character, we were reminded, don't come along very often.

Borg was not the first person to make Sweden conscious of the appeal of tennis. That distinction belongs to King Gustav V (1858-1950), who annually escaped from the long, grim Swedish winter by establishing a royal residence on the Riviera and playing tennis almost every day—a routine he followed until he was in his nineties. The credit for Sweden's now having more indoor tennis courts per capita than any other country in the world unquestionably belongs to Borg, and there is no doubt that his dazzling career inspired Mats Wilander, Stefan Edberg, Anders Jarryd, Joakim Nystrom, and the many other capable young Swedish players. Sweden has won the Davis Cup, the symbol of the world's team championship, three times in the last four years. Today, Edberg is the reigning Wimbledon champion, and Wilander, after capturing this year's Australian and French Opens, carried off, in mid-September, the fourth of the game's major championships, the United States Open, defeating Ivan Lendl, of Czechoslovakia, in a spectacular five-set final at the National Tennis Center, in Flushing Meadow, Queens, which since 1978 has been the home of our national championships.

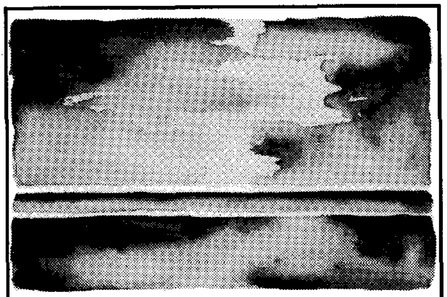
LIKE many Americans, I have been a Wilander fan ever since the match between Sweden and the United States in the quarter-final round of the Davis Cup in 1982. It was held on a fast carpet surface in the Checkerdome, in St. Louis, that July and, happily, was televised from coast to coast. With the teams tied 2–2, Wilander faced John McEnroe, generally regarded at the time as the best player in the world, in the singles that would decide the outcome of the match. Wilander, then seventeen, had been the surprise winner of the French Open in June. His style resembled Borg's: he was a steadfast baseliner whose most effective weapon was his two-handed backhand. It was difficult for an opponent to read whether he would be making a standard return or whipping the ball quickly crosscourt or down the line. The opening set was hard fought, but McEnroe won it, 9–7. After he took the second set, 6–2, the match seemed as good as over. Wilander, however, stepped up his game briskly, won several crucial rallies, and, at length, broke McEnroe's wicked left-handed serve and took the third set, 17–15. He went on to take the fourth, 6–3. In the fifth set, the sharpness of Wilander's timing slipped a fraction, and McEnroe was able to win it, 8–6, and pick up the point that settled the team match. The battle between McEnroe and Wilander lasted six hours and twenty minutes. Their duel stands as the longest singles match in history.

In mid-August this summer, I had the good fortune to chat with Wilander for an hour or so at his home in the rolling hills outside Greenwich, Connecticut. (His primary residence is in Monte Carlo.) One of the subjects we talked about, naturally, was his early years. He was born on August 22, 1964, in a village twenty miles from Växjö, a city of about fifty thousand people, which is roughly two hundred and fifty miles south of Stockholm. His father worked in a factory in Växjö that made fans for air-conditioning systems. Mats, the youngest of three sons, started playing tennis when he was about ten, on the clay courts of the Växjö Tennis Society. He usually played with men who were considerably older than he was. When Mats was twelve, his father decided to move the family to Växjö, to avoid the tiring commute, and this gave Mats a chance to play more tennis. From time to time, coaches from the Swedish Tennis Federation would look over the well-coördinated youngster and suggest how he could improve his game. They didn't alter his two-handed backhand, which he had settled on well before he first watched Borg in action on television. "I had good instruction," Wilander told me. "What Swedish tennis is all about is letting everybody have his own style very much and then working a lot with strategy and patience and mental toughness. They're not that much into technique. And then we had Borg. The way Borg plays is a very easy way of playing tennis. It is easy to copy him. That's the difference between McEnroe and Borg. McEnroe didn't give much to American tennis, because he is very hard to copy. He plays only on talent and touch. He's unique, and it's hard to teach that."



The Swedish Tennis Federation is not a high-powered outfit, eager to develop future stars, but in the summer of 1978, when Wilander was fourteen, he was invited to be a member of a group of young players travelling to the Netherlands, France, and Italy to compete in junior tournaments. At the end of the tour, they played in the European championships for juniors fourteen and under, sixteen and under, and eighteen and under, in Přerov, Czechoslovakia. Wilander won the fourteens; Hans Simonsson, of Sweden, the sixteens; and Ivan Lendl the eighteens. Ten years earlier, professional tennis had finally arrived, and now, what with the professional stars making hundreds of thousands of dollars, ambitious teen-agers had their minds set on turning professional. Wilander was still in school at fifteen, but he announced that year, when he played in both the Wimbledon and the French junior championships, that he was turning professional and expected to keep whatever money he made. At sixteen, he won the French juniors. Having grown up on clay courts, he felt right at home on the slow red clay of Stade Roland Garros, in Auteuil. His opponent in the final, Jimmy Brown, from Florida, did not become a player of reputation, but it is significant that on the way to the final Wilander defeated such future stars as Miloslav Mecir, of Czechoslovakia; Pat Cash, of Australia; and Henri Leconte, of France. That September, in a tournament in Geneva, he met Borg for the first and only time, and was swiftly dispatched, 6–1, 6–1.

In the spring of 1982, when he was seventeen, Wilander established himself as a tennis player of marked talent. A handsome, down-to-earth young man with curly light-brown hair and deep-set hazel eyes, he stood five feet ten and weighed a hundred and fifty-five pounds. He had two invaluable assets: a cool, competitive temperament and the coördination of an exceptional athlete. In the cold-weather months, he had been an outstanding center in ice hockey, and in the warmer months he had been an equally outstanding center forward in soccer. That spring, in the Italian Open, which is played on clay, he reached the semifinals. The next stop on the Grand Prix tour was the French Open. In the round of sixteen, Wilander met Lendl. "I could see that Lendl on this day was not up to playing some junior who was new to the circuit," he told me, as if it had happened the day before. "I think Lendl felt that he should blow this young kid right off the court. I caught him and stayed with him, and then he got tired and couldn't deal with it. That was the breakthrough." The score of the match was 4–6, 7–5, 3–6, 6–4, 6–2. Wilander went on to beat Vitas Gerulaitis, of the United States; José Luis Clerc, of Argentina; and, in the final, Guillermo Vilas, another Argentine, who had beaten him with no trouble at all



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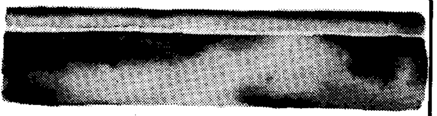


a month or so earlier. The confidence that Wilander gained by winning the French Open was evident in the brilliance of his play in his match with McEnroe in the Davis Cup in St. Louis, and he subsequently won three more Grand Prix tournaments that year, in Bastad, a Swedish tennis center, and in Geneva and Barcelona. As his coach Wilander had selected John-Anders Sjögren, a heavyset, soft-spoken middle-aged man from Göteborg, who was in charge of the 1982 Swedish Davis Cup team. Wilander had got to know him in 1980, when Sjögren coached the Davis Cup team and Wilander was one of the young players invited to practice with its members. The two men regularly got together at the major tournaments and sometimes in Sweden.

In 1983, Wilander had one of those years that tennis players dream of. He carried off nine tournaments on the Grand Prix tour, winning six of them outdoors on clay, at Monte Carlo, Lisbon, Aix-en-Provence, Bastad, Geneva, and Barcelona; one indoors on a hard surface, in Stockholm; and one outdoors on a hard surface, in Cincinnati. In December, he topped off the year, in which he collected over a million dollars in prize money, by winning his second major championship, the Australian Open, on the grass courts at Kooyong, in Melbourne. At the top of his game, he defeated McEnroe in four sets in the semifinals and Lendl in straight sets in the final. This was his first victory ever in a tournament played on grass. "That, for me, has always been the most important thing about tennis—to be able to play it well on all surfaces," he told me. "The fact that tennis is played on many different surfaces is what sets it apart from the other sports."

The following three seasons—1984, 1985, and 1986—Wilander managed to maintain his position among the top five players in the game. He redeemed a relatively poor season in 1984 by winning his second Australian championship: he defeated Kevin Curren, of South Africa, in four sets in the final. In 1985, another somewhat disappointing year, he won his fourth major title, taking the French Open with a streak of superlative tennis, during which he defeated McEnroe in straight sets in the semifinals and Lendl in four sets in the final. With this victory, Wilander became the first player ever to win four major championships before his twenty-first birthday. (Ellsworth Vines and Borg had won three.) However, as a natural baseliner with an only moderately fast serve, he continued to be frustrated in the other major events. Playing on the grass courts at the All England Club, in Wimbledon, was difficult for him. At Wimbledon, the game's premier championship, the player with the big serve-and-volley game generally prospers, and an earnest baseliner and counterpuncher like Wilander has his troubles. In any case, in 1985 Wilander was eliminated in the first round at Wimbledon by Slobodan Živojinović, a huge Yugoslavian with a thunderous serve. Later that summer, he failed to seize a golden opportunity on the DecoTurf II hard courts on which our Open is played. In the semifinals, he led McEnroe by two sets to one, only to lose the next two sets, 6–3, 6–3, despite holding a service break in each of them. When he defended his Australian Open title at Kooyong in late November, he suffered another painful defeat. Eighteen-year-old Stefan Edberg, a rising serve-and-volley player, dominated the final, 6–4, 6–3, 6–3. Things became even grimmer for Wilander in 1986. For the first time since 1982, he didn't win any of the four major titles, and he had only two victories on the Grand Prix tour—in tournaments in Brussels and Cincinnati. "I think that 1985 was the time when I started to think of tennis as a job," Wilander observed in a low voice. "I wasn't enjoying it a hundred per cent at that time. I was just realizing that the majors were the most important tournaments. The other tournaments were more like a job. In 1986, I didn't enjoy playing at all, even in the major tournaments. After the U.S. Open, I took a rest for two months. I just wasn't into playing and working that much."

Wilander's life changed abruptly early in January of 1987, when he married Sonya Mulholland, a young South African who works as a model in New York. They had been going together for a year and a half. So that Sonya could be within commuting distance of the city, they bought a lovely piece of land on the edge of Greenwich. On a little over four acres they have a single-story house of informal design, a large crab-apple tree that commands the back yard, a swimming pool, and a hard-surface tennis court. "Marriage was a very good thing for me," Wilander said. "I had a new interest in life—something that was more important than my tennis. I felt a responsibility to somebody else."

In 1987, as a circuit veteran going on twenty-three, Wilander realized how critical it was to get himself in tip-top condition. He hired Matt Doyle as his physical trainer. Doyle, a Yale graduate, stands six feet four and is an able enough tennis player to have reached the round of sixteen in the 1982 U.S. Open. He proved to be an ideal person to hit balls with in practice sessions. Wilander spent a good deal of time working on his service, with emphasis on a new delivery down the center line in both the deuce and the ad courts. As usual, he worked assiduously on his return of service, which is one of the best in the game; on his topspin forehand and topspin backhand approach shots; and on his slice backhand approach shot, a comparatively new stroke that has been of immense value to him. Off the court, he spent more time running and exercising than he had in previous seasons. "I got a little stronger, a little fitter, a little faster," Wilander said. "I could always stay out there in a match for as long as I wanted to, so I think that I tried to take a few more risks, and if they didn't work I could always stay out there and run." In 1987, he won five tournaments and played well in two of the major championships. In the French Open, he lost the final to Lendl, 7–5, 6–2, 3–6, 7–6. He reached the final of the U.S. Open for the first time by defeating Edberg in the semifinals. In the final, he faced Lendl, the defending champion. Lendl prevailed, 6–7, 6–0, 7–6, 6–4, in a match that was much closer than the score suggests. The final was played on a very humid day, and Lendl, who was suffering from the flu, tired badly, and barely had the reserve to survive the fourth set.

Going into the U.S. Open this year, Wilander had enjoyed a remarkably successful season. In January, he won his third Australian Open—this one on the hard rubberized surface called

Rebound Ace, at the new National Tennis Centre, in Melbourne. His physical and mental hardiness had served him well. In the semifinals, he got by Edberg in five sets, and in the final he outlasted Cash, the rugged local boy who was the reigning Wimbledon champion, 6–3, 6–7, 3–6, 6–1, 8–6. In early June, he won the second major championship of the year, the French Open, for the third time. He was pushed to five sets in the semifinals by the new American whiz kid, eighteen-year-old Andre Agassi, of Las Vegas, but in the final he turned back Leconte in three quick sets. At Wimbledon, there was little speculation about Wilander's chances of winning a third straight major championship, because of the trouble he had always had on the club's slick grass courts. He did produce the best tennis he had ever played at Wimbledon. After winning his first four matches without the loss of a set, he was eliminated in the quarter-finals by Mecir. This turned out to be Edberg's Wimbledon. After being two sets down to Mecir, Edberg won the next three. In the final, against Boris Becker, he lost the first set, but then, serving well and commanding the net magisterially, he swept the next three sets.

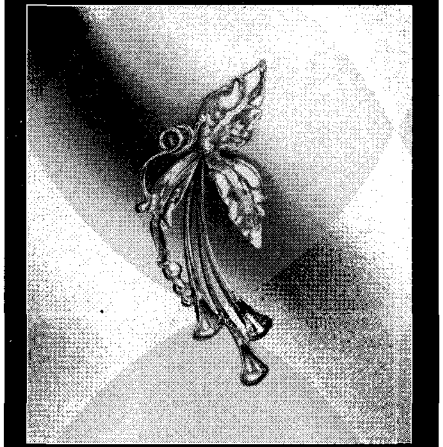
My visit with Wilander took place the day before he was scheduled to fly to Cincinnati, where he would be playing in the Association of Tennis Professionals' annual tournament the following week. He was wearing his warmup outfit, and had obviously been practicing hard. We had a very pleasant talk. Near the end of it, I asked him about his game, and he said, "I've been working on how to play the ball between the service line and the baseline—the first lob, the first volley, the deep approach shots, and the other shots that set the whole point up. My second serve—I'm working on that, too. It's not possible to become the complete tennis player. We all have our weaknesses. My second serve is my biggest weakness. I just have to keep on practicing, practicing, practicing."

During my conversation with Wilander, I'd noticed two men standing by the tennis court in the back yard. One was a very tall young man and the other a rotund man with white hair. It began to drizzle, and they came inside. As I had suspected, the tall young man was Matt Doyle. The older man proved to be John-Anders Sjögren. From Wilander's manner I gathered that he respected Sjögren deeply and thought of him as a friend. Since it continued to drizzle, the two men sat down in front of a television set in an adjacent room and watched Jimmy Connors play Cash in the quarter-finals of the Canadian Open, in Toronto.

Since 1982, his first big year, Ivan Lendl has made his home in Greenwich. Granted that Greenwich can guarantee a measure of privacy and is situated fairly close to an international airport, on my way back to New York I was struck by how extraordinary it is that Wilander and Lendl, those two longtime rivals from another continent, should end up living about a twenty-minute walk from each other's homes in that gilded corner of Connecticut.

DURING the past year, the rumor has been going around that the National Tennis Center is sinking. This came as bad news to many fans, who regard the Stadium Court, which seats just under twenty thousand, as the most dramatic site in the world for a tennis match, especially at night. It came as hopeful news to other fans, who, from their first visit to it, in 1978, have been appalled by its carnival atmosphere and the deafening roar of the low-flying airplanes coming in and out of LaGuardia Airport. During the last few months, another rumor has been circulating: Donald Trump, the reigning panjandrum of New York real estate, is said to be looking over some land along the Hudson River as a possible new site for the Open. Regardless of how one feels about it, the Open has become an enormously profitable event. Gordon Jorgensen, the current president of the United States Tennis Association, announced recently that it brings in forty million dollars for the association. Some of this is used for prize money and operating costs, he said, and the rest is put back into the game. On the second Monday of the Open, Peter Alfano, who writes about tennis for the *Times*, noted that according to a report by New York City Comptroller Harrison Goldin the Open generates seventy-eight and a half million dollars for the city's economy from media fees, concession sales, gate receipts, hotel and restaurant trade, and business in general. Goldin added that the city derives as much revenue from the two weeks of the Open as it does from the combined multi-month seasons of the New York Rangers hockey team and the New York Knickerbockers basketball team.

In a major championship like our Open, the draw in both the men's and the women's singles is made up of a hundred and twenty-eight players. In both events, the top sixteen players, numerically seeded by the Championships Committee to reflect their records during the current year and their play in the previous year's Open, are placed in classically stipulated positions in the four quarters of the draw. In the women's championship, Steffi Graf, of West Germany—who had won the Australian Open in January, the French Open in June, and Wimbledon in July, and was shooting for a grand slam of the four major championships—was seeded No. 1 and placed at the top of the thirty-two players in the first quarter; Chris Evert, the third-seeded player, was placed at the top of the second quarter; Pam Shriver, the fourth-seeded player, was placed at the bottom of the third quarter; and Martina Navratilova, the second-seeded player, was placed at the bottom of the fourth quarter. If each of them made her way through her matches in the first five rounds, Graf and Evert would meet in the semifinal in the upper half of the draw, and Shriver and Navratilova would meet in the semifinal in the lower half. In the men's singles, Lendl, the defending champion and the No. 1 seed, was placed at the top of the first quarter; Agassi, the sensational eighteen-year-old, who had already won six tournaments on the Grand Prix tour this year, was seeded fourth and placed at the top of the second quarter; Edberg, the Wimbledon champion, was seeded third and placed at the bottom of the third



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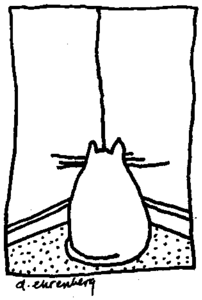
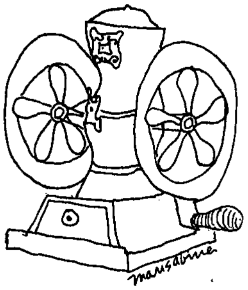
quarter; and Wilander, seeded second, was placed at the bottom of the fourth quarter. Yannick Noah, of France, the seventh seed, was placed at the bottom of the first quarter; Jimmy Connors, a five-time winner of the Open and the sixth-seeded player this year, was placed at the bottom of the second quarter; Boris Becker, of West Germany, the Wimbledon champion in 1985 and 1986 and a finalist there this year, was seeded fifth and placed at the top of the third quarter; and Mecir, the eighth seed, was placed at the top of the fourth quarter. If form held absolutely true (it rarely does), in the quarter-finals Lendl would meet Noah, Agassi would meet Connors, Becker would meet Edberg, and Mecir would meet Wilander.

There were no surprising casualties in the first round of the men's singles, although Lendl played poorly and was taken to five sets by Amos Mansdorf, of Israel. This year, bothered by injuries and troubled by legal difficulties with his former agent, Donald Dell, Lendl has rarely looked like the player who gained the No. 1 ranking on the A.T.P. computer after winning our Open in 1985 and then played so well the next three years that he was still ranked No. 1 coming into this year's Open. In the second round, a number of big names were eliminated. Becker, who was hampered by injuries to the plantar fasciae on the soles of his feet, was beaten by Darren Cahill, a twenty-two-year-old Australian. In the third set of a hard match with Jason Stoltenberg, an eighteen-year-old Australian, Noah had to default because of a recurrence of tendinitis in his knees. John McEnroe, after showing flashes of his old form, was defeated in five sets by yet another young Australian, twenty-two-year-old Mark Woodforde. In this round, Wilander had all he could handle in his match with Kevin Curren, who now makes his home in Austin, Texas. A big man who has a very fast serve and delivers it in a flash, Curren can stay with anyone when his serve is working. At Wimbledon in 1985, for example, he beat both McEnroe and Connors on his way to the final. Wilander was properly concerned with preventing Curren from coming to net and with keeping the ball away from his explosive forehand. In the end, he had a little more staying power than Curren and pulled out the match, 3–6, 6–3, 6–2, 3–6, 6–3. A friend I watched it with made what I thought was a penetrating comment about Wilander: "He plays well in adversity."



Fairly early in the tournament, everyone had become aware of Michael Chang, a charming sixteen-year-old player from Placentia, California. Chang, who is five feet eight and weighs a hundred and thirty-five pounds, defeated Jonas B. Svensson, of Sweden, the thirteenth seed, in five sets in the second round. He next met Tim Wilkison, of North Carolina. After losing the first two sets, he swept the next three, and advanced to the fourth round and a meeting with Agassi. At fifteen, Chang had won the U.S.T.A. Boys' eighteen-and-under championship. This is easy to understand. He reads his opponents well, moves quickly, has a dependable two-handed backhand, and plays the big points with intelligence. By this time, everyone at Flushing Meadow was also well aware of Agassi. In the seven months previous to the Open, he had won the U.S. Indoors and U.S. Clay Court championships and four Grand Prix events: the Tournament of Champions, at Forest Hills; Stratton Mountain, in Vermont; Stuttgart, in Germany; and Livingston, in New Jersey. Most notably, he had carried Wilander to five sets in the semifinals of the French Open. I first saw Agassi in action on the telecast of the final at Stratton Mountain, in which he defeated Paul Annacone, a very capable player. I was impressed by his court coverage and his aggressive shot-making, but I didn't quite understand why he also assumed the role of master of ceremonies during the match. At the Open, I had the same split feeling about him. I admired his tennis. For a young man who stands five-ten and weighs a hundred and fifty pounds, he certainly hits the ball a ton. This is particularly true of his forehand. He leaps at the ball, takes it on the rise, and hits over and through it. He serves well from a McEnroe type of stance: his left foot is positioned two or three inches in front of his right, with both of them parallel to the baseline. He pivots on his left leg as he tosses the ball up, and whips his hips and shoulders around. For all his speed of foot, he seldom leaves the baseline area.

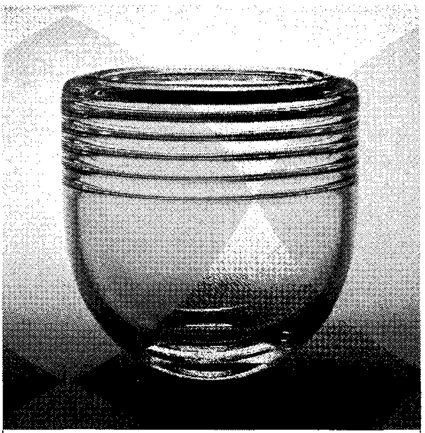
By the time I saw Agassi perform in the Open, I had learned a few things about him. Apparently, he was raised from childhood to be a tennis champion. When he was two, his father taped a table-tennis paddle to his right hand and had him swing at balloons. At four, he was into tennis, and Connors, on a visit to Las Vegas, hit some balls with him. Agassi started to attend the Nick Bollettieri Tennis Academy, in Bradenton, Florida, when he was thirteen. The following year, he won the national fourteen-and-under singles and doubles. As a junior player, he was known for his bad manners on the court. He didn't attend high school but got a high-school diploma through the American Correspondence School, in Chicago. What I did not like about Agassi, I guess, is that he seemed to have been brought up by his family not just to be a tennis champion but to storm the world of tennis like a rock star and make many, many millions. He is a good-looking young man who wears his frosted hair long. He sticks to the same outfit for all his matches: blue denim shorts and a billowy white blouse that hangs out over his shorts. In his endeavor to be the personification of sportsmanship, he sometimes applauds too many of the good shots his opponent makes, with the result that his applause comes off not as mannerly but as patronizing. When he leaves the court at the end of the match, someone is there to present him with a rose or a bouquet of flowers. Another of his signatures is to toss a couple of tennis balls to his fans at the end of a match. He knows how to make a repeatable statement, such as "I admire Jimmy Connors very much. One of my big hopes is to play him before he retires." All this well-rehearsed spontaneity can be irksome, and for many of us it detracts from Agassi's genuine talent and considerable personal appeal.



Agassi defeated Chang when they met in the fourth round, 7–5, 6–3, 6–2. (We should hear more from Chang in the years ahead.) Agassi's wish had come true: he would play Connors in the quarter-finals. One other thing: Edberg, the third-seeded player, had been ousted in the fourth round. On a cold night when the wind was whipping around wildly, he was defeated in a tumultuous match by Aaron Krickstein, of Michigan, 5–7, 7–6, 7–6, 4–6, 7–5. Edberg had had his opportunities—many of them. He simply did not possess the same strength of purpose he'd had at Wimbledon, when he came back from two sets down to beat Mecir and from one set down to beat Becker.

The clash between Connors and Agassi took place in the jam-packed Stadium Court on Thursday night in the second week of the Open. A good many years have passed since Francisco (Pancho) Segura, the great player and teacher from Ecuador, developed the teen-age Connors into a hard-hitting all-court player, who reached the top in 1974 by winning both Wimbledon and the U.S. Open. Everyone in the Stadium Court that night was asking himself the same question: Did Connors, at thirty-six, still have sufficient mobility, firepower, and stamina to stay with a very good player half his age?

The answer came quickly. In the first two games, Agassi seemed to be moving to the ball twice as fast as Connors and hitting it with more velocity. He broke Connors' serve in the third game and again in the seventh, and won the first set, 6–2. After many of the rallies, Connors was out of breath, and a swift conclusion of the match seemed apparent. In the second set, Connors got himself moving better. After losing his serve in the opening game, he broke Agassi's serve in the second. The speed of play soon had him huffing and puffing, but Connors is nothing if not a scrapper, and he somehow kept himself moving throughout this hard-fought set. The crowd roared its devotion to him, and that helped. In the eleventh game, he fought off four break points before losing it and falling behind, 5–6. With Agassi serving for the set, Connors played four terrific points to break back and get to 6–6. In the twelve-point tiebreaker, Connors hung in there and split the first twelve points. However, he lost the next two points on forehand errors, and this gave Agassi the tiebreaker and the second set, 7–6. That was as far as Connors could



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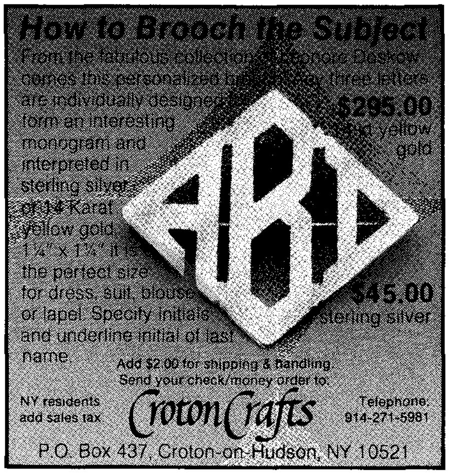

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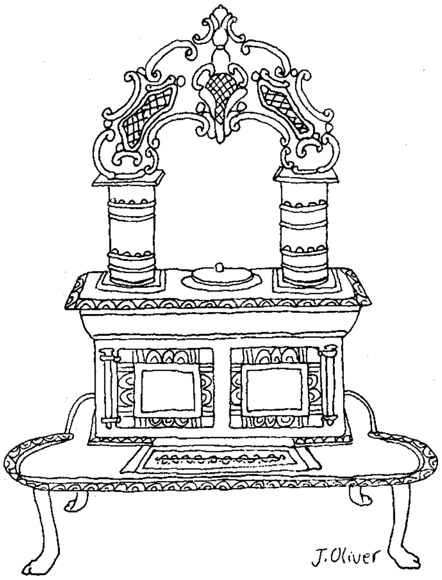
go. Agassi rolled swiftly through the third set, 6–1. Connors was strikingly good-humored in defeat, and tennis historians began telling each other, perhaps a little prematurely, that we were witnessing the beginning of a new era and the end of the one that Connors had ushered in in 1974.

THIS year, the women's singles carried more than its usual significance. Steffi Graf was going for a grand slam of the four major championships. This is a rare accomplishment. Maureen Connolly, of California, pulled it off in 1953, and Margaret Smith, of Australia, in 1970. Two men have also won a grand slam: Don Budge, of California, in 1938, and Rod Laver, of Australia, twice—in 1962 and 1969. To achieve it, a player must be lucky enough to stay healthy during the big weeks and to be able to cope with the mounting pressure. In the upper half of the draw in the Open, Graf and Evert had come through their first five matches nicely. They would meet in the semifinals. In the lower half, Shriver had been upset in the second round by Leila Meshki, of Russia, and Navratilova had lost in the quarter-finals to Zina Garrison, of Houston, in an unusually turbulent match. In the semifinals in the lower half of the draw, Garrison would meet Gabriela Sabatini, of Argentina, who is Graf's doubles partner.

Before describing the termination of Graf's quest, a brief account of Garrison's victory over Navratilova seems to be in order. The two had previously played twenty-one matches, and Navratilova had won all of them. Garrison, an all-court player who is currently ranked fourth in the country, took the opening set, 6–4, by breaking Navratilova's serve in the tenth game. She moved quickly to 5–0 in the second set against an opponent who was patently off form and was nervous about it. At that point, Garrison, it seemed, became frightened of winning. Navratilova was able to run off five straight games, and she ultimately won the set, 7–6, when she took the tiebreaker, seven points to three. One then expected Navratilova, with her troubles behind her, to race through the third set and complete a stunning comeback. Not at all. Garrison broke her serve in the fifth game and held her own to go out in front, 4–2. When Navratilova broke Garrison's shaky serve and got to 5–5, one didn't know what to think. In the eleventh game, Navratilova fell behind when she misplayed three backhand volleys, and Garrison won the game with a deep crosscourt forehand drive. Serving for the match at 6–5, Garrison fell behind with a pair of double faults, struggled to deuce, failed to cash in her fifth match point, got to match point again on a service ace, and closed out the match by coming to net and hitting a forehand drop volley for a clean winner. It is hard to recall another match in which there were so many extreme fluctuations of momentum.

Navratilova's absence from the semifinals necessarily removed much of the drama from Graf's bid for a grand slam. In 1987, it was Navratilova who defeated her in the finals of both Wimbledon and the U.S. Open—Graf's only two losses that season. This year, after Graf raced through Natalia Zvereva, of Russia, in thirty-two minutes to take the final of the French Open, 6–0, 6–0, Navratilova and Graf met again in the Wimbledon final, and a tremendous match ensued. Graf, who turned nineteen in June, is now a tall (five feet eight), slim, long-legged young woman who covers the court with unbelievable speed. She seized the initiative by breaking Navratilova's serve in the fifth game of the first set, and went on to lead, 5–3. At that point, Navratilova took command. She ran off six consecutive games to win the first set, 7–5, and take a 2–0 lead in the second set. Suddenly, there was an incisive change. Graf, poised and eager, reeled off six glittering games for the set. She was all over the court, running down Navratilova's angled drives and hitting winners off winners. She went on to take the first three games of the third set. Navratilova finally stopped this rush by breaking Graf's serve. Here, with Graf leading the deciding set, 3–1, the match was halted by rain. When play was resumed, forty-four minutes later, Graf whipped through the next three games. That was the match: 5–7, 6–2, 6–1. She had covered the court with such speed during the last two sets that she had run down shots no other woman player could have got to. She had made the rallies brief by hitting the ball so quickly and with such pace that she was able to completely dominate Navratilova. When Graf finally broke through at Wimbledon, she did so with perhaps the finest tennis of her career.



The fans at our Open had been looking forward to a final between Graf and Navratilova—assuming, that is, that Graf got by Evert in the semis. Earlier this year, in the final of the Australian Open, Evert, after a slow start, had given her a very good battle. When word arrived at Flushing Meadow the day before their scheduled match that Evert had come down with a bad case of stomach flu and would have to default, it was a severe disappointment. It robbed Graf of a chance to demonstrate her skills on Deco-Turf II against a great champion, and it denied Evert the opportunity to play one more important match in a championship with which she has been closely identified since 1971.

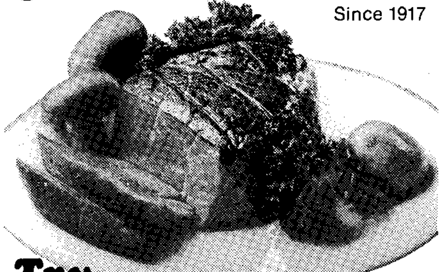
As has become the custom at the Open, the women's final was played on the second Saturday of the championships, with one of the men's semifinals preceding it and the other following it. Graf met Gabriela Sabatini, who had defeated Garrison, 6–4, 7–5. The final was a fairly interesting match, but it lacked lustre, and one forgot at moments that Graf's grand slam was riding on it. Sabatini is a big, strong eighteen-year-old from Buenos Aires with a good deal of talent. As a matter of fact, the only two matches that Graf lost this year had been to Sabatini, in the finals of two tournaments held early in the year at Boca Raton and Amelia Island, in Florida. When they met in the Open, Sabatini seemed unduly concerned with demonstrating the progress she had made in hitting deep, arching forehand and backhand drives that carried a great deal of topspin and bounced so high that they made an aggressive return impossible. She did this so impressively that, after losing the first set, 6–3, she won the second set, 6–3. Graf then got down to business and zipped through the third set in twenty minutes, with the loss of only one game. On one side of the net, Sabatini, who has a strange lack of stamina for one so young, was breathing heavily, and on the other side Graf was demonstrating her astonishing athleticism. For instance, when she is receiving serve, at the precise moment her opponent's racquet strikes the ball she takes a little jump to get into the rhythm of things. She is a perfect example of what natural talent and good coaching can achieve.

In 1973, when his daughter Stefanie Maria was four, Peter Graf sawed down the handle of a tennis racquet and started her playing the game. Ten years later, he gave up his partnership in an automobile dealership in Mannheim and his work with an insurance agency and moved to Brühl, near Heidelberg, with his family: his wife, Heidi; Steffi; and his young son, Michael. In Brühl, he opened a tennis academy, and Steffi was his star pupil. People who have been in tennis many years and know the Grafs well think that the rapport between father and daughter is a reprise of that between Charles Lenglen and his daughter, Suzanne, whom he made into the great star of the nineteen-twenties. These insiders believe that Steffi has always had her heart set on becoming a champion no less fervently than her father wanted to make her one.

The grand-slam ceremony was held in the Stadium Court, with the flags of Australia, France, Great Britain, and the United States billowing in the breeze. When Graf accepted the U.S. Open trophy, she thanked her family and then said, "I want to give special thanks to my father. He gave me everything I needed."

THE first men's semifinal match pitted Wilander against Cahill. After Wilander managed to scrape by Curren in the second round, his road to the semis had been comparatively smooth. In the third round, he met his friend and fellow-countryman Mikael Pernfors, who won our intercollegiate championship in 1984 and 1985, when he was attending the University of Georgia. Wilander got by Pernfors, 6–4, 6–0, 7–5. His opponent in the round of sixteen was Woodforde, who had patently peaked in his match with McEnroe. Against Wilander, Woodforde did not serve nearly as well, and in their rallies he had trouble reading Wilander's mixture of spins. After winning this match, 6–3, 6–2, 6–2, Wilander moved on to a meeting with Emilio Sánchez, of Barcelona, in the quarter-finals. Wilander and Sánchez, a strapping young man with a big serve and good mobility, had met nine times before, and Wilander had won seven of the matches. Sánchez was off fast in this one. He broke Wilander's serve in the second game, and that was all he needed to take the set, 6–3. In the second set, Sánchez, serving at 4–5, fought off six set points for Wilander and moved to 5–5. Wilander won that set, 7–6, by winning a tiebreaker, eight points to six, and he took the next two sets, 6–0 and 6–4. His semifinal, with Cahill, was a strange affair. Cahill broke Wilander's usually reliable serve five times and lost his own formidable serve nine times. Wilander's return of serve put a lot of pressure on Cahill. Wilander won in straight sets, 6–4, 6–4, 6–2. He had reached the final of the Open for the second year in a row.

Since Wilander is not a power hitter, and lacks the advantages that go with power, he approaches tennis with immense diligence. He studies his upcoming opponents closely, learns their patterns of play, and attempts to take advantage of their weaknesses. He prepares a new game plan for each match. Essentially a clay-court player, he is most at home at the baseline, but he likes to mix things up. He will serve and volley occasionally. Now and then, he races into net behind an approach shot. His most potent attacking weapon is his backhand. It can be very effective in a fast-moving rally when he sets up as if he intended to go crosscourt and then whistles the ball down the line instead. He counts a good deal on his patience, his splendid physical condition, and his self-possession to see him through. He knows that in order to beat the top-ranked players he must get his excellent first serve in regularly, miss no key overhead smashes, make



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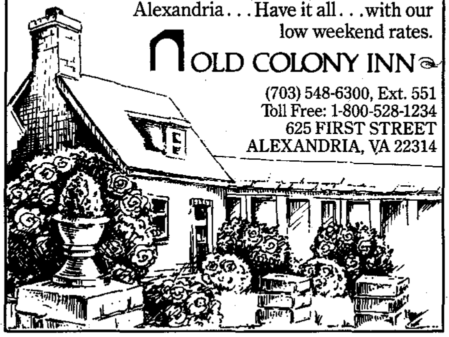

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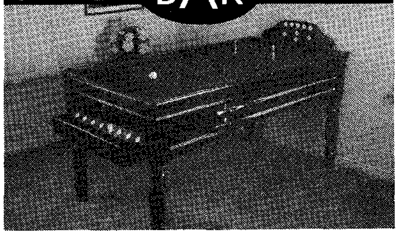

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WHEN Agassi walked onto the Stadium Court at the end of the grand-slam ceremonies to warm up for the second men's semifinal, there was a sense of excitement in the air. Until the Connors match, I hadn't realized just how good a player Agassi is, and I think this was true for many of the fans at Flushing Meadow. Most of the tennis writers I talked with felt that probably the only player who could stand up to Agassi was Lendl, whose flat, powerful first serve is among the best in the game. His second serve is also very strong, and he controls it well. The other major weapon he depends on is his big topspin forehand. A decent, substantial, complex person, Lendl unfortunately comes across on a tennis court as dour and charmless. The gallery would unquestionably be rooting for Agassi.

Agassi didn't appear to be in the least bothered by the importance of the occasion; in fact, he seemed to relish it. He served the opening game of the match and held serve with no trouble. Lendl won his opening service game. Agassi stirred the crowd with his hard hitting when he moved to 2–1. On his forehand, he uses a semi-Western grip—the palm of his hand more directly behind the face of the racquet—in order to crack the ball harder and with more topspin. At the end of the third game, Lendl walked over to the umpire, Richard Ings, and complained about something. It wasn't clear what was bothering him. In the fourth game, Agassi broke Lendl's serve at fifteen to move to 3–1. He won two points on forehand placements and two on forehand errors by Lendl. In the seventh game, Lendl broke Agassi's serve at fifteen, and then held his own serve to knot the set, 4–4. Agassi responded by taking four straight points on his serve to move to 5–4, and the gallery roared its appreciation of his bold hitting. As the two players were changing courts, Ken Farrar, a supervisor of the Men's Tennis Council, spoke to Agassi. No one in the stands had any idea what they were discussing. Play resumed with Lendl serving at 4–5. Agassi won the first point with a quick forehand down the line for a placement. In jubilation, he threw his arms up over his head. Lendl made it 15–all when he put in a big serve that Agassi couldn't return. Agassi went to 15–30 when he hit a fine forehand crosscourt for another placement, and he punctuated this by pointing a finger in the air. He went to 15–40 on a double fault by Lendl, and won the game by slicing a soft backhand inches over the net. Lendl had rushed in to play it but succeeded only in lifting the ball weakly into the net. First set to Agassi, 6–4.

The character of the match changed abruptly at the start of the second set. Lendl broke Agassi's serve in the first game and went on to win the set, 6–2. Throughout the set, Agassi's usual hustle and dash were missing. The same was true in the third set. When he was in position to score with his forehand, he frequently slugged the ball well over the baseline. In the eighth game of the third set, he made a brief stand and broke Lendl's serve, but he followed this by losing his own serve and, with it, the set, 6–3. Early in the set, Lendl had changed his tactics. He stopped hitting his forehand as hard and deep as usual, and began to play mild returns that landed near the service line. This change, however, didn't seem to affect Agassi's erratic play one way or the other. At the start of the fourth set, Agassi suddenly began to hit his shots with his customary verve and precision. He held his first four service games with the loss of only four points. Then Lendl broke Agassi's serve in the tenth game, and that was the match, 4–6, 6–2, 6–3, 6–4.

In his session with the press after the match, Lendl disclosed that he had talked to the umpire after the third game to protest that Agassi was disturbing him by grunting louder than usual before he hit one of his big shots. Lendl was within his rights in bringing this up. A player is not supposed to do anything that disturbs his opponent. "I like hearing what the other guy is doing to the ball," Lendl elaborated. Agassi, in his press conference, said that the Council's supervisor had warned him that his loud grunting was disturbing his opponent. Agassi went on to say that he thought Lendl had been overbearing in complaining about it. He explained that the reason he had played so poorly in the second and third sets was that, discouraged by his frequent errors, he had lost his poise and had tried to hit a winner on every shot. "I was reaching for anything, to be honest," he said. He was generous in his appraisal of Lendl's game: "The reason he deserves to be No. 1 in the world is simply that he has a lot of strength, he's faster than most players, he always gets to the ball, and he's always prepared."

THE Lendl-Wilander final began at four-twenty-eight on a pleasant Sunday afternoon, shortly after the televised National Football League game ended. The weather turned chilly in the evening, and a wind out of the west swirled around the stadium. This was the twentieth meeting between Lendl and Wilander. Lendl had won thirteen of their nineteen matches, including the last six. This was also the seventh straight year that Lendl had reached the final—a feat no other player had achieved since the days of the great Bill Tilden, in the early nineteen-twenties.

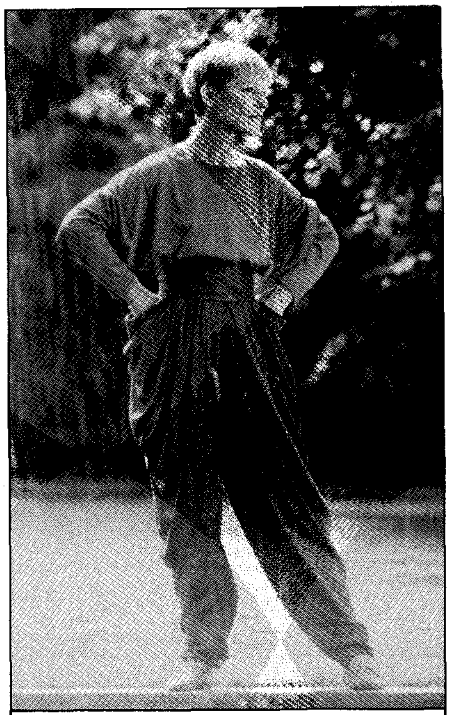
The final proved to be an arresting match, filled with rallies in which the ball crossed the net twenty, thirty, or forty times before the winning or losing stroke was played. In the tenth game of the first set, with Lendl serving at 4–5, Wilander moved to break point when Lendl terminated a lengthy rally by netting a backhand drive. Lendl then lost the first set when he was long with a backhand drive. On this point, Wilander had dashed into the forecourt behind an approach shot—a maneuver that perhaps surprised Lendl. It was clear from the start of the match that Wilander's game plan called for him to follow his first serve to net frequently and to come to net from time to time during the baseline rallies.

Playing with confidence, Wilander proceeded to break Lendl's serve in the second game of the second set. At game point, after pulling Lendl first to the left and then to the right in a baseline exchange, Wilander had closed in and hit a sharp crosscourt volley for a winner. When Wilander moved to 4–1, Lendl turned on the steam. After holding his serve, he broke Wilander's at thirty, held his own at thirty, broke Wilander's again, and then served a love game to take the set, 6–4. One set apiece.

It was apparent from the start that Wilander's intention was to keep the ball away from Lendl's forehand. In many rallies in which he held the upper hand, he played a long succession of backhand chips and slices deep to Lendl's backhand, and he was so relentless in cooping Lendl up in his backhand corner that on a number of points Lendl played forehand as well as backhand strokes from that small area of the court. In the third set, Wilander again went out in front with an early service break, and, by his tenacious play, he made it stand up, and took the set, 6–3.

In the fourth set, as he had done in the first three, Wilander went into the lead when he broke Lendl's serve, this time in the seventh game. Lendl immediately broke back, scoring with a run of beautiful strokes that included a topspin backhand placement and a perfect backhand lob. Serve followed the server until the twelfth game, when Lendl broke Wilander's serve at thirty to take the set, 7–5, and square the match at two sets all.

Wilander quickly moved out in front in the fifth set, breaking Lendl's serve at fifteen in the opening game. Lendl broke him back in the fourth game. The key game was the seventh, with Lendl serving at 3–3. Wilander broke him at fifteen, scoring twice with decisive forehand drives and twice on backhand errors by Lendl. Wilander then held serve at thirty to move to 5–3. Lendl, in turn, held serve with no trouble. In the crucial tenth game, Wilander went to 40–30, match point, on a backhand error by Lendl on his return of service. Lendl got to deuce when he passed Wilander with a fine backhand down the line, but then he wasted a break point when he pulled his backhand return of service into the alley. He wasted a second break point when he put up a short lob, and Wilander smashed it away. Wilander got to match point for the second time on a shaky backhand passing shot by Lendl that veered wide of the court. On the match point, he got in a good kick serve to Lendl's backhand, and Lendl's return caught the net. Wilander, 6–4, 4–6, 6–3, 5–7, 6–4. In the end, Lendl's backhand had broken down. The match had lasted four hours and fifty-four minutes—the longest final in the history of the championships. One statistic stood out head and shoulders above the others: Wilander had got in



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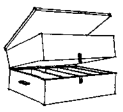

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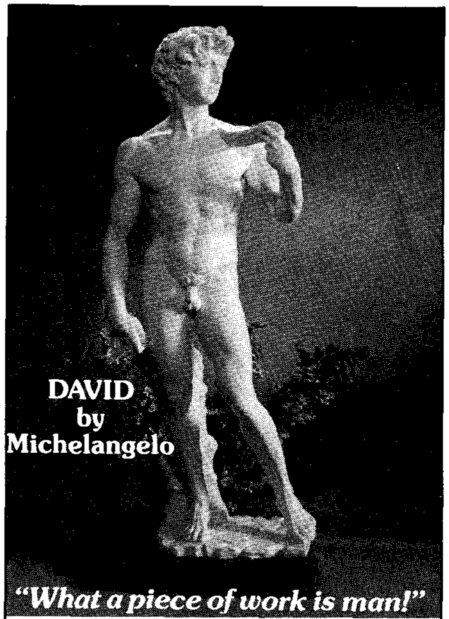
eighty-six per cent of his first serves. That is fantastic. (Lendl had got in just forty-three per cent.) He had put a great deal of pressure on Lendl by coming to net on a high percentage of his serves and a good many of his approach shots. Lendl had not expected that, and it may well have made the difference.

OVER the years, Wilander has become a larger man physically than the precocious seventeen-year-old who burst on the tennis scene in 1982. He now stands five feet eleven and a half and weighs a hundred and seventy pounds. His features are stronger, and he looks a bit older than he is. Wilander has become the No. 1 tennis player in the world, and that ranking will not make life notably easier for him. As a ball-control artist, he will still have to outthink and outwork his competition. By demanding so much of himself, Wilander earned over five million dollars in prize money through 1987, and he stands to make two million or so this year, but while his healthy financial position naturally gives him a sense of pride and satisfaction, the life of a professional tennis player, with its constant travel and self-absorption, is a punishing one. This is partly why Wilander has always made himself available for Davis Cup matches: in his words, "It is a good feeling to be playing with friends for your country."

Wilander's remarks at his press conference after the final were very much in character. When he was asked what he thought about his play in the Open, he replied, "It feels for sure the best weeks I've ever had, better than the first year in Paris." Later, he said, "In the final, I had many leads and chances for breaks. In the second set, for example, I led 4–1, but Lendl played four unbelievable points. Lendl has been injured a lot this year. I have respect for Lendl." At one point in the press conference, after musing for a moment or two, he said, "Everything has just fallen my way this year. You have to have a little luck to win three in one year." Wilander is a person of considerable worldliness, but he said these things so softly and simply that he could well have been in the locker room of the Växjö Tennis Society telling his friends how he had won the club championship.

—HERBERT WARREN WIND



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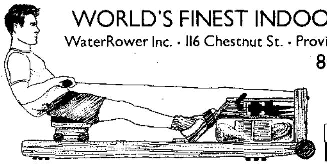

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MUSICAL EVENTS

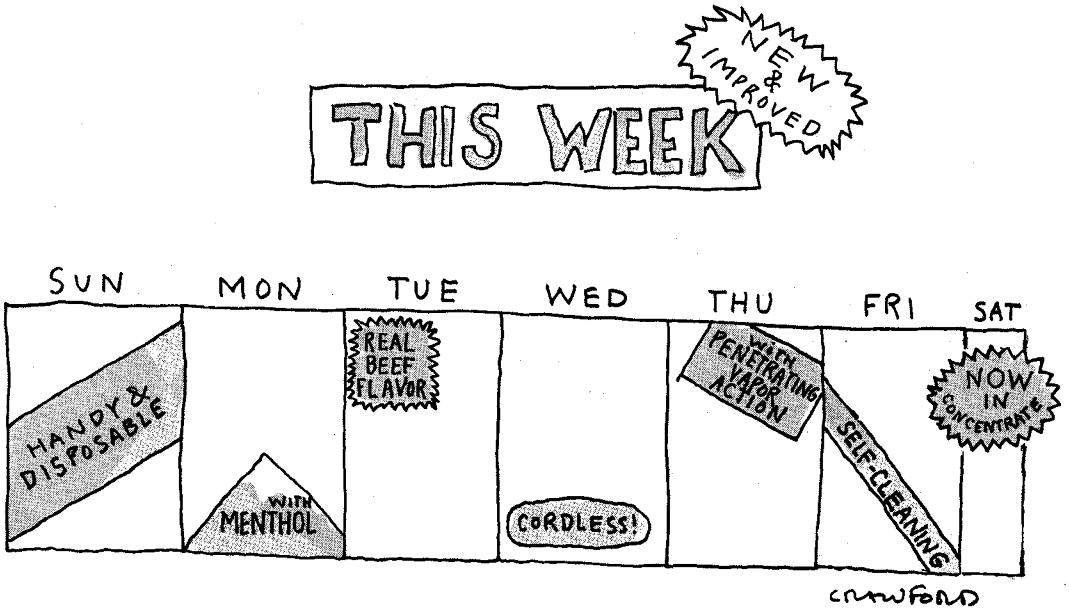
A European Miscellany

DIRECTORS' opera was all around: in Britain alone, Peter Stein's "Falstaff," David Pountney's "Traviata," revivals of Jonathan Miller's "Tosca," David Freeman's "Così," Andrei Serban's "Turandot," Pountney's "Carmen" set in a car dump. Yuri Lyubimov's comic-strip "Rheingold," the start of Covent Garden's new, economy-model "Ring," drew me: more about that later. Otherwise, during a European late-summer visit, I preferred to attend performances in which the work itself rather than a director's handling of it was the attraction.

SCHUBERT's grand operas, "Alfonso und Estrella" (1821-22) and "Fierrabras" (1823), are untheatrical, but, since they were written by a great composer, they are revived from time to time and bring musical rewards. Claudio Abbado conducted Ruth Berghaus's production of "Fierrabras" in Vienna earlier this year. In London, a staging of "Fierrabras" opened ten days of music by Schubert and Britten in the Queen Elizabeth Hall—part of the South Bank's Summerscope festival. "Staging" is perhaps too strong a word. The characters wore costume, but it was that of Schubert's day; the conceit of the director, Michael Rennison, was a runthrough of Schubert's latest composition, in a Viennese drawing room, by a group of his friends. A concert performance would have served the work equally well, perhaps better: the Biedermeier set added nothing to a tale of chivalry, gallantry, and romance, drawn from a Calderón play. It is not a bad story. But the libretto, by Josef Kupelwieser, is clumsy (Fierrabras makes no appearance in Act II), and Schubert had small sense of dramatic timing. There is too much choral music, page upon page of it—in splendid movements during which nothing happens onstage. On the other hand, he had some of the born musical dramatist's gifts, including a flair for emotional scene-setting by way of textures, apt figuration, and picturesque orchestration, and an effective way with melodrama and accompanied recitative. "Don Giovanni," "Fidelio," and "Der Freischütz" are influences. The failing is copiousness—generosity of formal invention on the time scale of the concert room, not the theatre. Simplifying, one might say that the songlike numbers in "Fierrabras" are successful, while the "symphonic" numbers are far too long. Cutting does not bring improvement: these are balanced movements. The London text was satisfactorily full. There was an acceptable cast, led by Thomas Moser and Marianne Haeggander. The Tallis Chamber Choir sang well. Jeffrey Tate conducted the English Chamber Orchestra.

Domenico Barbaia, the impresario behind Rossini, Bellini, and Donizetti for much of their careers, extended his operatic empire to Vienna in 1821. He presented the Vienna première of "Der Freischütz," commissioned "Euryanthe" from Weber and "Fierrabras" from Schubert, hoped for a new Beethoven opera. In 1822, he brought Rossini to Vienna. What Schubert could gain from Rossini appears in his symphonies; the Great C Major holds (among other things) an apotheosis of the "Barbiere" first-act finale. In opera, he seems—like Weber, and like Wagner, but without Wagner's dramatic genius—to have deliberately scorned the surefire structural formulas (introduzione, entrance aria, largo concertato, rondo-finale, etc.) that successfully underpinned almost a century of Italian opera.

I FORGET who it is tells of a startled cry he heard ring out one night at the opera: "Great heavens! The tenor is strangling the soprano." The disconcerted exclamation illustrates at once the prevalence of convention and Rossini's endeavor in the serious operas he composed for Barbaia, in Naples—"Otello" (1816) was the second of them—to make creative use of convention by occasionally subverting expectations. (In some Italian houses, however, the tragic close was thought so indecorous that it was replaced by a happy ending.) The nineteenth century recognized the composer's achievement. In the first Grove (1883), Gustave Chouquet wrote, "Rossini completed his reform of serious opera by his 'Otello.' " The twentieth century ignored his Neapolitan operas until, in 1952, Florence produced "Armida" (with Maria Callas its heroine). "Otello" in New York, London, and Rome soon followed. The revival and revaluation of Rossini had begun. In recent years, the Rossini Opera Festival in Pesaro has played an important part, with productions of "Demetrio e Polibio," "Il Viaggio a Reims," "Bianca e Falliero," and "Ermione." The Rossini



Foundation prepares accurate scores. Celebrated singers are engaged. The principal production this year was "Otello," its cast led by June Anderson, Chris Merritt, and Rockwell Blake (Rodrigo).

It was an unsatisfactory performance. The 1964 Rome "Otello" (which later travelled to Pesaro, Berlin, and New York) showed that the elaborately, sometimes excessively, decorated music could still generate dramatic excitement. In Pesaro—a quarter century and many "Otello" productions later—it was not just that the keen joy of discovery had faded; even someone who had never encountered Rossini's "Otello" before must have found these singers self-regarding and self-indulgent in manner, concerned mainly with feats of vocalism, and therefore undramatic, inexpressive. The recitatives were delivered slowly and loudly. Amid so much relentless twiddle-twiddle and taradiddle, with earsplitting high notes, one began to long for a page or two of Gluck's noble simplicity. We have discovered why our great-grandparents, and theirs, responded so eagerly to Rossini. Performances like this now begin to show why our grandparents refused to take Rossini's serious operas seriously. His music calls for vocal virtuosos; they must be stylish as well as showy.

John Pritchard, conducting, sailed in stately fashion through a graceful but unenergetic account of the score. Pier Luigi Pizzi's stage direction seemed concerned more with moves than with getting singers to act. His sets and costumes, suggesting Venetian predella panels animated, were attractive but a shade arty. There were more scene changes than Rossini prescribed, and the long musical spans were disturbed.

It is time Pesaro tried a Rossini production or two conceived in Rossini's own terms, not fashionably tarted up in ways that suggest small confidence in the merits of the work in question. "Il Signor Bruschino," one of his early comedies, proves captivating in a straightforward, merry production. In Pesaro, it was staged by Roberto De Simone on two platforms, upstage and downstage, joined by a steep, narrow walkway descending through an onstage orchestra. The buffo had to share his entrance aria with a busy, grimacing mime; Enzo Dara didn't have a chance. Supers played peekaboo through most of the numbers. Mariella Devia was an accurate but charmless heroine. The tenor, Dalmacio Gonzalez, sang "Deh tu m'assisti" winningly. Donato Renzetti was a brisk, unfeeling conductor.

DONIZETTI'S "Maria Padilla" (1841) produced by Dorset Opera was very different—a modest but honest and sensitive production, in a school hall, which held listeners spellbound. The piece is one of the extraordinary group of excellent works that poured out in the last three years of the composer's career, before madness clouded his mind. "Maria Padilla," a success in its day, was revived fifteen years ago in London, in a concert performance by Opera Rara. There followed the Opera Rara recording, a small-scale production by San Francisco's Pocket Opera, a concert performance by the Long Island Opera Society, in Stony Brook, and a few Italian stagings. Dorset gave the British stage première.

Donizetti, another "reform" composer—or, at the least, a powerfully original and inventive one—worked mainly within the conventions but broke them to suit his subjects. In "Maria Padilla," the romantic lead, Pedro the Cruel, is the baritone, not the tenor; the tenor is Maria's fifty-year-old father, Don Ruiz. And the largo concertato—that broad concerted number usually arising from a mid-opera confrontation or crisis—is displaced from a central position to Act III, where it falls between the cantabile and the cabaletta of the heroine's aria-finale. (Act II ends with a sudden stretta-finale; it took contemporary audiences by surprise.) Act III is on a consistently inspired level. A tenor romanza passes without break into a terzettino and then an extended duet between Maria and her father, who—tortured, mad, not recognizing her—curses the daughter who has become the King's mistress. Later, the largo concertato develops the theme of the romanza. The opera grips a listener from the start, catches him in the characters' plights, moves in an emotional crescendo. Occasionally, the composer drops into routine bravura passages, such as do not disfigure the operas of Mozart (unless one concurs in Berlioz's strictures on Anna's "Non mi dir"), of the mature Verdi, or of the mature Wagner (unless one agrees with Vaughan Williams that the clinching theme of the "Ring" is "a tune which is hardly good enough for a third-rate German beer garden"). One notices them, and regrets them, but ends the evening with joyful gratitude toward a composer who felt happiness and sorrow deeply, and who had abundant musical resources—melodic, formal, and instrumental—through which he could share them with his listeners. Verdi, Bellini, and Rossini have been thoroughly explored—and rightly valued. Much Donizetti remains to be discovered.

Dorset Opera puts on just one production a year, with professional soloists and orchestra, and a chorus of fresh-voiced, well-prepared youths from Sherborne School and damsels from Sherborne Girls School. Three years ago, I wrote with enthusiasm of its "Gabriella di Vergy," an earlier Donizetti opera. In the title role of "Maria Padilla," Pamela Myers—a City Opera Mimì, Musetta, Margherita, Micaëla—gave a gleaming, subtle, impassioned, stirring, and vocally adept performance, flecked only by an occasional readiness to attain higher dynamic levels than the school-hall acoustics required. But even when overloud she was not strained or impure of timbre; I look forward to hearing her again, in comparable roles. Don Ruiz was David Hillman, a Sadler's Wells veteran, worn of voice but vivid in expression. Pedro was Robert Poulton, a rising Glyndebourne singer, who must beware of pushing his baritone into fake, resonated "richness" at the expense of verbal and musical eloquence. Patrick Shelley conducted with a sure sense of tempo and transition. Robert Glen, the stage director, ably reconciled resources and requirements.

GLUCK hunger excited in Pesaro was satisfied in Vicenza by a production of "Paride ed Elena" (1770), the third of the three "reform" operas on which Gluck and the poet Raniero de Calzabigi collaborated. "Orfeo" (1762) is about a heroic man, and "Alceste" (1767) about a heroic woman. But "Paride" tells, in five acts, how a Trojan prince comes to claim his reward—the world's most beautiful woman—after judging a divine beauty contest; how he falls in love with Helen; and how she, though affianced to Menelaus and bred to stern, Spartan ideals of duty, yields at last, against her will, to erotic attraction. Gluck felt it necessary to apologize for the subject. In a preface to the score he wrote:

> The drama of Paris did not require from the composer's fancy those strong passions, those majestic images, and those tragic situations that in "Alceste" shook the spectators; nor did it occasion so many grandiose harmonic effects. Thus the same forceful and energetic music will surely not be expected. . . . There is here no question of a wife about to lose her husband, who, in order to save him, has the courage to evoke the infernal gods in a dread forest wrapt in the blackest shades of night. . . . It is here the case of a young lover—presented in contrast with the waywardness of a lovely and honest woman—who at last triumphs by all the wiles of a designing passion. I was obliged to exert myself in order to find some variety of color, seeking it in the different characters of the two nations, Phrygia and Sparta, by contrasting the rude and savage nature of the one with all that is delicate and soft in the other.

There are just three principals: Paris, Helen, and Amor in the guise of the courtier Erastus. All three are sopranos. So is Pallas Athene, who appears in Act V and, in Queen of the Night accents, warns the lovers of the strife that will ensue if they elope. They are shaken, and in asides recall earlier dire prophecies: an oracle that called Helen a source of discord and bloodshed, Cassandra's declaration to Priam that Paris would be "the torch that soon sets Asia afire." But they are now too much in love to be able to part. Early Gluck commentators declared the content—a wooing and winning in five acts—too slight. They had not seen the piece in the theatre: no nineteenth-century performances are recorded, and twentieth-century productions have until recently been rare. In fact, "Paride" proves to be a drama both beautiful and potent, one that can move spectators to sustained rapture. Most modern presentations have been marred by cuts and by transpositions to accommodate a tenor or a mezzo-soprano Paris. In Vicenza, Alan Curtis conducted the opera at full length and untransposed. Gluck's scoring is strong, delicate, and emotionally vivid. Mr. Curtis drew eloquent playing from a less than virtuoso Veneto youth orchestra, and he inspired young singers to phrasing and declaration at once bold and disciplined. Alessandra Mantovani was a passionate Paris, Alessandra Ruffini an exact and communicative Helen. The Amor, Caterina Trogu Röhrich, tended to chop up recitative. Adelisa Tabiadon was a formidable if not wholly accurate Athene. Silvia Da Ros and Francesco Piccoli (the only male solo voice of the evening, a tenor) were firm and clear in important chorus-leader episodes.

This "Paride" was part of the Vicenza Festival, which, aptly in the city of Palladio, has a neoclassical core but also links each year with a country. This year, it was Spain. The bill included Calderón's "El Gran Teatro del Mundo" with Falla's incidental music, "El Amor Brujo" with the original, glittering chamber score (but irrelevant choreography, for an all-woman ensemble), Tirso's "El Burlador de Sevilla," the thirteenth-century "Cantigas de Santa Maria," a Roberto Gerhard concert, a concert of Spanish contemporary music, a Gaudí exhibition, a Luis Buñuel retrospective. Also Cavalli's "Calisto" in, probably, its first full-scale modern revival, and Monteverdi and Antonio Lotti concerts. The main festival site is Palladio's Teatro Olimpico, which opened in 1585 with "Oedipus Rex" in Vincenzo Scamozzi's three-dimensional perspective setting. His famous scene is still there. It is understandable that people who work with it year after year should want to ring a few changes. Last year (when a portable replica of the Olimpico stage was erected in Houston), I described the tactful, striking *interventi* that Pasquale Grossi devised for a Vicenza production of Vivaldi's "Giustino." This year, for "Paride," Mr. Grossi obscured the stage with a gauzy white curtain, which was then looped up in various configurations to reveal just portions of Scamozzi's harmonious, beautiful setting. Maddening! Vicenza visitors want to see the Teatro Olimpico in full splendor. Walter Pagliaro's staging was passable when plain but included some silly additions to Calzabigi's lucid drama.

—Andrew Porter

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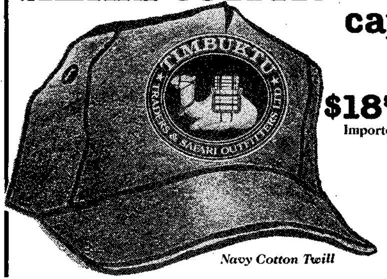
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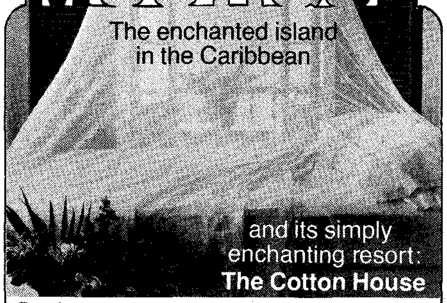
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LETTER FROM MOSCOW

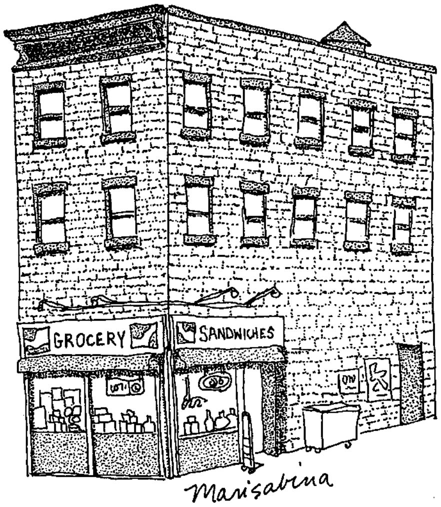
THE last shrine of what Russians still euphemistically call "the cult of personality" stands at the far end of a weedy esplanade in the town of Gori, in the Soviet republic of Georgia, where Joseph Vissarionovich Stalin was born, in December, 1879. The continued existence of a Stalin shrine apparently embarrasses some Soviet officials, and in September it was closed for renovation. But when I hired a car in the Georgian capital of Tbilisi one sunny Sunday last spring and told the driver I wanted to go to Gori, he showed no embarrassment. "You'll be a little early," he said, looking at his watch. "The museum doesn't open till ten."

The road from Tbilisi to Gori is two lanes wide and winds for about forty miles through vineyards and flowering orchards. With its dusty streets, crumbling masonry, and understocked department store, Gori resembles a thousand other provincial Soviet towns, except that in front of a domed building housing both the city council and the local office of the Communist Party a bronze statue towers some fifty feet high, and it is not a statue of Lenin. There is a stone plinth but no identifying inscription; none is necessary. The sculptor has created a faithful likeness of Stalin, hatless and mustachioed, gazing into the distance. Once, the Soviet Union had thousands of statues like this one. According to local lore, when Nikita Khrushchev ordered them all torn down, in 1956, the students of Gori rebelled. They surrounded their statue and protected it until the local authorities, who presumably didn't care much for Khrushchev's order themselves, agreed to let it stand.

From the statue the esplanade continues for about half a mile, to a monumental canopy of pale pink marble, supported by granite pillars; under it is a two-room brick-and-stucco cottage—the humble birthplace of the great man. A small sign by the door identifies the place as Stalin's house, although it actually belonged to his father, a cobbler named Vissarion Dzhugashvili, who was reputed to be a heavy drinker and to beat his son. (In 1912, the son, Iosif Vissarionovich Dzhugashvili, took the revolutionary *nom de guerre* derived from the Russian word for steel.) Directly behind the birthplace stands the Stalin Museum, a vaguely Moorish, vaguely Gothic temple of stone and marble, with a vaulted arcade at the entrance and a tower at one end. When I was there, buses were pulling into a nearby parking lot, where a man in a greasy plaid jacket was selling souvenir calendars with photos of Stalin for a ruble apiece.

On the windows of the museum, strips of colored plastic created a kind of imitation stained glass. A mosaic portrait of a smiling Stalin filled one wall of the entrance hall, and a marble staircase led to the exhibits, on the floor above. I saw an office down a corridor to the left, knocked on the door and entered, and found a broad-shouldered, black-haired man watching television. He identified himself as Guram Shavdatvashvili, the deputy director of the museum, and told me that it was owned and run by the Georgian Ministry of Culture and received about half a million visitors a year. I asked him whether attitudes toward Stalin had changed since last November, when Mikhail Gorbachev publicly accused Stalin of unforgivable crimes. Shavdatvashvili scowled. "I've seen a difference in the press," he said. "But among the people nothing's changed."

Upstairs, the first exhibition room was full of relics of the cult of personality. An accordion made by some Russian factory workers in 1949 was inscribed in inlaid rhinestones "To the great leader of the peoples, Joseph V. Stalin, on his seventieth birthday." A display case housed bowls, plates, and coffee cups bearing Stalin's image. Not all the tributes dated from the years of Stalin's reign. In 1979, "the defenders of Leningrad" had contributed a photograph album honoring the hundredth anniversary of Stalin's birth. A worn leather chair and a wooden desk with green glass inkwells stood in one corner: furniture from the first office Stalin occupied, in Petrograd, after the 1917 revolution. A museum employee said the museum acquired the furniture in May of 1985, two months after Gorbachev became General Secretary of the Communist Party. Even as late as three years ago, it seems, the cult of Stalin had friends in sufficiently high places to enable the museum to secure such precious items.



The next room depicted Stalin's youth: yearbook photographs from his student days in the theological seminary at Tbilisi, some poetry about moonlight he wrote when he was sixteen, and his first mug shot, taken by the police in Batumi in 1902. From 1902 to 1917, Stalin was subjected to a long series of arrests and internal exiles; a large wall map of Russia covered with colored arrows indicated his travels. The next two rooms depicted, in a sanitized way, Stalin in power: photographs of happy workers and peasants building Socialism, or determined-looking soldiers. The exhibits acknowledged criticism of Stalin only by implication. A small white card mounted on one wall bore a quotation from an aircraft designer, A. S. Yakovlev: "Stalin did not suffer dithering. If he made a decision, he announced it, he gave a directive. And it had to be done, precisely on time, without delays. Everyone around him knew this."

As I copied that quotation, a lanky, black-haired boy sidled up to me, probably attracted by my foreign clothing. I introduced myself. The boy shook hands, flashed a shy, gap-toothed smile, and, in halting Russian (it's a second language for most Georgians), introduced himself as Moris Miryanashvili. He said that he was seventeen and a student at School No. 132 in Tbilisi, and that he was on his third school-sponsored trip to the museum.

I asked what he thought of Stalin.

"He was a good man. He led us in the war."

What did he think of Gorbachev's criticism of Stalin?

"It wasn't fair."

But hadn't Stalin caused the deaths of hundreds of thousands, if not millions, of people?

Moris thought for a moment. It

was not a question he appeared to have considered before. "They deserved it," he said finally.

A teacher approached and pulled him away.

The last exhibit was in a darkened circular room inside the tower. A walkway led around the perimeter, and in the center of the room stood a pedestal capped by a red velvet pillow. On the pillow lay a bronze mask of Stalin's face, lit by a soft golden spotlight. The room's designer had clearly intended to reproduce the solemn, quasi-religious effect of Lenin's mausoleum, in Moscow, and people were filing through silently and reverently. On the wall at the entrance to the circular room was another small white card, this one bearing a quotation from Gorbachev's November, 1987, speech on the seventieth anniversary of the Russian Revolution: "We must see as indisputable the contribution of Stalin to the struggle for Socialism and the defense of its gains as well as the crude political mistakes and despotism committed by him and his circle." But it struck me that the addition of a few words about despotism and political mistakes did not change the museum's essence—homage to Stalin. To make it anything else, the renovators will have to gut the building and start over. And it seemed that the museum was a rough paradigm of the situation facing Gorbachev in the Soviet Union. Mere speeches about *glasnost* and *perestroika* cannot change the Stalinist essence of the country he is trying to govern and reform. To purge the Soviet Union of Stalin's legacy, he would have to tear down much of the system that supports him and start over again—at no small risk to himself.

There was no shortage—in Gori, at least—of cynics who doubted whether Gorbachev would or could do this. To them his attack on Stalin was merely the latest ritual sacrifice by a regime that periodically purified and legitimated itself by offering up a former leader. I met one of these people outside on the esplanade, a fair-haired middle-aged man with a sunburned brow, who identified himself as Viktor Uzkov, a retired Army officer.

People in Gori still seemed to revere Stalin, I said.

"Yes, they do," Uzkov said. "It's his homeland. But it's not *only* that. He was a real man."

I asked whether people believed the harsh accusations that Soviet reformers were lodging against Stalin.

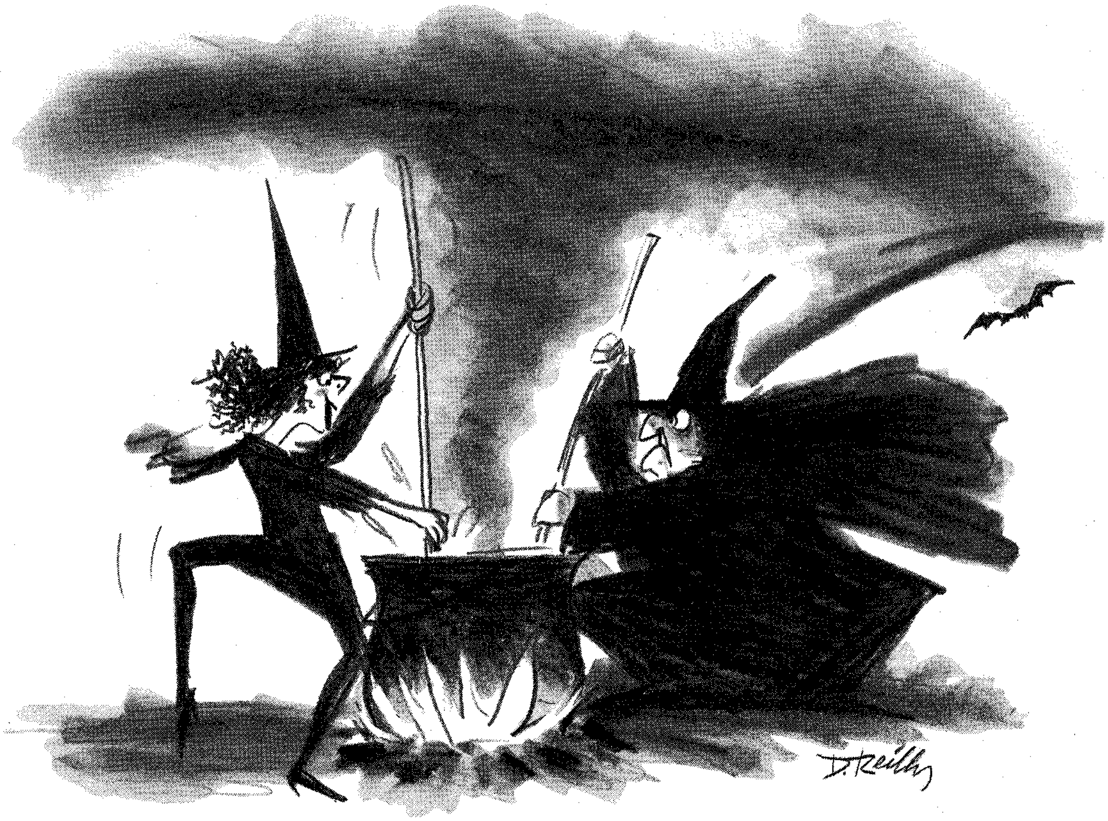
"Do you have any flaws?" Uzkov asked me.

"Yes," I replied.

"I have flaws. Stalin had flaws. Stalin's dead, so now Gorbachev talks about Stalin's flaws. When Gorbachev's dead, they'll talk about his flaws."

IN the next couple of weeks, I mentioned my trip to Gori to two Soviet officials—a diplomat and a scholar. Both tried to dismiss the museum as an anachronism, with little relevance to contemporary politics. "You have to remember that Stalin was a Georgian," the diplomat said. "Naturally, they take pride in him there." The scholar told me that authorities in Moscow were actively considering shutting the museum down—a step so Stalinist that Stalin himself might have appreciated it. Neither, however, could argue that Stalin and his legacy had faded into insignificance, for at that time the Soviet press was publishing a remarkable series of articles both justifying and condemning Stalin. Stalinists lived in Moscow as well as in Gori, the articles proved, and Stalinism and anti-Stalinism define the Soviet political spectrum.

The Stalinists waited until Gorbachev was on a trip to Yugoslavia, in March, 1988, to publish their manifesto, which took the form of a letter to the editor of the Moscow newspaper *Sovetskaya Rossiya* by a chemistry teacher from Leningrad named Nina Andreeva. Some of the excesses of *glasnost* and *perestroika* troubled her, Andreeva wrote, and particularly the vilification of Stalin. He led his generation to unprecedented feats, after all—industrialization, collectivization, the cultural revolution. For a chemistry teacher, she seemed to have access to some unusual sources, citing, for example, Churchill's assessment of Stalin: "A man of unusual energy, erudition and unswerving strength of will, sharp, tough, merciless in word



"*I want to be, like, you know, spooky, but, like, not totally evil.*"

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and deed. . . . He found Russia with a wooden plow and left it equipped with atomic weapons." Of course, no one wanted to return to the terror, Andreeva went on, but she recalled the thirties almost nostalgically, as a time of idealism, when "personal modesty approaching asceticism was not something to be ashamed of. . . . when we prepared our youth not for the subtleties of consuming the good things of life earned by their parents but for Labor and Defense." Stalin, she predicted, would ultimately find a place in history like that of Peter the Great, whose personal cruelties have long been forgotten or overlooked by his countrymen, who revere him for making Russia a great European power.

The Andreeva letter offered a detailed list of Stalinist objections to the country's new course. In it one could hear an appeal to aggrieved interest groups to rally against Gorbachev. She reminded Party apparatchiks that reformers were talking about threatening concepts like the division of power, parliamentary government, free trade unions, a free press, and freedom of religion. She warned the military that there was talk of abolishing the draft. She appealed to the Slavophilic, anti-Western, and anti-Semitic strains in Russian thought. Why should people be shy, she wondered, about glorifying the Slavs as humanity's avant-garde in revolution and in world war? And wasn't it a scandal that some Soviet authorities were treating requests to emigrate as a matter of human rights rather than as treason?

Only tanks rumbling in the streets could have evoked more alarm among Moscow intellectuals than the publication of this letter, and various events of the next few days reinforced their fear that the Stalinists were staging an ideological counter-revolution. Tass, the official news agency, issued a directive to provincial newspapers suggesting that they reprint the Andreeva letter. One friend told me that local Party authorities came into Moscow newspaper offices and ordered editors to spike certain articles, like an interview with anti-Stalinist playwright Mikhail Shatrov. For three weeks, no one publicly rebutted Andreeva's theses. "We had *zastoi* again," another friend said, using the word that has become the official epithet for the Brezhnev era. It means "stagnation" or "depression." Then the anti-Stalinist forces regrouped and counterattacked, exploiting a tactical error in the Andreeva letter—her defense of Stalin himself. Unpublished Soviet opinion surveys, I was told, indicate that two-thirds of the Soviet public still revere Stalin, but that they disapprove of purges, labor camps, and terror. Apparently, Stalin's modern admirers either do not know much about the crimes of the thirties and forties or believe that underlings committed them without Stalin's knowledge. By defending Stalin, the Andreeva letter made him the issue. If the reformers could discredit Stalin by acquainting the public with the facts of his reign, they could discredit the entire conservative agenda. On April 5th, *Pravda* published a theoretical essay refuting Andreeva. "There is no turning back," the essay declared, and it said that defenders of Stalin were, in essence, defending "the right to tyranny."

With the new Party line established, editors around the country unleashed an extraordinary torrent of articles damning Stalin. A novelist named Chingiz Aitmatov wrote one of the most powerful. Aitmatov has a distinguished history as an anti-Stalinist. In the early nineteen-eighties, when discipline of all kinds was lax, he managed to get past the censors a novel called "The Day Lasts More Than a Hundred Years," which, in elliptical, allegorical ways, attacked the Stalinist legacy, and sold five million copies. Now Aitmatov was free to use language as blunt as he liked. He began with an anecdote:

> Stalin called together his closest comrades-in-arms. "I understand you're wondering how I govern the people so that every last one of them . . . thinks of me as a living god. Now I'll teach you the right attitude toward the people." And he ordered a chicken brought in. He plucked it live, in front of them all, down to the last feather, down to the red flesh, until only the comb was left on its head. "And now watch," he said, and let the chicken go. It could have gone off where it wished, but it went nowhere. It was too hot in the sun and too cold in the shade. The poor bird could only press itself against Stalin's boots. And then he tossed it a crumb of grain, and the bird followed him wherever he went. Otherwise, it would have fallen over from hunger. "That," he told his pupils, "is how you govern our people."

Attacks on Stalin as tyrant had occurred before in the Soviet Union—in 1956, under Nikita Khrushchev. But Khrushchev limited his de-Stalinization campaign to Stalin's

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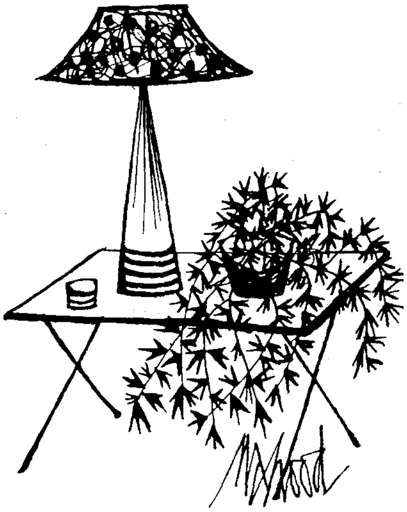
crimes. He brooked no criticism of the system that Stalin had created. It was as if Germany, after the Second World War, had decided to do away with the "Heil Hitler!" salutes and the death camps but leave the rest of the system intact. The attack by Aitmatov and others went much further, questioning both Stalin's world view and the pillars he erected for the Soviet economy—collectivized farming and centrally planned industry. Collectivization of agriculture, Aitmatov wrote, "smashed the national feed trough . . . led to the alienation of the tiller from the soil, to the loss of personal interest in the results of production, to the depopulation of the villages." And if Stalin's economic system was such a boon to the country, he asked, why had Finland, West Germany, and Japan grown so much richer in the postwar era? Wasn't part of the country's backwardness due to the way Stalin looked at the world? "It doesn't take cleverness to live with your neighbors by hostility and threats," Aitmatov wrote. "It takes a lot more wisdom and flexibility to understand the interaction of world structures and to draw from them mutual benefits."

With these articles, internal Soviet politics began to emerge from years of secrecy. The country had never lacked for political struggles. But it was hard for outsiders to know who was fighting whom, and over what. After May, the precise identity of the combatants remained hidden, but no doubts remained about the issues. The Stalinists stood for a fortress Russia, completely collectivized, ruled by the Party as it had been for the last seventy years, looking out at the world through suspicious eyes. The anti-Stalinists stood for engagement with the West, for economic decentralization, for limited free enterprise, for a rediscovery of the humane and democratic values that Communists had long ago confidently, naïvely thought were the essence of their philosophy.

IN this new political climate, Moscow all but blossomed this spring. Gradually, the city removed the old outdoor propaganda displays. No huge portraits of Lenin glowered at pedestrians, no red-and-white banners exhorted them to work harder to fulfill the plans of the last Party congress. The city seemed softer and friendlier, and there was also a whiff of license in the air. Late one evening, I stopped at a traffic signal behind a boy on a motorcycle. As the light changed, he glanced warily in all directions. Seeing no police, he gunned the motor, reared back, and popped a rambunctious wheelie for two blocks down Gorky Street.

I heard from a friend with a teenage daughter that school administrators, unwilling to ask pupils to regurgitate the contents of politically outmoded textbooks, had cancelled this year's final exams in history. Moscow correspondents have always found such politically sensitive word-of-mouth stories difficult to confirm, but when I called the Ministry of Education an operator connected me with a pleasant, efficient spokesman. He said he hadn't heard the story, but promised to look into it. The next morning, the phone rang. "Don't quote me," the spokesman said. "But if you can find a copy of the May 21st *Teacher's Gazette* you'll see a short article at the bottom of page one which says that, because of changes being made in the curriculum, history exams will be replaced this year by ungraded discussions between teachers and students."

Fyodor Mikhailovich Burlatsky had waited a long time for this kind of open atmosphere; indeed, he helped create it. Burlatsky writes a political column for *Literaturnaya Gazeta*, the weekly journal of the Soviet Writers' Union. Soviets read the column carefully, not only because Burlatsky is a bold thinker but because they know he has good connections to the highest levels of the Party. Last year, at the suggestion of Party officials, Burlatsky organized a human-rights commission of writers, scholars, and artists—"the left intelligentsia," Burlatsky calls them. The new commission proposes to borrow openly from Western models, including the American Bill of Rights, and is promoting an ambitious agenda, ranging from greater autonomy for the courts to the repeal of criminal statutes prohibiting "anti-Soviet agitation" that have been used to prosecute dissidents.



Burlatsky is a stocky man of sixty-one with black hair that is just beginning to turn gray. He was wearing a natty blue blazer when I caught up with him in his office at *Literaturnaya Gazeta*, and he greeted me with a warm handshake. I asked him first about his political career.

"I joined the staff of the Central Committee in 1959, when I was thirty-two," he said. "I led a group of advisers in the department in charge of relations with Socialist countries." (That department was headed by a future general secretary, Yuri Andropov.) "I accompanied Khrushchev on his trips to those countries, and I prepared speeches for him. When Brezhnev came in, I disliked him. He was turning everything back—the results of the Twentieth Congress, the criticism of the cult of personality, the principle of peaceful coexistence. I was an emotional man, and I left—pretty much in a huff." Another person might have slipped into obscurity, but Burlatsky still had patrons in the Party. He became head of the philosophy department in an institute sponsored by the Central Committee. "When Andropov came to power," Burlatsky said, "he remembered me and suggested that, along with my academic work, I might write a column for *Literaturnaya Gazeta*."

Most of the key men in the Soviet power structure today, including Mikhail Gorbachev, are Andropov's *vydvizhentsy*—men he selected for advancement. By the traditional standards of Kremlinology, this should mean that they all hold roughly similar views, and the evident disunity among them initially startled some Western experts. Burlatsky found it quite understandable. When Brezhnev died, he explained, a majority of the Party leadership favored reform and managed to elect Andropov. But within that pro-reform majority were two embryonic factions. One thought that the Party could make the system work by forcing people to stop drinking and perform better on the job, by rooting out corrupt officials, and by, perhaps, tinkering just a little with the economic mechanism. The other felt that reform had to go much farther—in effect, go back to the early nineteen-twenties and start over, undoing much, if not all, of what Stalin had wrought. Gorbachev at first followed the program of the disciplinarian faction, but he very quickly gravitated to the group advocating radical change. "When Gorbachev came to power, he began to move toward ever deeper, more far-reaching reforms," Burlatsky said. "And, of course, that set off a struggle."

The Andreeva letter and the rebuttals it occasioned reflected that struggle, Burlatsky said, and he went on, "As far as I know, Nina Andreeva is a real person. The editor of *Pravda* said that she sent the letter to him originally, but he didn't print it. Then she sent it to *Sovetskaya Rossiya.* From all I can make out, the letter was very extensively worked over—not only at *Sovetskaya Rossiya* but elsewhere."

I had been told by several Moscow people that members of the Central Committee staff helped write the published version, and that Yegor Ligachev, the No. 2 man in the Politburo, personally approved it. I asked Burlatsky about that.

"It's hard for me to say—I could only guess," he said. "The pause after the Andreeva article appeared was caused by the absence of Gorbachev and by the need for a serious answer. The reply was discussed in the Politburo. Everyone understood that this was a matter of principle. It required time, but there wasn't a big struggle. It was simply a matter of working through the problem."

As Burlatsky's guarded account of the Politburo's debate suggests, it's difficult to identify the present generation of Stalinists. When I asked well-informed Muscovites who the Stalinists were, I got various answers. Some mentioned the military. Some mentioned the generation that had survived the Second World War and the purges, which does not want to be told that it sacrificed so much for an evil cause. Almost everyone mentioned "the bureaucracy." "Stalin gave the bureaucrats their single greatest tool for making people do what they want, which is fear," one journalist said. That is the Party line of the moment, and it has a certain convenience for everyone. It permits Gorbachev to use the brush of Stalinism to tar a wide group of the élite, whom he clearly sees as obstructing his program. On the other hand, the criticism is sufficiently vague so that any reasonably intelligent bureaucrat can evade it. Soviet functionaries do not rise to comfortable positions without being able to absorb and repeat the line of the moment. "There's a lot of mimicry," one pessimistic Muscovite told me.

Most often, the Stalinist resistance takes a form like the resistance that Burlatsky encountered when he sought to become a delegate to the Party conference in late June. Communist Party election processes have many quirks. Workplace Party cells nominate candidates, but at some point along the way the apparatchiks determine who finally wins. The apparatchiks reserve slots for themselves and for other officials of sufficient rank, and also fill the quotas of women, members of national minorities, young people, people who work with their hands. Reformist writers have no reserved space in this system. "*Literaturnaya Gazeta* nominated me," Burlatsky said. "The secretary of the *raikom*"—the Party committee for the *raion*, or district, that includes *Literaturnaya Gazeta's* offices—"said he had nothing against me personally. But he decided that the editor-in-chief of the paper had to be elected, because he's an alternate member of the Central Committee. That would mean that two people from our hundred-member organization would be delegates. And that would mean that a major factory in our *raion* wouldn't have any representative. And that wouldn't be fair. So he rejected me." Burlatsky, the apparatchik knew, could hardly complain. What Communist, anti-Stalinist or not, could oppose reserving a place for a worker?

Given such an election process, it was not surprising that the conference frustrated many of Gorbachev's reform initiatives. The five thousand delegates, many of them career Party apparatchiks, sat silent when Gorbachev told them that Stalin's legacy to the modern Soviet Union was an unwanted "concentration of economic and administrative functions" in their own hands. Instead, they applauded his occasional affirmation of their values: gratitude to the veterans of Afghanistan, a call for more discipline in Soviet society. Up to June, Gorbachev's allies had hoped that the conference would elect some of their people to the Central Committee, displacing the holdovers from Brezhnev's time. But, as it turned out, no elections were held, either at the conference or at the Central Committee plenum, in late July. In May, Gorbachev had endorsed a preparatory document for the conference which promised to shift power away from the Party and vest it in the elected local governments, or soviets. But the conference instead passed a proposal automatically making local Party leaders the leaders of the soviets as well. The delegates—or, more precisely, the secret committee that drafted the resolutions the delegates approved—endorsed one major Gorbachev initiative: a proposal to limit an individual's tenure in a Party or government office to two five-year terms. This limitation, if it is enforced, will curb the tendency in all Communist systems for Party officials to turn their posts into lifetime jobs and abuse their powers. Had it been in force since 1917, Stalin would have retired before the Great Purge. But the new rule also means that Gorbachev, if he is elected General Secretary at the next two Party congresses, will have to retire around the turn of the century.

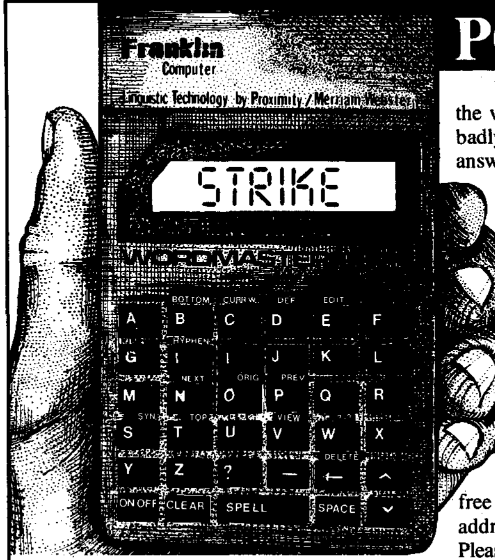
The conference's conservatives, led by Ligachev, interpreted the Stalinist past in their own way. "I know about the cult of personality—and, unfortunately, not by hearsay," Ligachev said in a speech. He told the delegates that members of his own family were expelled from the Party, and some were shot, but all were politically rehabilitated after 1956. In recounting this bit of personal history, he used a passive grammatical construction that assigned no blame; it was as if something had simply happened to his unfortunate relatives. The anti-Stalinist historians, he charged, were distorting reality.

"Soviet people—and this in our own publications—are presented as slaves . . . who were supposedly fed only with lies and demagogy and subjected to cruel exploitation," he said.

In the conservatives' view, the Stalin years were years of heroic sacrifice and triumphant achievement, and history should so depict them. Rather than attack the Party bureaucrats for holding too much power, as Gorbachev had done, Ligachev defended them. He talked of the long hours they worked, and he attacked the newspaper editors who had recently questioned the bureaucrats' privileges or their devotion to reform. "As to how I work, that's for you to judge," Ligachev said confidently. He knew what the judgment of that particular audience would be.

Two months later, however, Ligachev blundered: he took a vacation. As the Stalinists had done in March, when they published the Andreeva letter during Gorbachev's sojourn in Yugoslavia, Gorbachev took advantage of his rival's absence to maneuver against him. Late in September, Gorbachev convened a plenary meeting of the Central Committee of the Communist Party, followed the next day by a session of the Supreme Soviet. These meetings were called so abruptly that several officials, including Foreign Minister Eduard Shevardnadze, had to cut short visits abroad and return at once to Moscow. The haste, of course, prevented any opposition from organizing itself. During the meetings, Gorbachev decisively strengthened his own position. He eased Andrei Gromyko, the last prominent official from the Stalin era (he was Stalin's ambassador to the United States and to the United Nations), into retirement. He claimed for himself Gromyko's position of Chairman of the Presidium of the Supreme Soviet, the formal head of the Soviet State. Ligachev lost his post as Party Secretary in charge of ideology, from which he had been able to take an interest in virtually all matters of political importance. He became, instead, the Party's agriculture chief. Now he will have the thankless job of answering for the country's chronically poor harvests.

THE Party was only one of many arenas in which battles over Stalinism were fought or refought this summer. One of the combatants was Anton Vladimirovich Antonov-Ov-



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seenko, whose father led the storming of the Winter Palace in 1917. Antonov-Ovseenko has bushy gray hair and wears eyeglasses with thick lenses that have even thicker inner disks. When we met, in early June, he had to put his face within inches of my nose in order to see me. But his arm was sinewy and his grip felt strong. Antonov-Ovseenko lives in an apartment on the Moscow River, downstream from the Kremlin, next to a Ministry of Defense building that he believes is a source of harmful microwaves. His workroom is small and grimy, and contains a bed, a desk, and a suitcase left open from some past trip; books and newspapers are strewn everywhere. The desk faces a window with southern exposure, because Antonov-Ovseenko must press his nose into whatever he is working on, and the light helps. Antonov-Ovseenko is a historian. When I asked him about his family's history, he took my tape recorder and held it close to his mouth. He spoke with his eyes focussed somewhere in the distance, and his words tumbled over one another, propelled by anger.

"My father, Vladimir Antonov-Ovseenko, was a professional revolutionary as early as 1902, even before he became a student in the St. Petersburg Infantry School," he began. "He didn't like the military—didn't want any part of it. But when he became interested in revolutionary work he realized that he could participate in the movement by organizing cells within the Army. Lenin gave my father his first assignment, in December, 1905. He asked him to lead an uprising in the Petersburg military garrison. But the soldiers who were supposed to rendezvous with my father failed to show up, and the uprising did not come off. My father became the editor of an underground newspaper, and he was arrested, but escaped from jail. In 1910, he went into exile in Paris, and he published a revolutionary newspaper there until 1917, when he returned to Petrograd. I dwell on this because he was the opposite of Stalin. In those years, Stalin was engaged in robberies, in operations forbidden by the Party. That was his nature—robbery, crime. I've always felt that if historians don't understand that—don't absorb the fact that we're dealing with a criminal, a thug—then they'll never understand the nature of Stalin. I've seen this kind of man in the camps. They'll stab a comrade and then pull the knife out slowly, looking him in the eye. Sadists. That was the type of man Stalin was. Revolutionaries like Vladimir Antonov-Ovseenko were the opposites of Stalin in every way."

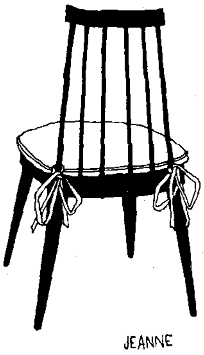
While Stalin stayed in the relative safety of the *Pravda* offices, Vladimir Antonov-Ovseenko led the detachment of Bolsheviks that entered the Winter Palace and arrested the provisional government of Russia on October 25, 1917. He took care to make the operation as bloodless as possible, and formed a guard that escorted the ex-ministers safely through the street mobs to their cells in the Peter and Paul Fortress. That was one of the last notes of civility in revolutionary Russia. As the years went by and Stalin accrued power, Antonov-Ovseenko fell further and further from political grace. Stalin's men accused him of "factionalism," of siding with Trotsky. "That was a one-hundred-percent lie, which to this day is repeated in the history texts and the press," the younger Antonov-Ovseenko said. "Stalin simply had to get rid of all potential competitors. My father was arrested on the eleventh of October, 1937. One of the people who arrested him still walks around Moscow, and gets a pension of three hundred rubles per month. My father knew what was coming. He said goodbye to his cellmates and asked that anyone who managed to get free pass the word that he died as he had lived, an honest man. He took off his coat and shoes and went barefoot to the firing squad."

Anton Antonov-Ovseenko was then eighteen. The N.K.V.D., the predecessor of the K.G.B., arrested him three times during the war years. During his third incarceration, they placed him in a cell with a *stukach*—a stool pigeon—who accused him of harboring dreams of becoming a spy. Antonov-Ovseenko received an eight-year sentence, and served it in five Siberian camps. Prison ruined his already weak eyes. In 1956, Khrushchev's anti-Stalin campaign rehabilitated him, and he returned to Moscow in 1960 and resumed his prewar work as a historian. This time, he had a mission: to vindicate his father and gain some measure of vengeance by revealing the truth about Stalin. In 1975, he managed to publish, under a pseudonym, a heavily censored biography of his father. Four years later, friends helped him send a critical biography of Stalin to the West. He paid for that with several years of K.G.B. harassment. But this year the harassment suddenly ceased, and was replaced by a sudden demand for his work. A state publisher in Leningrad asked for a new, uncensored version of the biography of his father. "The publishers themselves suggested that I put everything in, and promised me that nothing would be cut. I'm also preparing to publish articles about Stalin and Beria," Antonov-Ovseenko said, a touch of glee in his voice. "They're calling *me!*"

d. ehrenberg

Other anti-Stalinist voices were also finding sudden honor in their own country. Four years ago, the police placed a twenty-four-hour guard at the door of the historian Roy Medvedev—also the son of an old Bolshevik—to make sure he would give no interviews to foreign visitors. This year, Medvedev told me with great satisfaction, not only foreign but Soviet journalists were showing up to interview him. Soviet publishers and editors were negotiating with him for domestic editions of works that he had been able to publish only abroad. Magazines wanted to print chapters from his book about Stalin, "Let History Judge." Meanwhile, Progress Publishers, of Moscow, had signed a contract with Stephen F. Cohen, a professor of Soviet politics and history at Princeton University, to publish a Soviet edition of Cohen's biography of Stalin's rival Nikolay Bukharin. Gorbachev, it turned out, had read and admired Cohen's book, presumably in an edition printed by an émigré press in the West. Perhaps Gorbachev had concluded that only through a blizzard of anti-Stalin propaganda could he generate popular support for the destruction of Stalin's legacy. Perhaps the publishers and editors, remembering the transience of Khrushchev's thaw, were trying to publish as much as they could before the climate grew chilly again. In any event, the result was a torrent of anti-Stalinist writing.

In late May, I called on the poet Andrei Voznesensky, in Peredelkino, a writers' colony a few miles southwest of the Moscow city limits. He occupies the lower half of a two-family dacha with high ceilings and a narrow wooden deck, under towering trees. He made me a cup of instant coffee in the kitchen, where the floor sloped a few degrees to port. Voznesensky still looks a little boyish, like the bold young poet who burst upon the Russian literary scene in Khrushchev's time, and he was wearing a sporty white warmup jacket. The sun shone through the trees from an absolutely clear blue sky, and I remarked that the weather seemed appropriate to the new political climate in the country.



"It's not quite harmonious," he replied. "Politics is like this." He made two fists and rapped them together in front of his chest.

Of late, Voznesensky said, he had been spending as much time on politics as on poetry, battling to convert Pasternak's old Peredelkino dacha into a museum. "All these dachas belong to the Writers' Union," he explained. "We rent them for our lifetimes. After the death of a writer, his family can live in the house for two years. But in Pasternak's case his family stayed in the dacha for twenty-five years. Because he was a genius, there was an exception. But it was a great dacha, and the union wanted to give it to several writers. Finally, in May, there was a decision in favor of the museum. It was published in *Literaturnaya Gazeta*, and I announced it on TV. Everyone was happy."

I asked how Pasternak had got along with Stalin.

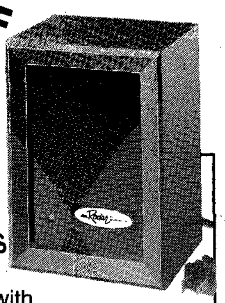
"Pasternak would occasionally ask Stalin for help—I think it must have been to intervene to save someone—and he always got it," Voznesensky said. "Pasternak wrote two poems for Stalin. Pasternak was a man who never lied." He paused, apparently trying to reconcile these last two sentences.

"There was something there. Pasternak said Stalin was like a giant of the pre-Christian era, like Herod or Balthazar, something from Assyria or Babylon, when they killed millions. Pasternak understood his crimes." Voznesensky's voice trailed off, and he shook his head. "When Stalin died, I was twenty, and central Moscow was closed off. But I jumped from roof to roof to see his funeral. Everyone was weeping. Even I— I was not stupid, I loved Pasternak and Shostakovich and Frank Lloyd Wright, but even I, at that time, thought it was terrible that he had died." He paused again, groping for an explanation. "The magic of a dictator. I don't know . . ."

I asked whether there was something in the Russian character that made Stalin possible and Stalinism still popular.

"It's the instinct of a thousand years of peasant culture," Voznesensky said. "One God, one leader—the czar. The problem is that for a thousand years we had no democracy. We had czars. Then we had several years of revolution. It was a struggle for democracy, but it was not democracy. Then Stalin came, like a czar. Even Khrushchev was like a czar. Brezhnev, too. Gorbachev is our first leader who wants to make democracy by means of democracy. I don't know whether it's possible or not."

Voznesensky said he was worried that the attempt to democratize the Soviet Union would defeat itself by unleashing "the black instincts" of the Russian people. "The majority of the country is sleeping, only now awakening," he said. "When people wake up, no one knows what will be. Long live democracy—but it can be a terrible thing." He lowered his voice. "I am not Jewish, but there are people who think I have sold myself to the Jews, because I wrote several strong things, including a poem about a cemetery where the Nazis buried Jews they had killed and how people come and open up the graves and take the golden fillings from the teeth. So I get death letters. Pictures with my eyes cut out. For my birthday I got a postcard that said, 'Please, Andrei, go to hell as soon as possible and take with you Boris Pasternak, Golda Meir, and the



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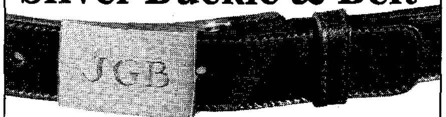

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Jews. Signed, the Russian People.' These people, they're very active. And Stalin is a symbol to them."

This confused muddle of Stalinism, anti-Semitism, Slavic chauvinism, and hatred of all things Western had lately been bubbling to the surface of Soviet society. One Moscow friend mentioned the existence of a teen-agers' group called Stalin's Little Eagles. The boys in the group shun the Western-style clothes so highly prized by most of their contemporaries, and wear only the drabbest Soviet-made polyesters. New initiates must steal a piece of anti-Stalinist literature, like a copy of Anatoli Rybakov's novel "Children of the Arbat," and take it to Gori and burn it. On the Arbat, Moscow's lively pedestrian mall, a street artist named Alexander Tatarenko casually told me that "Zionists" had ruined his career with unjust critiques of his work. "There are Zionists all over, running this society," he said. One of the leaders of Moscow's Jewish community, Yuli Kosharovsky, showed me a copy of a handwritten flyer that organizers of a new Jewish Cultural Association had found pasted to the door of their meeting room one morning. "Comrades! Russian Patriots!" it began. "How much of these dirty Jews can we put up with?" The flyer was signed "The D.Y. Organization—Death to Yids."

Both Slavic chauvinism and a visceral aversion to Western influences are recurring strains in Russian thought. As often as not, they have been dominant strains. For every Peter the Great, forcing Russia to open itself to the West and adopt some Western ways, the country has produced a ruler like Nicholas I, who based his official ideology on the pillars of nationality and orthodoxy. One well-informed Moscow academic told me that in his opinion the contemporary Soviet Union had two rival schools of thought: Gorbachev's still inchoate "socialist renewal" ideas were at one pole, and Slavophilism was at the other. He worried that someone would manage to combine Slavic chauvinism with Stalinism and create an ideology binding angry bureaucrats, Party apparatchiks, military officers, workers, and peasants in a coalition that would roll over Gorbachev's intellectuals.

Gorbachev has been responding to this threat by courting potential members of a Slavophilic coalition. He met publicly this spring with prelates of the Russian Orthodox Church, one bulwark of nationalist sentiment. In return for this gesture, and for the restoration of a few monasteries and privileges to the church, they have enthusiastically endorsed his program. Gorbachev has also given his wife, Raisa, a prominent role as patron of the Russian Cultural Fund, which is dedicated to preserving the best of the old Russian churches and their art. He may have thereby gained the allegiance of some church members and some of the more genteel Russian nationalists, but if Gorbachev's reform movement is to succeed, he must do more than preempt potential opposition. He needs to find a broader base of political support.

The excitement in Moscow this spring and summer grew from hints that just such a base might be emerging from Soviet society. Stalin came to power in a country of illiterate peasants. Most people then lived on the land or had only recently left it. They could not organize a resistance. They submitted to his terror and believed in his divinity. Three generations later, the Soviet population has changed dramatically. Most people live in cities, and millions of them have higher education and professional careers. By many sociological indices, they resemble the middle classes that are the foundation of Western democratic institutions. If the Soviet Union can support similar institutions, it will be because this urban, educated, professional stratum, both inside and outside the Party and the bureaucracy, demands no less.

ONE evening in June, driving along Tsvetnoi Boulevard, I saw a knot of police cars in the road ahead and stopped. In the boulevard's broad median park, framed by flowering lilacs, stood a throng of demonstrators—perhaps four hundred men and women, young, middle-aged, and old. The police watched them but did not interfere.

"LEAVE THE FOREST TO OUR CHILDREN!" read one hand-lettered placard waving in the crowd. "NOT THE PEOPLE FOR SOCIALISM BUT SOCIALISM FOR THE PEOPLE!" read another. A man standing on the fringes of the demonstration explained to me that the protesters wanted to stop a city plan to build a zoo in a wooded park called Bittsa, in their neighborhood, on the outskirts of Moscow.

A husky young woman with close-cropped brown hair and a bullhorn was speaking from atop a low marble staircase. "We demand the observance of Soviet laws!" she shouted. The people applauded politely. "We need to elect district ecological deputies to the city council!" More applause.

The bullhorn was given to a sandy-haired young man in shirtsleeves. "There's no reason to blame the Party here," he began.

"A provocateur," the man beside me grumbled. "I heard he works in the Party propaganda department."

The sandy-haired young man turned the bullhorn over to a gray-haired woman in a flowered housedress. "I address myself to the city committee of the Party on behalf of all the Communists here," she said, in a calm, determined voice. "We have serious complaints. We don't need a confrontation. Let the Party be worthy of us!" The crowd applauded again.

The bullhorn went back to the husky young woman, who seemed to be in charge. She announced that the demonstration was over, reminded the people that another would be held in eight days' time, and asked that they pick up any trash and throw it in refuse cans before they went home. The crowd began to head for the subway entrance on Gorky Street.

I caught up with the husky young woman as she was walking with friends, who had placards tucked under their arms. I introduced myself, asked her name, and tried to arrange an interview. In years past, I knew, Moscow dissidents brave enough to stage a demonstration desperately wanted contacts with the foreign press. Dissidents then were people with little or nothing left to lose, and aimed their demonstrations at world opinion more than at the Soviet government. They saw foreign publicity as perhaps their only shield against persecution. Often the only thing they hoped to win from the bureaucracy was permission to emigrate.

This young woman was different. "I'm sorry," she said after a slight pause. "We're really not looking for publicity in the foreign press." Evidently, she and her friends did not want to be stuck in the old dissidents' pigeonhole. They had some hope that the Party would listen to their grievances and respond—that, despite its Stalinist past, the Party would indeed prove worthy of them.

—ROBERT CULLEN

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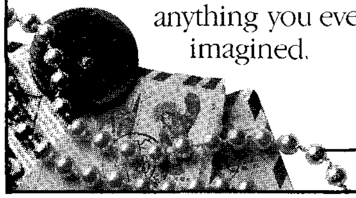

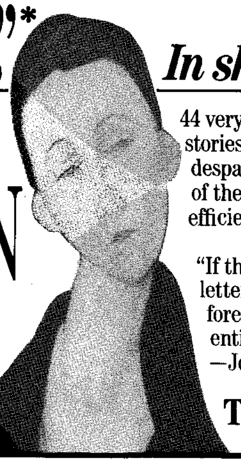

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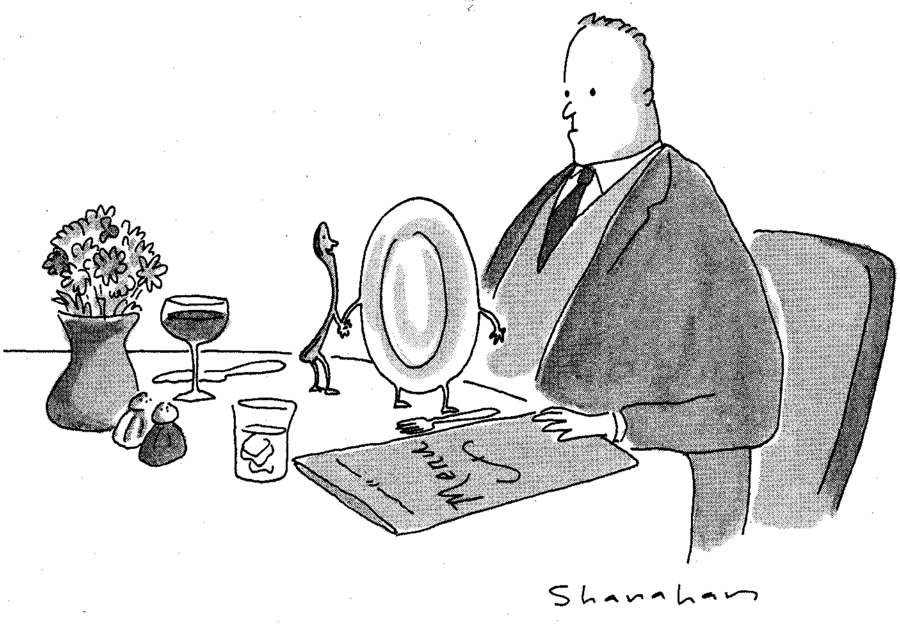
THE CURRENT CINEMA

Bird Thou Never Wert

THE musicians in swing bands wore tails (monkey suits, they were called) or bright-colored uniforms or spangled zoot suits; their leaders flashed their teeth and, if they were black, jiggled and jived. Black or white, they made us feel that entertaining us and keeping us dancing was the highest calling they aspired to—even if they'd played the same arrangements over and over—and that our happiness was their happiness. One of the ways the modern-jazz musicians of the postwar forties let us know that they didn't consider themselves entertainers was by wearing their street clothes onstage. Though this bebop movement was interracial, its front-runners were black, and men such as Charlie Parker, Dizzy Gillespie, Thelonious Monk, and Bud Powell ushered in a new hipster militancy along with the intricate music that they had developed late at night in Harlem jam sessions—the music they played for themselves. When the boppers began to get engagements, they didn't care if you couldn't dance to their music; they wanted you to listen—or, rather, they let you listen. Bebop never became widely popular; it was a jazz avant-garde movement, and the music, which seemed very demanding at the time, angered many of the older jazz musicians (possibly because bop intellectualized their music, speeded it up, made it abstract, and brought it new shades of emotion).

The boppers didn't try to be ingratiating; they barely acknowledged the audience's existence. The trumpet man Dizzy Gillespie—the cutup of the movement, in his beret and shades and with a little dab of goatee—used his quick, barbed wit on whitey; he became the symbol of the new playful yet hostile cool. The alto saxophonist Charlie Parker—Bird, the master of improvisation, and a man known for his chameleon charm and his cocky arrogance—became the charismatic figure of the artist who nakedly expresses himself in his art. Born in 1920, by 1945 he was part of a liberation with its own emblems and signals. As Grover Sales pointed out in "Jazz" (Prentice Hall, 1984), "Some beboppers refused to straighten or 'conk' their hair in defiance of a rigid convention of black show business. Charlie Parker's close-cropped 'natural' made an early proclamation that 'black is beautiful.' " Parker gave out other messages, in spite of himself. He was drug-addicted from the age of seventeen until his death at thirty-four, and though he said that he played best straight, and warned his admirers about the misery of addiction, he set the potent archetype of the self-destructive jazz artist. Heroin became the "in" drug for boppers.



"Do we have your blessing?"

"Bird," starring Forest Whitaker and directed by Clint Eastwood, from a script by Joel Oliansky, has just opened, after being honored at the New York Film Festival. It was hailed as "the first honest jazz movie" by Parker's biographer Gary Giddins in the October *Esquire*, and it's being saluted all over the place. Yet what I saw was a rat's nest of a movie—all flashbacks and rain. Eastwood has been conscientious: he hasn't commercialized the material. But he hasn't presented it, either, and he doesn't draw you into what he does present—not even at the basic level of giving you something to see. The picture looks as if he hadn't paid his Con Ed bill—the black actors are swallowed up in darkness. And, with the film flashing back and forth, you can't get the hang of Parker's life, and you don't come out with much understanding of his achievement or what made him a legend.

Though the movie runs two hours and forty-one minutes, it doesn't indicate what was going on in the postwar period—the resentment that the black boppers felt toward the white musicians who had been ripping them off, along with the agents and record companies and radio stations. (The boppers believed that their "difficult," far-out music would defeat imitators.) And though you're taken inside re-creations of the Fifty-second Street clubs and of Birdland on Broadway, you don't get the bop elation, or the heightened awareness of sex which the black and white intermingling brought about, or any hint of the beginnings of the movement among black jazzmen to drop Christianity (as the white man's religion) and take Muslim names.

Forest Whitaker's Bird trudges off to his gigs around the country like a jazz version of Willy Loman; he's always fouling up—boozing and doping and smashing things. When his common-law wife Chan (Diane Venora) tells the doctor who wants to give him electroshock that he's a creative person, it's the jazz equivalent of "Attention must be paid." The script sinks to the level of attempting to explain Parker's addiction as his way of soothing the pain of his ulcer. (He uses heroin instead of Gelusil.) From moment to moment, Whitaker's performance is richly felt; he's always believable, and, with his heavy hunched shoulders, he often looks like the photographs of Charlie Parker (especially in Parker's

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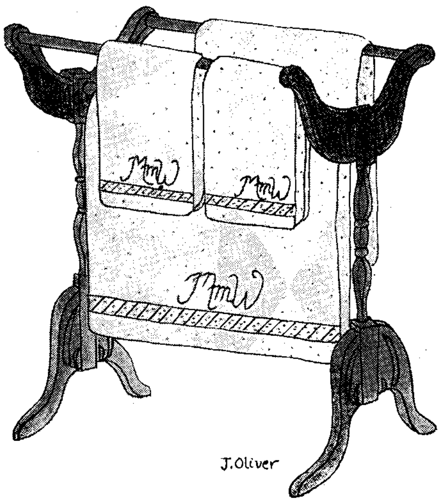
last years). Leonard Feather, who knew Parker, says in the August *JazzTimes* that five minutes into the picture he forgot he was watching an actor. Yet Whitaker—maybe it's because of the way he was directed—comes across as just a genial big blob of a fellow who can't get his life together. And since this overgrown kid doesn't suggest Parker's glow you don't understand why so many women find him a turn-on.

Diane Venora brings an experimental, stagy tingle to Chan's scenes—she gets something going. It's almost incidental that she manages to resemble Chan Parker (who appears in "Celebrating Bird," the 1987 video documentary co-directed by Giddins and Kendrick Simmons). It's her mastering Chan's low voice that's the key to her performance. The voice is very controlled and self-dramatizing and slightly abrasive. (She sounds a little like Ida Lupino doing a good-bad bitch.) And you feel, Of course, this is exactly the kind of passionate and intelligent jazz-struck girl who'd get involved with a suicidal, sponging genius-martyr like Charlie Parker. Some of Whitaker's scenes with Venora have a pricklish originality even when they're loaded with too much meaning. And a few of his scenes with Michael Zelniker as Red Rodney, the white trumpeter who toured the South with Parker, have something comic and unresolved in them—Parker shows a streak of "just kidding" sadism toward him. As actors, Zelniker and Whitaker play off each other in a way that Sam Wright (as Diz) and Whitaker don't. (The dialogue Diz has been given can put you in a dull funk.) In general, the scenes between blacks don't achieve any kind of intimacy. But then some of Parker's scenes with whites are fairly awkward, too, and, except for Chan, the white women who are attracted to him are photographed like blond Nazi vampires.

In a late-night scene near the beginning, Charlie Parker and Chan run into the room when they hear their sick baby crying, and proceed to stand over the crib quarrelling. Neither one tends to the infant; the crying just disappears from the soundtrack. (Ramshackle scenes like this one are part of what the *Times* respectfully refers to as "the Eastwood œuvre.") It's true that Eastwood has taken pains with Charlie Parker's music. Unreleased tapes as well as studio recordings were processed by Lennie Niehaus: in some cases, he eliminated the backup men and recorded new arrangements in stereo, retaining Parker's solos. (All this is said to have been necessary because of the poor quality of the originals.) The effect is lovely and pure, but too much like listening to classics; the combos don't really sound like combos. And, the way the numbers are scattered through the movie, the music doesn't build the edgy excitement that drew people to jazz clubs. Why, then, are jazz critics, and most of the movie press, too, praising the movie? I think they're impressed by the care and affection that Eastwood put into producing facsimiles of the bebop people and places and events. And jazz critics like to see jazz solemnized—that confers dignity on *them*. (Of course, stardom is sexy, and they, like the movie press, love having a reason to interview a big men's-action star with an œuvre.) And—maybe the capper—when a man who isn't an artist makes an art film it's just what they expect art to be: earnest and lifeless.

As the anthropologist Dian Fossey, in "Gorillas in the Mist," Sigourney Weaver storms into a large hotel restaurant in central Africa, stalks the length of the room, delivers a strident tongue-lashing to a Dutch zoo broker who's having lunch with his friends, and, cursing loudly, makes her exit—all the while carrying a good-sized baby gorilla in her arms, holding it tenderly, with awe. Weaver's physical strength alone is inspiring in this movie, and there's a new freedom in her acting. She's so vivid that you immediately feel Dian Fossey's will and drive. Weaver's Dian is ecstatic when she steps off the plane in Africa, and she's enraptured when she's perched high up on a mountain, crouched down opposite a giant gorilla, mimicking his language and gestures from the inside—trying to think the way he does. Weaver is something to see. What happens between her and the animals is really happening (or, at least, appears to be), and there's joy in it. It makes everything else—all the acted-out passion and heroism and melodrama of Dian Fossey's eighteen years on her mountain—seem tired.



Partly, the picture is disappointing because it's overscaled at the start. When Dian enters a huge, crowded lecture hall in Louisville, Kentucky, in 1966, where Dr. Louis Leakey (Iain Cuthbertson) is saying that there are two big adventures left—space and who we are and what made us that way—we're prepared for a whopping epic. "Gorillas" doesn't fulfill the promise of that opening: we never see Dian learn much of anything about primates or about our origins. Instead, we see her arrive in Africa, form an emotional attachment to a gorilla family, and cut herself off more and more from people, until she's a fiercely maternal harridan who can't work with anyone. By then, Weaver's jaw juts out stubbornly; in her mania, Dian becomes apelike. Yet when she thinks of happy times with her favorites, her face is transformed. She blooms. Weaver acts the way she's built—she's monumental.

The director, Michael Apted, and the screenwriter, Anna Hamilton Phelan, want us, I think, to see the movie as a triumphant woman-and-gorillas love story. They probably want us to be inspired by Dian Fossey as an activist heroine—a woman who made a difference. (A title at the close tells us that she saved the mountain gorillas from extinction.) But they didn't find a way to fit this inspirational idea into their account of Dian Fossey's becoming convinced that she was the only one who knew how to protect the gorillas, and operating like a half-crazed terrorist. (In her later years, she probably damaged her cause.)

The movie is quite watchable; it's never sluggish or outright stupid. And it has its high romantic moment—the time a tough old silverback gorilla puts his hand in Dian's hand. A photographer (Bryan Brown) sent out by *National Geographic*, which is also financing her work, gets the pic-

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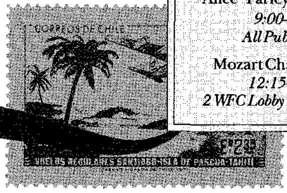

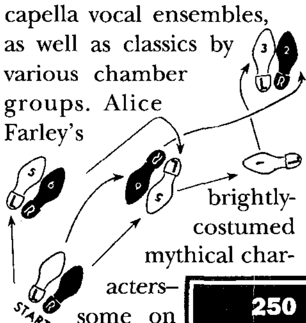

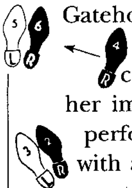

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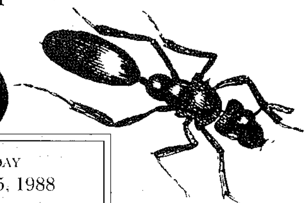

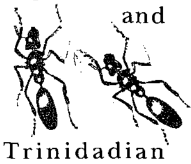

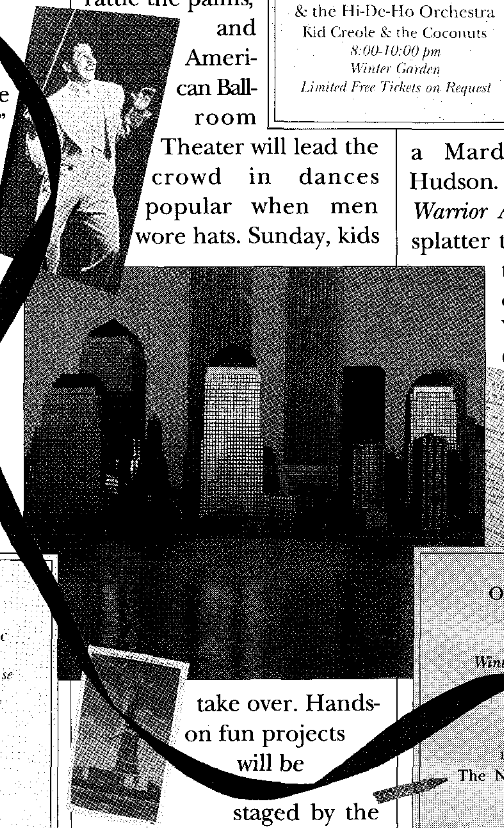

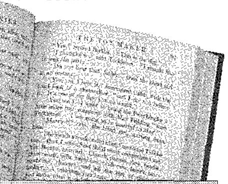

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9:00-5:00pm
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12:15-1:15pm
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THURSDAY
OCTOBER 13, 1988

A Capella & Classic Music
8:00-9:00am 5:00-6:00pm
North Bridge & South Gatehouse

Alice Farley & Company
9:00-5:00 pm
All Public Spaces

The New York Pops
with Skitch Henderson
12:00-2:00 pm
The Plaza

"Maxi" Sailing Vessel
Lunchtime
North Cove

FRIDAY
OCTOBER 14, 1988

A Capella & Classic Music
8:00-9:00am 5:00-6:00pm
North Bridge & South Gatehouse

Alice Farley & Company
Special Performance
12:15-1:00pm
Winter Garden

EXHIBITION:
The New Urban Landscape
11:00-6:00pm
North Gatehouse

SATURDAY
OCTOBER 15, 1988

Picnics & Entertainment
All Day
The Plaza

EXHIBITION:
The New Urban Landscape
11:00-6:00 pm
North Gatehouse

Cab Calloway
& the Hi-De-Ho Orchestra
Kid Creole & the Coconuts
8:00-10:00 pm
Winter Garden
Limited Free Tickets on Request

SUNDAY
OCTOBER 16, 1988

Kids' Fair
11:00-3:00pm
Winter Garden & Courtyard

EXHIBITION:
The New Urban Landscape
11:00-6:00pm
North Gatehouse

The Warrior Ant
with Fireworks
6:00-7:00pm
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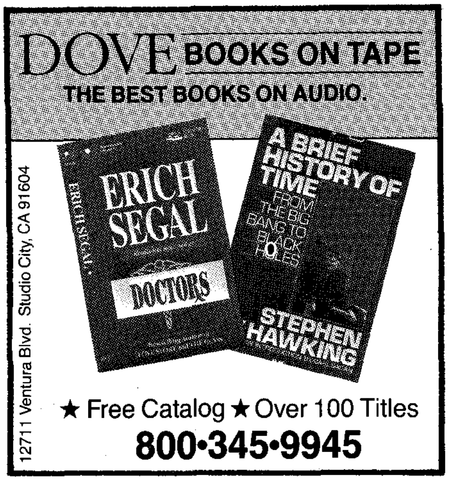
tures. (Shortly afterward, Dian and the photographer make love.) There's an authentic piece of drama, too, even if it's somewhat muffled: The photographer works out a plan whereby he and Dian can spend six months a year at her station in Rwanda and six months in other places—he on assignment, she doing primate research—and she refuses and sends him packing. It isn't research she cares about; it's her gorilla family. After he has left, she huddles among the gorillas, in the rain.

Yet the movie seems to belong to the past of movies rather than to the modern era. When Dian arrives in the Congo, she spends six weeks tracking gorillas, and then, when she and her head tracker, Sembagare (John Omirah Miluwi), see them for the first time, the cinematographer, John Seale, comes up with the glorious gorillas-in-the-mist vision that's called for. But before you can suck in your breath, music is poured on, signifying lyrical exaltation. (The credit reads "Original music by Maurice Jarre." Hah!) When civil war erupts in the Congo, and Dian argues with the soldiers who are telling her to get out of the country, we're given a dose of agitation music. Miluwi, who's actually a climber and part of the Mt. Kenya rescue team, gives an affecting, quiet performance, but he's used as a symbolic dignified, loyal native who knows right from wrong. And when Dian sets up camp on the other side of the border, in Rwanda, there are cuts to the tracker's worried reactions whenever she displays her ruthlessness—terrifying a Batwa Pygmy child to get information from him, or setting fire to the Pygmy poachers' huts. These shots are like inserts that have been recycled from a forties epic. Despite its subject, the movie can't be taken seriously. It's a feminist version of "King Kong"—now it's the gorillas who do the screaming.

Paul Schrader lacks a basic instinct for moviemaking: he doesn't reach an audience's emotions. He doesn't make you feel empathy with his characters, and he's short on humor. By temperament, he cools out hot projects. These limitations make it unlikely that his "Patty Hearst" will appeal to a large audience. But on its own terms—as a stylized movie of ideas—this is a lean, impressive piece of work. Nicholas Kazan's script, which is based on Patty Hearst's own account, "Every Secret Thing," comes across as bilge-free. The film is a distanced presentation of the kidnapping of the nineteen-year-old heiress, in February, 1974, by an eight-member terrorist group that called itself the Symbionese Liberation Army, and of the fifty-seven days she spent blindfolded, in a closet, being alternately lambasted as a bourgeois parasite and raped, and of her subsequent participation in S.L.A. holdups as Tania, the terror she developed of the F.B.I., and her arrest, trial, and conviction. The whole series of events is like a nightmare that's all of a piece—a kid's nightmare that no one's on your side. And it answers the question that people asked before, during, and after the trial: Did she become part of the S.L.A. willingly, out of conviction, or was she simply trying to save her life? The movie shows you that, in the state she was in, there was no difference.

The S.L.A. punished Patty Hearst for being a representative of the rich; so did the jury. The movie errs, I think, in its quick, cursory glimpses of her early life: it doesn't treat her as an individual, either. Her prettiness and her bland manner are used against her, to suggest that she's a nothing, when they could be used as an indication that she was trained to hide her emotions under a polite mask—that her blandness is a form of privacy. And since we're not taken inside her character at the beginning, the movie is flat for a long time. There's some kind of inhuman chic in treating a victimized young girl as if she had no personality, no soul. But, offensive as it is, this attitude ties in with the film's "objective" manner. (The format suggests a staged documentary: we don't find out any more about the S.L.A. members than Patty does.) And since the movie sticks to a step-by-step factual view of what happens to her, it does her justice—cold justice though it is. When her capture by the S.L.A. is followed by her capture by the police, everything you've seen starts to add up, and suddenly the film is overwhelming.

Natasha Richardson, the twenty-five-year-old actress who plays Patty, has been handed a big unwritten role. She feels her way into it, and she fills it by having Patty react meekly yet almost furtively to her indoctrination and to the exchanges among the terrorists. Patty's reticence is much more than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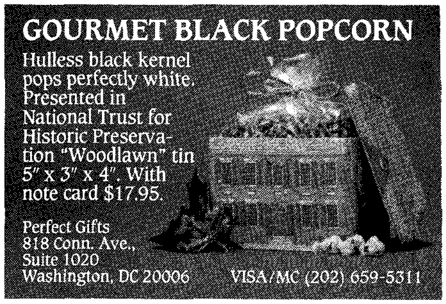
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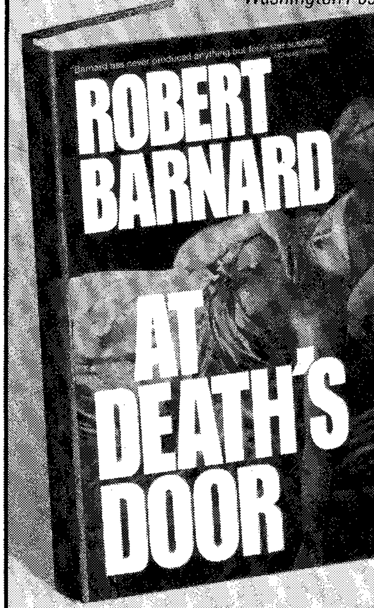

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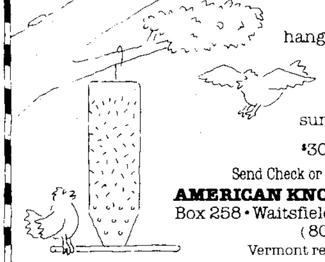

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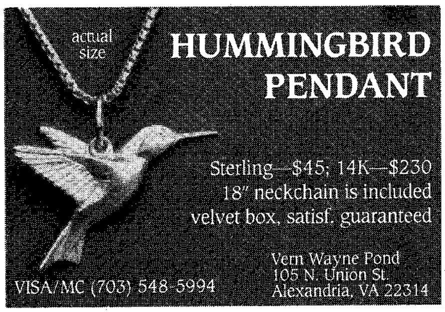

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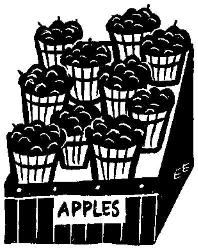
a veneer: it's how she deals with the terrorists, whose next moves she can't predict. (She retreats to being a hidden observer; you feel her reminding herself to look eager to please.) Richardson lets us see only a flicker of Patty's feelings toward the men she's forced to have sex with. (It's not until the trial, when she's specifically asked how she felt about one of them, that she lashes out with "I hated him.")

In movies, we are always primed to cheer those who fight back, even when we know that realistically they couldn't. Here's a passive victim—a girl who is raped in mind and body, and no longer knows when it started. (In memory flashes, she sees herself as having been blindfolded when she still lived at home with her family.) The film's Patty has a marvellous confused plaintiveness. Nine weeks after the terrorists bang her on the head and throw her in the trunk of a car, she takes part in a bank holdup, and only a few weeks later (in May) the police surround the S.L.A.'s Southern California bungalow hideout and, after an exchange of thousands of rounds of ammunition, the house goes up in flames and the six S.L.A. people who were there are incinerated. Patty, who's away in a motel with the other two S.L.A. members, Bill and Emily Harris, watches the shootout and the fire on TV. The commentators and the police assume she was inside, and she knows that if she had been she would have burned to death, too. She stares at the TV and says wonderingly, "They didn't even try to take us alive." What the terrorists have been telling her—that now that she's joined up, the police are out to kill her—sinks in; it traumatizes her, and she cowers in fear in the motel john. "They think I'm dead," she says. "I *am* dead." Sixteen months later, in September, 1975, she is arrested and put on trial; when she's asked why she didn't run away from the S.L.A. and she replies "Where would I go?" we feel how alone and paralyzed she was. She buried Patty Hearst out of fear, and Tania didn't have anybody. You can hear that buried child in Richardson's voice—thin and girlish here, like Patty Hearst's. (At one point, though, Richardson hits a contralto tone that evokes her mother, Vanessa Redgrave, whom she often evokes visually.) Richardson always has something in reserve—you keep waiting for what she may show you next. Hiding out with the Harrises in rural Pennsylvania, she's impressed by the guts that the fugitive radical Wendy (Jodi Long) shows in standing up to the foolish, irrational Bill Harris (William Forsythe). Wendy is spirited, and Patty draws some strength from talking with her. But when she's in police hands she's blocked again: her every attempt to be truthful gets her in worse trouble.



At the trial, she grasps how hopeless her case is, and, for the first time, she shows a trace of bitterness. When she's in the Federal Correctional Institute talking to her father, we see her in full face, and she looks luminously beautiful. Her words are perhaps too explicit: she says she has finally figured out what her crime was—"I lived." Her face transcends the statement.

And the film, I think, transcends its flaws. The idea of keeping us blindfolded, along with the dazed Patty, is somewhat deadening: keeping us in the dark with her is too conceptual a notion, and the effect is a little too art-conscious. Yet the hypnotic formality of the film's conception holds it all together. Schrader and Kazan are willing to sacrifice immediate pleasure for the full effect. And they show a dry wit here: Forsythe's performance as the bespectacled white middle-class Bill Harris who keeps trying to become a black revolutionary leader is a comedy turn played close to the vest. (Schrader is making wicked fun of these Che Guevara-style guerrillas, but he's not just putting them down—he enjoys their absurdist craziness and even, to a degree, identifies with it.) Dana Delany's lyrical, sweet profile is so incongruous among the S.L.A. faces that it seems almost loony. Nobody in the group really fits—that's part of what saves its members from looking like the usual movie terrorists. When the group's black General Field Marshal Cinque (Ving Rhames) announces, "I am a prophet," his eyes don't flash with insane ambition, and when he tells Patty to take her clothes off, no cataclysmic music is heard. The percussive score, by Scott Johnson, doesn't wet down the material. Not once.

—PAULINE KAEL

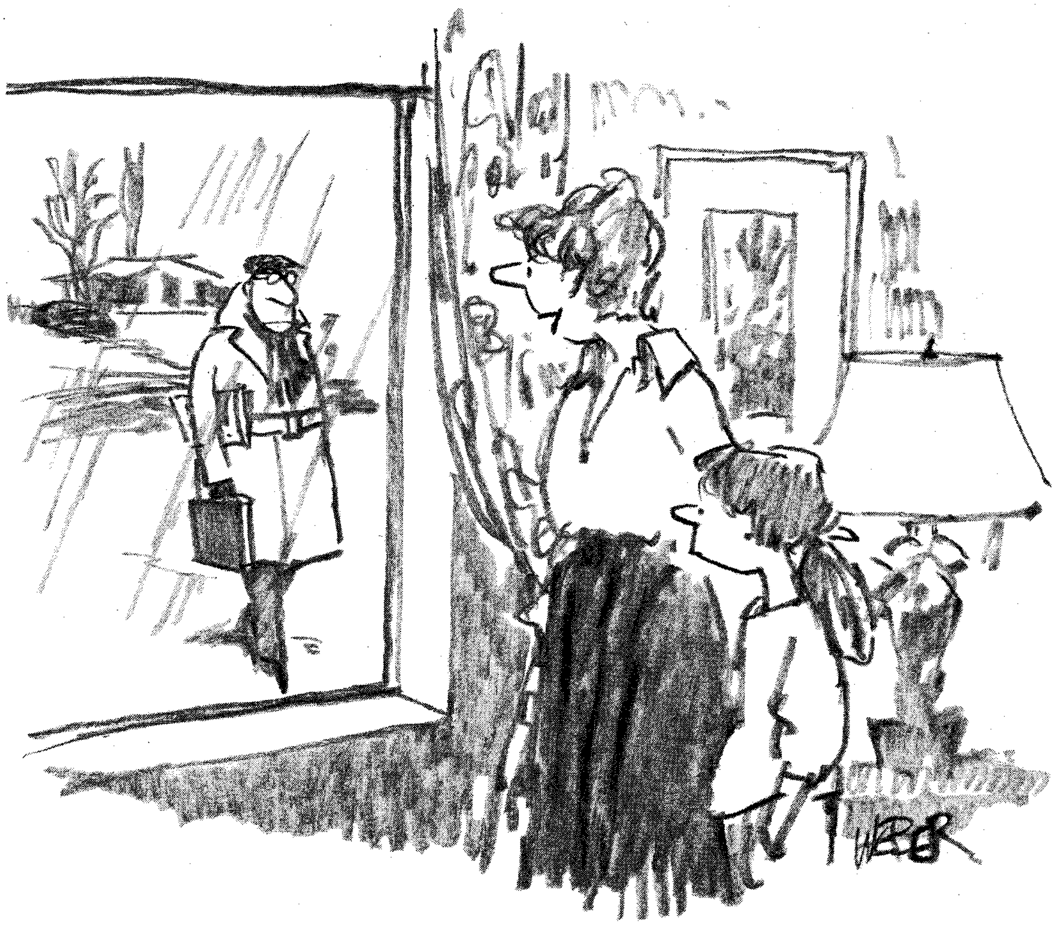
BOOKS

Satan's Work and Silted Cisterns

THE most fabulous geological event since the explosion of Krakatoa surely was the discovery of oceans of petroleum beneath the stark and backward Muslim realms of the Persian Gulf. Sheikhs whose wealth was previously measured in horses and camels soon ranked with the world's richest men; dusty remotenesses like Kuwait and Bahrain and Saudi Arabia became able, with scarcely a dent in their national revenues, to shower all the blessings of an advanced welfare state upon their sparse populations. According to the *World Almanac*, the highest per-capita income on the planet belongs not to the United States or Sweden or Japan but to Qatar. The Western view of this global caprice is expressed by our resentful caricatures of dollar-glutted sheikhs and by our nervous protective naval presence in the Persian Gulf. The Arab view receives less publicity; "Cities of Salt," a novel by Abdelrahman Munif (translated from the Arabic by Peter Theroux; Random House; $18.95), performs a needed service in dramatizing the impact of American oil discovery and development upon an unnamed Gulf emirate in the nineteen-thirties. It is unfortunate, given the epic potential of his topic, that Mr. Munif, a Saudi born in Jordan, appears to be—though he lives in France and received a Ph.D. in oil economics from the University of Belgrade—insufficiently Westernized to produce a narrative that feels much like what we call a novel. His voice is that of a campfire explainer; his characters are rarely fixed in our minds by a face or a manner or a developed motivation; no central figure develops enough reality to attract our sympathetic interest; and, this being the first third of a trilogy, what intelligible conflicts and possibilities do emerge remain serenely unresolved. There is almost none of that sense of individual moral adventure—of the evolving individual in varied and roughly equal battle with a world of circumstance—which, since "Don Quixote" and "Robinson Crusoe," has distinguished the novel from the fable and the chronicle; "Cities of Salt" is concerned, instead, with men in the aggregate. Its focus might be described as sociological, and its sociological point as the single, insistent one that Arabs are discomfited, distressed, and deranged by the presence of Americans in their midst. In over six hundred pages repeated illustration of this point wears thin.

The book begins by evoking the oasis of Wadi al-Uyoun, "an outpouring of green amid the harsh, obdurate desert." It is, for most of its residents, a kind of Eden: "Wadi al-Uyoun was an ordinary place to its inhabitants, and excited no strong emotions, for they were used to seeing the palm trees filling the wadi and the gushing brooks surging forth in the winter and early spring, and felt protected by some blessed power that made their lives easy." Births and deaths, the arrival and departure of caravans, the seasons of rain and drought make a rhythm of events that is timeless; when three white foreigners, escorted by two marsh Arabs, camp on the edge of the village, curiosity runs rampant, and the strong emotion of dread enters the breast of Miteb al-Hathal, a patriarch of the Atoum tribe:

> He sensed that something terrible was about to happen. He did not know what it was or when it would happen, and he took no comfort in the explanations offered him from all sides. The very sight of the foreigners and their constant activity all day, the instruments they carried around, the bags of sand and stones they had amassed after writing in their notebooks and drawing symbols on them, the discussions that lasted from sundown until after supper and the writing that followed, the damned questions they asked about dialects, about



"Oh, good. Here comes Daddy, to bring us to our senses."

> tribes and their disputes, about religion and sects, about the routes, the winds and the rainy seasons—all these caused Miteb's fear to grow day by day that they meant harm to the wadi and the people.

He confides to his son Fawaz, "They said, 'Wait, just be patient, and all of you will be rich!' But what do they want from us, and what does it concern them if we get rich or stay just as we are? . . . They're devils, no one can trust them. They're more accursed than the Jews." His unease drives him to address the emir: "By God, Your Excellency, we were as happy as we could be before those devils came along. But from the first day they came to our village life has been camel piss. Every day it gets worse." Miteb is foremost but far from alone in his agitation: "Fear gripped the wadi. The men grew more rash and nervous, and Miteb was considered indispensable—if he absented himself from the wadi a single day to sleep in Zahra the people missed him acutely; only he was capable of saying everything, of expressing their innermost thoughts." Increasingly, the oasis dwellers feel blighted by this lawless visitation from the outside world. The American oil prospectors sunbathe in their shorts in view of the women fetching water; the affront is hardly greater when, a little later, the entire village is bulldozed into rubble. Miteb al-Hathal takes to the desert to wreak some ill-defined vengeance, and Fawaz, who has been itching to leave the oasis anyway, goes to work for the oil company as it builds its port in the seaside town of Harran.

In Harran, there is more of the same: on the American side, construction and revelry; on the Arab, puzzlement, depression, and hard labor. The cruellest cut seems to be not that the American houses have fences and swimming pools, or that the emir becomes obsessed by such devils' toys as a telescope and a radio, or even that the American bosses drive the Arab workers right through the heat of summer, but that, occasionally, like a voluptuous mirage, a white boat appears offshore, laden with nearly naked white women. "The women were perfumed, shining and laughing, like horses after a long race. Each was strong and clean, as if fresh from a hot bath, and each body was uncovered except for a small piece of colored cloth. Their legs were proud and bare, and stronger than rocks. Their faces, hands, breasts, bellies—everything, yes, everything glistened, danced, flew." (What is happening, actually? Would thirties costumes look so scanty, even to Arabs? These women seem clad in the sixties minimum. Also, at another point the Americans anachronistically seem to produce tape recorders—"small black boxes, which they pressed whenever they got into a conversation.") The women come ashore and dance and entwine with the Americans while the Arabs of Harran look on in an astonishment beyond words: "The men were mostly quiet now and slightly dizzy, feeling sharp pains throbbing in certain parts of their bodies. Some cried out, and most of them wished that they had never come to see what was transpiring before them." During this long and shameful night, one of the Arab men announces out of the darkness, "Say what you want, but I'm afraid we've lost our world and our faith."

The Harran section continues for four hundred more pages, but the moral has been stated: the invasion of the oil exploiters has cost the native population its world and its faith. The money that petroleum brings the populace is no consolation: "True, the company was paying them now, but the next day workers paid out again what they had received. Prices went up every day, and their savings declined." Ibn Naffeh, one of Harran's spokesmen for Islamic righteousness, announces, "Foreign lands are corrupt, and foreign people bring corruption, and money corrupts worst of all." Another such seer, a healer called Mufaddi, refuses to work for money, and proclaims, "Money enslaves, it subjugates, but it never brings happiness." The Americans themselves, their wild women and useless money aside, have infuriating personalities. Invited to a feast, they "looked and behaved like small children"—asking endless questions, taking many photographs, speaking Arabic with funny accents, and showing a pathetic inability to eat with their hands correctly. They are not invited to a wedding because they would have turned it into "an orgy of interviews and picture taking." On the job, they are "cruel" and "tough and bigoted." "At first the Americans had laughed and slapped them on the shoulders. Now they did not look at them or if they did, spat out words that could only be curses." They awaken self-hatred, resentment, and fear in the workers. As Ibn Naffeh says, "The Americans came and the demons came with them. Anyone who drinks their water or eats of their provisions will have a demon enter him."

The maledictory rhetoric of Ayatollah Khomeini is nothing new. In "Cities of Salt," the boat full of shining and laughing women is "Satan's ship," and the American projects are "Satan's work," culminating in "Satan's pipe project." The novel's language strains in trying to capture the peculiarly intense mental states induced by the advent of modern Western enterprise and mores. "The people were overwhelmed with pity and fear; these were obscure but powerful emotions." After the staunchly religious Mufaddi dies, "babies cried all night, as though afraid or in pain." A man with a grievance against the oil company feels "an urge to weep or scream. He had to do something to keep from falling down dead." He is "burning with anger, no, not only anger; it was mingled with something as black as pitch and oozy thick as old blood that had not dried yet."

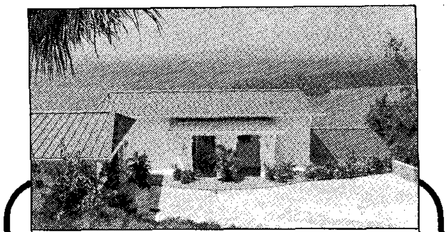
This undrying wound is the loss of tribal and village unity, of effortless interaction and mutual consideration. "In spite of the crowds and the endless influx of new people"—as Harran grows—"each man became a world unto himself. Dealings between people from different and perhaps mutually hostile places were wary and full of apprehensions." Urbanization detaches and renders deaf. "Harran was no one's property, no one's city. So chaotic and crowded had it become that everyone asked and everyone answered, but no one heard or understood." As sociology, this has its interest, but it doesn't animate the characters. A few of the Americans receive names (Henderson, Middleton, Blackie, Fatso), but they remain indistinguishable. Miteb al-Hathal stays out in the desert, a mere rumor of redemption from the demons. The Arabs in the foreground are rarely seen from within but live mainly in the gossip of others and the author's gossipy, regretful voice; they are not so much persons as reputations. In a village, no one needs to be described, since everyone is known. Only slowly, as the novel settles into Harran and the town becomes more corrupt and crowded, does Abdelrahman Munif begin to give us what we can recognize as characterizations, with physical descriptions:

> His face was like that of a child, with its bold eyes, loud, innocent laugh and large, gleaming white teeth, and his slim, lanky body seemed carved from smooth stone or wood.

But such visualizations, and portraits of such outsiders as the truck driver Akoub the Armenian, begin to clarify the picture too late: the novel's people and events are seen as if through a sandstorm, blurred by a hopeless communal grief and sense of affront. Some authorities, too, were evidently affronted: the jacket flap tells us that "Cities of Salt" has been banned in Saudi Arabia. The thought of novels being banned in Saudi Arabia has a charming strangeness, like the thought of hookahs being banned in Minneapolis.

ANTON SHAMMAS, the author of "Arabesques" (translated from the Hebrew by Vivian Eden; Harper & Row; $16.95), shows no lack of sophistication in the ways of the literary West: his novel about Palestinians is intricately conceived and beautifully written, with epigraphs from Clive James, George Bernard Shaw, and John Barth. A crisp, luminous, and nervy mixture of fantasy and autobiography, it has not one but two heroes called Anton Shammas and a number of scenes set in Iowa City, during a session of the International Writing Program. Yet this elegant example of postmodern baroque, like Abdelrahman Munif's long and muffled quasi-oral tale, repels our attempts to enter it wholeheartedly; we feel we are not getting out of the book nearly as much emotionalized information as the author put into it. Something gets stuck. Is the stickiness to be blamed on our lack of familiarity with the Arab world? Munif's Muslims seemed, until the demonic modern world scrambled their souls, familiar: they were the noble caftaned savages admired by T. E. Lawrence, Wilfred Thesiger, and other doughty British travellers. Shammas's people are of a type we rarely hear about: Palestinian Christians. Shammas himself is a walking paradox: a non-Jew who considers himself an Israeli, a poet in both Arabic and Hebrew, and a columnist in two Hebrew-language newspapers. He has told the *Times* that he feels he has more in common with the average Israeli than with the average Palestinian or Arab living in Jordan. One wonders how long he can maintain his balancing act in a land where, as of now, Palestinian Arabs are assassinating officials who are perceived as collaborating with the Israeli authorities. Already, for having presumed to chide the beloved mayor of Jerusalem, Teddy Kollek, in a newspaper column, he has received death threats, and graffiti spelling "Arab vermin" have appeared on his apartment building. At present, Shammas—in his book-jacket photograph a studious-looking young man pensively scratching his ear—resides in Ann Arbor, Michigan, where he has a Rockefeller Fellowship in Middle Eastern literature; a note on the translation tells us that he helped Vivian Eden produce this smooth English version of his "very allusive and layered kind of Hebrew with equally complex Arabic resonances, especially in the rhythm section."

We expect, perhaps, a Palestinian novel to be about the present Palestinian problem, much as some foreigners feel that an American novel has a duty to grapple with our race problem or the horrors of capitalism. But "Arabesques" is fundamentally nostalgic: its most affecting scenes render the narrator's childhood experiences in the small Galilean village of Fassuta, and its principal narrative thrust is toward the past, toward the unravelling of the tangled past lives of the boy's parents, aunts, and uncles. There is war in the background, but much of it is the war to drive out the British before 1948, and some of it is the old and still continuing civil/religious war in Lebanon, where Anton's mother comes from and her family, the Bitars, still live. There is scarcely a Jewish character in the book, nor is Jewish clout felt until the epilogue, wherein an Israeli demolition expert is called in, by Uncle



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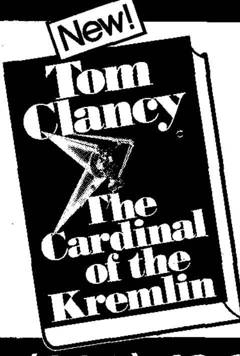
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Yusef Shammas's grandson Yusef, to blow up a rock that, village superstition has it, conceals the mouth of a treasure trove over which djinn have appointed a magical rooster called Ar-Rasad to stand guard. The explosion reveals no treasure, but a crimson feather descends from the sky, symbolizing, let's hope, bright future possibilities in this long-disputed land, and demonstrating, once more, the international appeal of Latin-American magic realism.

The author is an adroit and suave negotiator between the real and the unreal, between family legend and personal epiphany, between objective mystery and subjective illumination. He titles the book's sections either "The Tale" or "The Teller;" under the latter head come scenes in Iowa City, where the foreign writers are housed, amid the alien corn, in an eight-story student dormitory called the Mayflower. The writing program there, complete with a real-life Paul Engle, is done in plausible if colorful strokes:

> Across North Dubuque Street, on the banks of the river, workmen in blue overalls laid strips of sod over the black earth with muscular and precise movements. On the way to the center of town, we saw white houses on either side, their tiled roofs sharply pointed. Before them lay wide lawns, with a narrow walk extending down to the sidewalk and the tree-lined street. Squirrels rushed about at the feet of the trees, their tails erect with midwestern pride.

Again plausibly, in the international writers' little Tower of Babel Anton finds himself caught between a venerable and touchy Jewish Israeli writer, Yehoshua Bar-On, and a Palestinian Arab, called Paco Rabanne, after the pungent cologne he wears. On the romantic level, Anton is caught between his beloved mistress back in Jerusalem, Shlomith, a red-haired Jewish woman married to an Army officer, and his inamorata in Iowa City, Amira, a dark-haired native of Alexandria who lives in Paris. All this seems much as it would be, but when Bar-On tries to strangle Amira because she tells him, in Hebrew, that it's an act of chutzpah for him to smoke in an Amish house they are visiting, or when a female university student, after a night of some festivity, abruptly takes off her clothes, climbs up on a table ("The ivory down of her young triangle is wonderfully precise in the middle of the small room"), and sings an old Irish song, either behavior in Iowa has loosened up since I was last there or a touch of Palestinian blarney has tweaked the telling.

The deeply felt images emerge from the teller's memories of Fassuta, and in their oddity they evoke a people queerly caught between the past and the present. When Anton's grandmother dies, his father lays an iron sickle on her stomach to hold down its swelling. Every fourth Sunday, Anton's father ritually cleans their intricate kerosene lamp, with its "magical fragile mantle" and tiny jet hole. An uncle in Argentina sends by sea a wooden box of clothes and includes a pair of scissors, which in the three months' boat passage rust and wander among the clothes, leaving "crazy patterns" of rust stain. When a mother rebukes her son with how much she suffered when she nursed him, he calculates the quantity of milk he suckled and presents her with two full dairy cans. A man drags his mattress into the street and pelts it with stones, "cursing it for all the hours of sleep he had wasted upon it." A priest labors for years composing and calligraphing a "unique and unparalleled work, which would glorify the Catholic Church among all the Arabic-speaking peoples," only to have his cat push it into a crock of olive oil, where the calligraphy returns "to its liquid state." And Anton, at the age of ten, is lowered by rope into the family cistern to clean it; the village tomboy, Nawal, is sent down the rope after him, and while he is bracing her buttocks to help her scrape the sides of the round cistern she has an orgasm.

The world where these things happen lies on the edge of the modern, but its interconnections are not electronic; the threads of kinship and family legend hold the Shammases together. In this Holy Land where the Jews, the Romans, the early Christian Church, the Muhammadans, the Crusaders, the Mamelukes, the Turks, the British, and now the Zionists have all exerted hegemony, the threads are tangled and knotted. At the center of the tangle is the figure of Laylah Khoury, a blond village girl who in 1936 was placed with the Bitar family in Beirut, removed nine months later by the sinister nunlike Mlle. Sa'da to another family, and brought back to Fassuta in 1948, only to be expelled by the Israeli Army to Jordan, where she converted to Islam and married the son of Al-Asbah, an Arab rebel leader. At a point in her youth, she lived with the Abyad family, whose adopted son, Michel, seems to be the son of Uncle Jiryes Shammas; the child was kidnapped from the hospital for the Abyads, and his mother, Aunt Almaza, was told he was dead. Laylah (which means "night" in Hebrew and "poet's lady" in Arabic) unrequitedly loved this Michel, who is really the first Anton Shammas, after whom our apparent narrator was named, and who now, under the name of Michael Abyad, is an American-educated doctor, who works for the Palestinian Center for Research in Beirut and has written the book we are reading, about the Anton Shammas who resembles the fellow on the dust jacket. He, in 1983, at the age of thirty-three, embraces (perhaps merely with a magic-realist, wishful-thinking sort of hug) the blond Muslim convert, now a fifty-seven-year-old widow and the mother of mute twins, and the sexual cistern returns:

> This is the body that should have visited the dreams of the other Anton in Beirut, this is the body that should have covered him with its virginity. I go down on my knees and cup my hands around the two white buttocks, I bury my face in her triangle and breathe in the chill of the mildew, the ancient odor of the stones and the dark scent of the silt rising from the bottom of the cistern.

But it's been a long way around, and the English-language reader, wearied by the effort of keeping the names straight and bringing his slender knowledge of Near Eastern history to bear on the tumble of chronology, may be too exhausted to relish the epiphanic ambiguity and the ingenious play of recurring motif. Or maybe not. Perhaps primal nostalgia can be smuggled into us only by an elaborate cleverness; certainly an investigation, like "Arabesques," into a writer's own being must be in honesty a layered affair, a tale with a visible teller. In a world whose political trend is always toward strident simplification and brute loyalty, this almost stiflingly complex confession of complexity is a brave attempt, all the braver for the adopted language in which it has been composed. —JOHN UPDIKE

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THE MYSTERIOUS EAST

[*From the Tokyo Asahi Evening News, a Japanese English-language newspaper*]

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CHARLES ADDAMS

Charles Addams published his first drawing for this magazine in February, 1932, and the most recent one just three weeks ago (a few more will be appearing in future issues)—an enormous lifetime of work, comprising more than thirteen hundred cartoons and covers, yet one of such clarity, originality, artistic assurance, and abiding pleasure that some of us and many of our subscribers, on hearing the news of his death the other day, sensed for an odd moment that we remembered each one of them. He left a thousand curators, and a graphic style and comic genre that will always bear his name. The drawings, executed in masterly washes of gray and black, were wildly colorful, and their wit was so clear that a bare caption or a few words of description at once relight the picture and, with it, the old furnace-register flow of laughter: "George! George! Drop the keys!" . . . the ghoulish gent at the movies giggling at the screen while all about him are in tears . . . bassinet with baby floating out of a Tunnel of Love . . . feathers scattered around a barber's chair, and the barbers staring aghast at the unseen departing customer . . . "Congratulations! It's a baby" . . . editor of *The Outdoor Boy* preparing to commit suicide with a slingshot . . . the boiling lead about to descend upon the carollers . . . and more and more. Accidents, apprehensions, impossibilities, fatalities, and worse haunt his scenes in heartwarming fashion, and one must almost list some of the favorite Addams themes and things before an answer to the paradox suggests itself. Laboratories, space creatures, dark descending stairs, crypts and tunnels, Halloween, desert islands, fortune-tellers, gigantic insects, funerals, headsmen with axes, witch doctors, large serpents, gallows and gibbets, witches and caldrons, beds of nails—these are the sketches or dreamy imaginings of a ten-year-old boy in arithmetic class, and, for all their dire shadows and drippings, they are without cynicism or malice, or true darkness. They are childlike, and the pleasures they evoke bring back the flooding imagination, the perfect memory, and the innocent, skulking anarchy of our first free selves. Those of us who began leafing through this magazine as children quickly fastened upon the Addams drawings, because we understood them and got the joke right away, and then, when we came to know and look for the Addams family, in their sliding-panel, dishevelled Victorian mansion, we may not have understood at first that we were simply visiting a surreal, turnabout American family, but we did notice that this was the only haunted household that included children and pets.

Charles Addams was a tall, quiet, silver-haired man with a commanding nose and a courtly manner. He was grave and gentle by habit, but when he laughed his face caved in around a chasmed, V-shaped grin, and he shook with pleasure. He was not introspective about his cartoons, and he turned away from questions about his art—where it came from, how he did it, what it meant. He did his work with serene authority; there was no thrashing about artistically. He seemed shy, but he loved company and had a great many friends; men and women were drawn to him. At a party, his facial responses to the talk and the company around him reminded you of a summer meadow lightened and dimmed by fast-moving overhead cumulus. If a dog happened to come into the room where the party was, the sun came out full force, and soon, unerringly, Charlie and the dog would find each other. He was elegant and uncontrived, and he will be missed even more in our halls than in our pages, if that is possible. One of his fellow-artists remembers him this way:

Charlie loved cars—fast foreign cars in particular. He collected them, cared for them, admired and cherished them. He loved to drive. On his next-to-last day, he drove from Manhattan to Connecticut in his Audi Turbo to spend the night at the house of an old friend. The friend went along as a passenger, and he was pleased that the trip took about twice as long as it should have, even at eighty miles an hour, which was Charlie's cruising speed. Charlie played tapes of his favorite old jazz bands en route and worked in plenty of extra mileage with detours past historic sites and architectural landmarks, and a certain amount of getting lost. That afternoon, in Connecticut, Charlie sat for a long time on a porch, watching the warm September day fade, and he talked a lot, for a man who was generally more of a listener than a talker, touching on matters like his collection of armor and crossbows (he hoped it wouldn't end up in some dusty museum basement); the new Central Park Zoo (he was enthusiastic about it); Bugattis, Packards, Alfa Romeos, Bentleys; editors and publishers; the route of the old Lackawanna Railroad; old friends; old flames; days gone by; what lay ahead. He laughed a lot. After dinner, he and his friend watched the Mets game on TV. The next morning, Charlie said goodbye to his host and set off. He drove alone, happy in his own company.

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